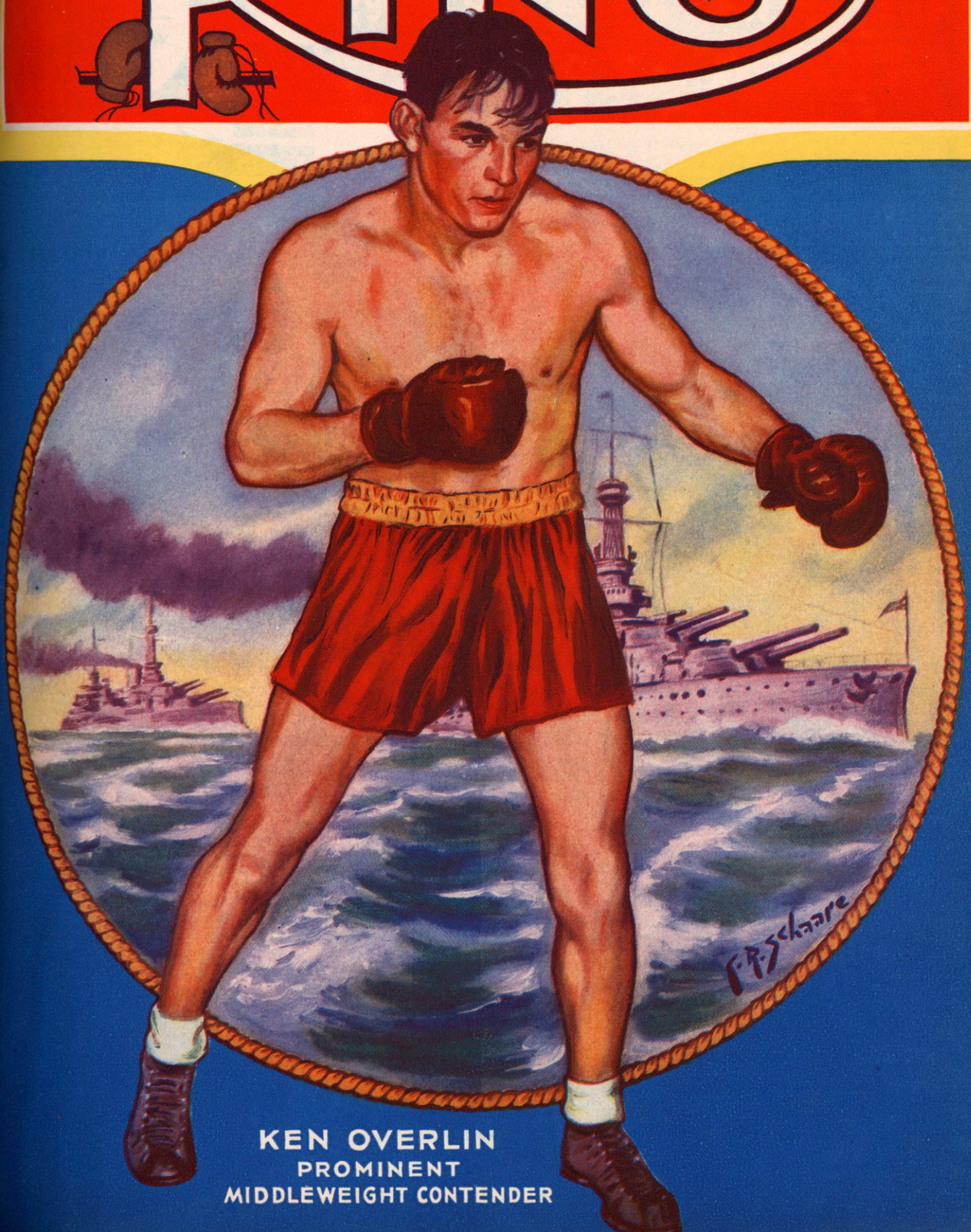
MIDDLEWEIGHTS SHINE AGAIN

25 CENTS

MAY

The RING



KEN OVERLIN
PROMINENT
MIDDLEWEIGHT CONTENDER

The Ring Book Shop

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE, 8th Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets

Books for the Boxer, Trainer, Promoter, Second, Boxing, Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu Fan.

BIOGRAPHY, FICTION, HISTORY

From Milo to Londos. The story of wrestling from 2000 B.C. to 1936. By Nat Fleischer. Price, $3.25. De Luxe Edition, limited to 1000 copies.

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—The story of the greatest fighter of recent years. Revised Edition to 1936.—By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.25

"Relief to Royalty." The story of the career of Jimmy Braddock. By "LUD."—Price $1.25.

"Everything Happened to Him." The story of Tex Rickard's life as told by Mrs. Rickard. A true and humane story of the greatest sports promoter of all time. Price.....$2.50

"The Bruiser." The greatest story on a fighting man's career ever written by this famed author. Realistic. His fighting talk holds you spellbound.—By Jim Tully.—Price $2.00

Sins of New York. While they last. Only a few copies left. Famous pictures from old Police Gazette and stories of the Bare-Knuckle Days. By Ed Van Every — Our Special Price $4.00

Sins of America—By Ed Van Every. With many old time Police Gazette pictures—Our Special Price—Only a few left $4.00
The two for $7.00

The Solid Man of Sport—The Life of William Muldoon.—By Ed Van Every. Regular Price $3.00. Our price $2.00

Joe Louis, Man and Superman. By Ed Van Every. (Highly recommended.) Price $1.00

Joe Louis, The Brown Bomber. By Gene Kessler. Price.....35 cents

The Roar of the Crowd. By James J. Corbett $1.25

"Wise Guy." By Marcus Griffin. Regular price $2.00. Our price $1.00

"Fighting For Fun." By Eddie Eagan—A splendid fight story. Price $2.50. Our Special price $1.50

"Champions off Guard."—The thrilling story of ring champions. By William O. Inglis. Price $3.00. Our Special price.....$1.50

Gene Tunney, The Enigma of the Prize Ring—by Nat Fleischer. Cloth bound, many photographs. Price.....75 cents

Ten and Out—(A History of Boxing)—By Alexander Johnston. Regular $3.50—Our price, $2.50.

Young Griffo, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—By Nat Fleischer ....25 cents

"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Regular Price $1.50. Our Special Price $1.00

In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson). By Jack Johnson. Regular Price $2.00. Our Special Price.....$1.00

Black Prince Peter, the life of the great Peter Jackson. By A. G. Hales. Price.....$1.50

Bohun Lynch's Prize Ring—De Luxe, Limited Edition. Each numbered. Regular Price $30.00. Our price $7.00 and 50 cents for postage.

Bold Bendigo. By Paul Herring. Price 69 cents

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

Bound Volumes of the Ring—1926—Price $12.00. 1928-1929—Price Each $10.00. 1930-1931—Price Each $9.00. 1932-1933-1934—Price Each $8.00. 1935—Price $7.00. No other years available.

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

From Milo to Londos—(The story of wrestling through the ages—from 2000 B.C. to 1936.) Limited, autographed Edition—Price $3.25. By Nat Fleischer.

Revised—New Second Edition—Modern Wrestling, Its Methods and Its Holds. By Jack Curly and Nat Fleischer. With special chapters on "Training Hints by George Bothner" and Frank Gotch's Famous Holds illustrated and Explained. Price.....$1.00

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full-page illustration. $1.65

Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price .....50 cents

Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price.....50 cents

Text Book of Wrestling. By Ernest Gruhn. Price $1.00

The Text Book of Jiu Jitsu, as practiced in Japan. By S. K. Uyenishi .....Price $1.75

Jiu Jitsu and other methods of self-defense. By Percy Longhurst.....Price 75 cents

The Science of Wrestling and Art of Jiu Jitsu. By Earle Liederman. Price $2.00, and 15 cents for postage.

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

The Way to Live in Health and Physical Fitness—By George Hackenschmidt.....$1.15

Thomas Inch's Book on Strength with special Chapters on Weight Lifting.....Price $1.40

Muscle Control. By Maxick. Price.....$1.50

Feats of Strength. By Sid Harmer $1.00

"Muscle Building." By Earle Liederman. Price $2.00, plus 15 cents for postage.

Simple Strength Tests.....75 cents

Endurance. By Earle Liederman. Regular Price, $2.00. Our Price.....$1.25

Secrets of Strength. By Earle Liederman. Regular Price, $3.00. Our Price.....$2.00

Super Physique, Body Building Bar-bell Course. By Siegmund Klein. Highly illustrated....$1.00

Maxick's Muscle Control. Price.....$1.50

Weight Lifting. By W. A. Pullum.....$1.50

BOXING BOOKS

Bag Punching. By Seeback. Price 25 cents.

Scientific Blocking and Hitting and Other Methods of Defense. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00

How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price...$1.00

How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll $1.00

Ring Strategy and Tactics.....$1.00

Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns $1.00

Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price $1.15

The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price $1.00

Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells $1.00

Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price $1.00

The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price $1.00

Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll....$1.40

Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll.....$1.00

Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll.....$1.00

Prof. Attila's 5-pound Dumb-Bell Exercises. Price .....15 cents

My Methods. By Georges Carpentier.....$1.15

How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight. By Nat Fleischer $1.00

The Technique on How to Become Scientific in the Art of Self-Defense. By Eddie Toy. Price 75 cents.

No Books Send C.O.D.
Don't send cash. Send money order.

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

Endorsed by the greatest critics of boxing, the stars of the roped square, men who know all there is to be known about boxing, training and seconding.

The New "TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

Containing the following chapters not in the old training book: 1—Your body and how to care for it. 2—Muscle tensing. 3—How to Gain Weight. 4—What a Trainer should know. 5—Sound advice to the beginner. 6—What a boxer should do on the day of a fight. What he should eat before a fight. 7—How to strengthen the skin of the hands and face. 8—How to overcome heart stitches, pains in the groin. 9—How to build up endurance. 10—How to make mixtures for rub downs. All for only $1.00.

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do, with heaps of photographs.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full-page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing," and specially posed pictures by James J. Corbett. Price $1.00.

There are many books on the market on boxing and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published and written by* THE RING *publisher, Nat Fleischer.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

The Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York, N.Y.

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } Money Order for { $3 / $1 } for which send me Nat Fleischer's

"How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer" "How to Box" "Training for Boxers"

Please mark books desired.
No books sent C.O.D.

Name .....
(Print)

Street Number .....

City ..... State .....

REVISED EDITION

"How to Second a Boxer and How to Manage a Boxer"

(The American Way) with a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first-aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know. Also all a fight manager should know.

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) (Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1937—All Rights Reserved)

Vol. XVI **MAY, 1937** **No. 4**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Cable Address—"NATRING"—New York

CONTENTS

PUERTO RICO BASKS IN FISTIC SPOTLIGHT	Nat Fleischer	2
A GALA OCCASION (Photos)		4
SCENES IN PUERTO RICO'S FIRST WORLD TITLE FIGHT (Photos)		6
A KING IS HONORED (Photos)		8
HEART THROBBING WELCOMES (Photos)		9
OFFICIALS AND THEIR GUESTS (Photos)		10
RINGSIDE SNAPSHOTS IN SAN JUAN (Photos)		11
BOXING'S GREATEST DUO	Bill Miller	12
NEW YORK'S LIGHTWEIGHT CLASSICS	Ted Carroll	13
MIGHTY BLOWS	Bill Doherty	14
THE RING'S ALBUM OF FAMOUS FIGHTERS: (Pedro Montanez)		15
THE RING'S GLOBE TROTTER	Daniel M. Daniel	16
A CLOSE-UP OF BENNY LYNCH	Euan Wellwood	18
THEIR PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHT (Photos)		19
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial Comment)		20
COLORADO'S FIRST JACK DEMPSEY	T. W. McNiel	23
NEW FACES	Meyer Ackerman	24
COLLEGE BOXERS	Bob Edgren	26
MIDDLE WESTERN STARS (Photos)		28
AN INCH FROM THE TITLE	T. W. McNiel	29
CORONATION TOURNAMENT	George T. Pardy	30
BOUTS OF THE MONTH (Photos)		33
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD	Nat Frank	34
FIVE FOREIGN STARS	Nat Frank	38
GETTING ACQUAINTED	Emery Clarke	39
WHEN CHAMPS WERE IN ACTION (Photos)		41
MEET McCLARY	Bernice Sandboe	42
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS		47
IN OUR QUESTION BOX	Nat Fleischer	49

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	50
MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, D. of C. CONNECTICUT AND HOLYOKE NEWS		51
BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	52
CHICAGO, MICHIGAN, SOUTHERN OHIO, CLEVELAND		53
AUSTRALIA AND HAWAII		54
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	John S. Sharpe	55
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA, BOXING IN LIMA, PERU		56
IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISO		57
IN THE COAL FIELDS, IN SYRACUSE RINGS		58
PITTSBURGH, ROCHESTER, MISSOURI		59
ONTARIO, NORTHERN CANADA, CANADIAN TOPICS		60
IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA, IN THE NORTHWEST		61
NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON, BUFFALO, N. Y.		62
IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER	I. Q. Gross	63
NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS, ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS		64

In Our Next Issue

The outdoor season is about to get under way. Boxing will be at its height this summer. The heavyweight situation has aroused world-wide interest. The future of Schmeling, Braddock and Louis are topics of wide discussion. The Ring will give you the up-to-the-minute dope on all the big news of the day.

A new middleweight king has been crowned in Freddie Steele of Tacoma, Wash. Steele, who has ascended the throne left vacant by Marcel Thil, compares favorably with many stars of the past in this division which has boasted of great battlers. Read George T. Pardy's story on "Memorable Middleweight Fights."

With the heavyweight championship close on our heels, the question of the punching powers of former kings of the division, is a timely topic. What were the winning punches of the heavyweight kings? You'll find that well answered in an interesting article in the next issue.

Are you following our new series on "New Faces"? If you want to know something about the good new comers in the boxing world, follow these articles in The Ring.

These in addition to the usual high class photographs on boxing and wrestling, pictures from all parts of the world, and articles by Daniel M Daniel, Eddie Borden, Nat Fleischer, Hype Igoe and other stars of the fistic field.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 30 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to The Ring, Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.

Subscription, Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3345

Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co. Ltd., 18, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4, England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.

A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Phelps Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass.

in FISTIC SPOTLIGHT

Paradise of the Caribbean Covers Itself With Glory in the Handling of Its First World Championship Fight—Isle of Enchantment Boasts of True Sportsmen—Escobar and Montanez Make Natives Boxing-Minded

By NAT FLEISCHER

and gave the fight to Blunt, that bout in Puerto Rico was recalled. Hence while the New York scribes were treated to a novelty in the fight game in Cavanaugh's action, the initial disqualification of a fighter for not trying with the award going to his opponent instead of calling the fight "no contest," I was given to understand that in San Juan, such acts on the part of the referee are frequent.

The officials are far more strict in the interpretation of the rules than are our referees. They act more along the lines of the British referees who are guided solely by the rules and will not stand for any monkeyshines. They can get away with such strict interpretation in Puerto Rico, because the Boxing Commission, as fine a body as I've ever met, likewise are sticklers for the boxing code. Politics are banned in the handling of the sport and boxers, managers and promoters must abide by the regulations if they hope to get anywhere.

* * *

IN my opinion, the Puerto Rico Commission can give some valuable pointers to many of our commissions in the States on how to conduct boxing efficiently.

The commission consists of five members, appointed by the Governor who alone can remove them and only for cause, and these commissioners, all men of high standing, lawmakers and scribes, carry on in an exemplary manner. I dare say that few commissions in our country know as much about the sport over which they govern as do the Puerto Rican moguls. They take a deep pride in their office, know the rules thoroughly, play shy of politics and look only towards the betterment of the sport in their official work. That is how it should be and for what I have been fighting for many years! In how many states can we point to commissions and say the same of them as I've just said about the Puerto Ricans?

Four members of the Commission are legislators and one, the Island's leading newspaperman. Among the members are Senator Gonzales, who backed the Escobar-Salica fight; Jose Riviera Cabera, chairman who is also the Chief Clerk of the Senate and Ricardo Maldanado of the El Mundo, whom Hype Igoe named the Damon Runyan of the Island. He is well versed in every branch of sport, and can tackle any newspaper problem.

The Commission not only rules over boxing, but every sport—cock fighting, baseball, and basketball, as well. Basketball by the way, is rapidly forging to the front as a leader. When we left, a tournament was arranged in which sixty-two teams were to engage for the Jack Dempsey Cup which he had donated. Next winter, when I hope to return, I'll offer a special cup for a similar tourney and a special set of medals and a cup for a national boxing tournament which I shall sponsor through the "El Mundo," whose editorial staff treated us so kindly and friendly.

* * *

WHEN Hype Igoe and I arrived in San Juan to cover the fight, as we thought, we were ushered into the presence of the commission and informed, that as a special honor to the visiting New York scribes, Puerto Rico's first world title fight would be judged by us and that Dempsey would referee. This decision, contrary to what might have been expected if "outsiders" were named in other localities, met with instant approval of the fans and the papers. All hands were joined in making the fight a big success and they worked harmoniously towards that end.

Although our score cards varied, Referee Dempsey, Hype Igoe and I agreed on Escobar the winner and our verdict met with general approval. It was a splendid contest in which both lads gave their best, flew at each other like the game-cocks we had seen the morning of the fight in the Bayamon Stadium, and kept the gathering of 26,000 in a high state of enthusiasm throughout. Dempsey had little to do but to walk around the ring.

It was the best of the three fights in which the boys had engaged, the first of which went to Salica and the second to Escobar. Puerto Rico did itself proud in the handling of the affair, and judging by the satisfaction of the crowd, Messrs. Gigante and Gonzales, who staged the affair, can repeat with success any time they are prepared to stage another championship mill. And I, likewise, am ready to return to do my share.

Considering the fact that Salica had accepted the fight at a moment's notice and flew in from California to be on the scene for a fortnight's training, he put up a great fight. He had injured his shoulder a few days before the battle and was not quite acclimated, yet fought in better form than I've ever seen him.

Escobar, likewise, was tops. His body was trained to razor's edge. Glowing skin, bright eyes, trim around the waistline, he presented a splendid appearance as he entered the ring to show his people why he holds the world bantam title and why we in the States sing his praises, and he acquitted himself nobly. He suffered a badly injured eye but came through with flying colors.

A return bout, a fourth encounter in New York, I'm sure would be a venture worth while for the Garden or the Hippodrome. It is a natural, following the great bout the boys fought in San Juan.

* * *

THE wonderful reception given to Jack Dempsey surpassed anything I had seen anywhere in my many travels with him. From the time he arrived at the airport from Miami to the time he left, thousands blocked his path wherever he went. The streets surrounding his march from the airport to the Escambron Club was dense with a cheering multitude and around the hotel it required the services of a corps of police to handle the throng.

But that reception in San Juan was small compared to the greeting Jack and his New York party received in Sixto's home, Barcellonetta. There, with a band to lead the way, we were met in the outskirts of the city and for a mile the parade of cars, police and the rush of the populace from Barcellonetta and nearby centers was such as to make it difficult to make any headway. Speeches, more speeches and still more speeches were the order of the day—Washington's Birthday by the way—and then followed the best banquet for sincerity, I had ever attended.

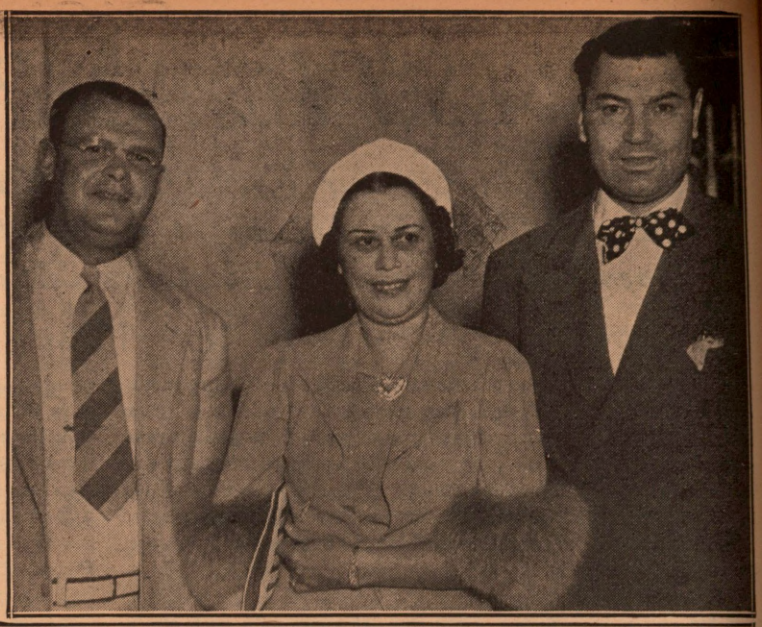
Barcellonetta is mighty proud of its champion, perhaps a little prouder than is the rest of Puerto Rico if that is possible, and the natives outdid themselves that day to prove their love for the boy who has brought fame to the place where he once was a young hotel porter. Thrills? I'll say that we got them that day.

It was a treat to see that celebration—a motley gathering, with home town band and its conglomeration of native instruments, mothers with children in their arms rushing to get a glimpse of Sixto, boys and girls of schoolboy age fighting for a point of vantage in front of the City Hall to hear the speech of the mayor, the champion, Dempsey, Hype Igoe and myself—men and women out in their holiday best—all to do honor to a boxing champion!

Where are those who are always talking about killing the sport because here and there some scandal has been unearthed? They'd never again sponsor such talk if they were with us on this occasion!

(Continued on page 5)

A Gala Occasion



Senator Serrales and his charming wife, pose with Jack Dempsey at Senator Gonzales' beautiful home in San Juan. Senator Serrales is the owner of the third largest sugar mill in Puerto Rico, and represents Ponce where he has his plantation, his private airfield with seven planes and manufactures Don "Q" rum. He named one drink after Hype Igoe, the "Don Q Hippe."

The Boxing Commission throws a party for the New York visitors—Hymie Caplin, manager of Lou Salica; Lou Brix, manager of Escobar; Hype Igoe and Nat Fleischer. Seated, left to right are Hype Igoe, Justa Riviera Cabera, Chairman of the Commission and Chief Clerk of Congress; his charming daughter, secretary of the commission; THE RING *Publisher is on the extreme right sitting next to another commissioner.*

The Queen of the Ponce de Leon Carnival, the beautiful Senorita Borinquen, receives the award of a silver cup at the race track from Mrs. Videl, wife of the owner of El Mundo. From left to right are Nat Fleischer, Mrs. Fleischer, the Queen and Mrs. Videl and Hype Igoe.

WE went to Puerto Rico with little thought of what was in store for us. Our stay was made so pleasant, that it was with difficulty we pulled away to embark for these shores. We left with nothing but the fondest recollections of a most pleasant trip, of a fine sporting people, and an enchanting Island. We came back singing the praises of all who had a hand in making our trip so congenial, and those who were in charge of the promotion. Madison Square Garden couldn't have handled this gigantic affair, the first big bout ever staged on the Island, any better than did Messrs. Gigante and Senator Gonzales, who backed the fight.

They, with the aid and 100 percent cooperation of the Boxing Commission, carried out their share of the work to perfection. They are all good, clean sports who made known to the visitors from the start that they expected an example to be set in this fight that would create an interest for the promotion of other championship mills, and they got what they had anticipated. Even the spectators were most friendly to the visiting fighter.

If Salica had won, there would have been no trouble. The fans had come to see a fight of action and so well satisfied were they with the contest, that Salica was cheered as much as was the home boy every time a telling punch was landed. It was as impartial a gathering of thousands as I had ever seen.

To Elisco Combas Guerra, who was assigned by El Mundo to act as our guide and our interpreter; Luis de Casaneva, the photographer assigned to handle the fight, a former New York Mirror staff man; Pablo Albaness, the Island's best referee who is associated with the Sports Shop; Harwood Hull, an American by birth who is the chief of staff of the Associated Press and who with his two sons, covers Caribbean news efficiently for this world-wide news organization; Senators Gonzales and Serrales; Felix R. Hilera, Armando Wirshing, Luis de Celis, Rafael M. Ralderis and Carlos Seigo, all members of the staff of the Don Q Rum and Sugar plantation, we are extremely grateful for their kindness in making the stay of their New York guests in Puerto Rico so pleasant. Congeniality, hospitality and sportsmanship is the motto of the Puerto Rican.

The promoters of the Puerto Rico fight and the referee.—Left to right, Gustavo Jiminez Sicardo, Aryro Gigante, Jack Dempsey and Senator Eduardo Gonzales.

* * *

FROM what I observed after the fight, I'm sure that every person who saw the bout left the vast arena just as satisfied as were we who had come several thousand miles to view it. In my talk with Governor Winship, Senator Serrales and the Speaker of the House, I convinced them that it would be a great step for the Island to stage one championship match or other contest worth while during the tourist season to help Puerto Rico. So keenly interested were they in the outline of my plan, that the Speaker has consented to introduce a bill asking for a legislative appropriation of $15,000 to aid in the promotion. Senator Serrales went a step further. He said he would gladly contribute $2,500 on behalf of Don Q rum, his product, if we could get Ross to fight Montanez for the welterweight title or Ambers to fight Montanez for the lightweight crown.

Puerto Rico can support a big fight as was proved in the recent exploit, but the Island at most, is good for no bigger a gate than $30,000 tops and as the guarantee which would have to be paid to a champion, would reach at least into those figures, government help would be necessary unless a business group would underwrite the purse and expenses. If, as sportsmen pointed out, our national government would help the tourist trade in Puerto Rico by getting better ship tourist service, with bigger and better ships and more frequent sailings, there would be no difficulty in getting purses of $50,000 contributed for a tourist season championship fight worth while, but under the present poor ship conditions, this is impossible.

* * *

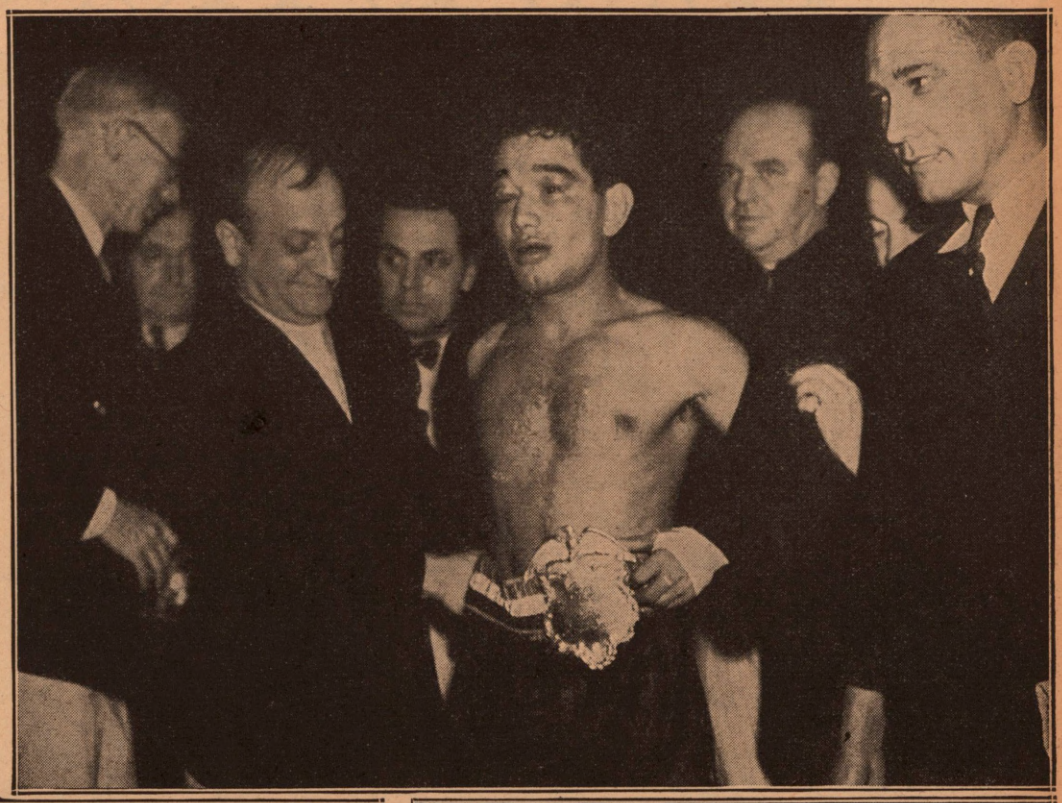
PUERTO RICO can be made into a great winter playground. The climate is ideal, better than in any other land in the tropics. The people are most affable, ever eager at all times to out-do one another to show their brother American visitors from the States a good time, but so long as Puerto Rico must depend on the poor, inefficient ship service now offered to the Island, our country will have to contribute millions to aid a people who could otherwise help themselves if tourist trade were directed by our national legislators to the Island—instead of away from it, as is now the case.

If, instead of sending millions in cash to spend on P.W.A. jobs in Puerto Rico, our legislators were to enact measures to insure an influx of tourist trade as England does for its colonies, we of the States would benefit almost as much as would our American brethren in the Isle of Enchantment, the Paradise of the Caribbean.

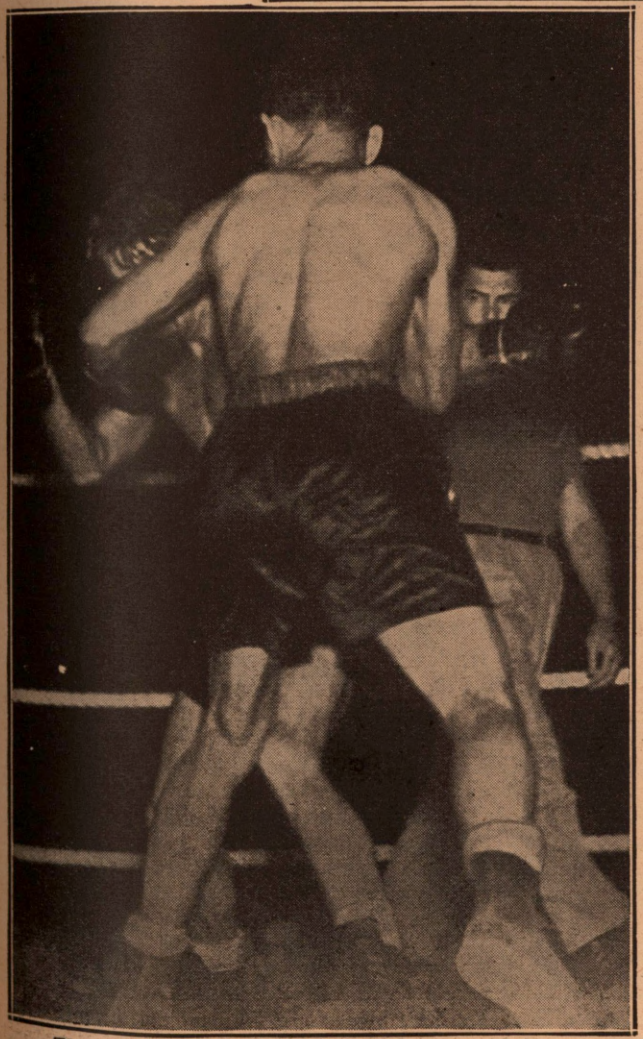
In closing this dissertation on Puerto Rico, a word about the cock-fighting and its closeness to actual ring combat, is worthy of our attention. Hype Igoe, Mrs. Fleischer and I, in company with Commissioner Maldanado and the mayor of San Juan, a former Brooklyn doctor who has been on the Island only six years, took a trip to the leading cock fighting stadium, owned by the Speaker of the Senate. There we were treated to some lively action, but what impressed us most, although I had seen cock fights in Cuba, Panama and Mexico,

(Continued on page 44)

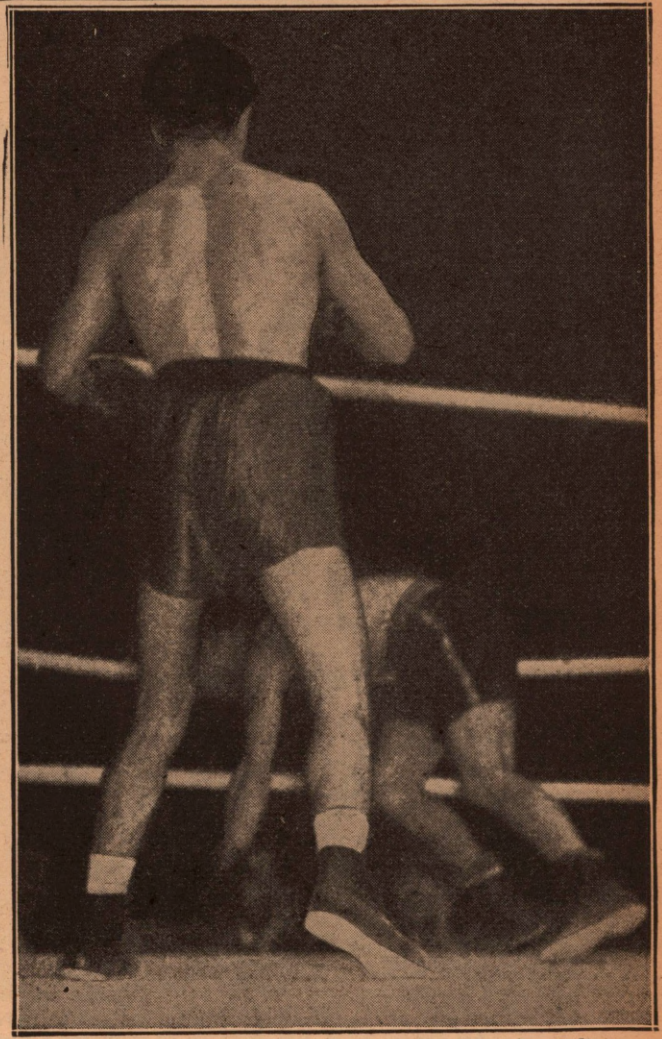
First World Title Fight



The Ring Editor, Nat Fleischer, is gazing admiringly at the belt which surrounds the person of Sixto Escobar, after he had emerged victorious in his fifteen round championship bout with Lou Salica in Puerto Rico. Reading from Left to right: Mr. O'Reilly, of the United Press, Hype Igoe, Nat Fleischer, Pablo Albanese, Escobar, Lew Brix, manager of the champion, Harry Gordon, over Brix's shoulder, and Tenien Flores, a second.

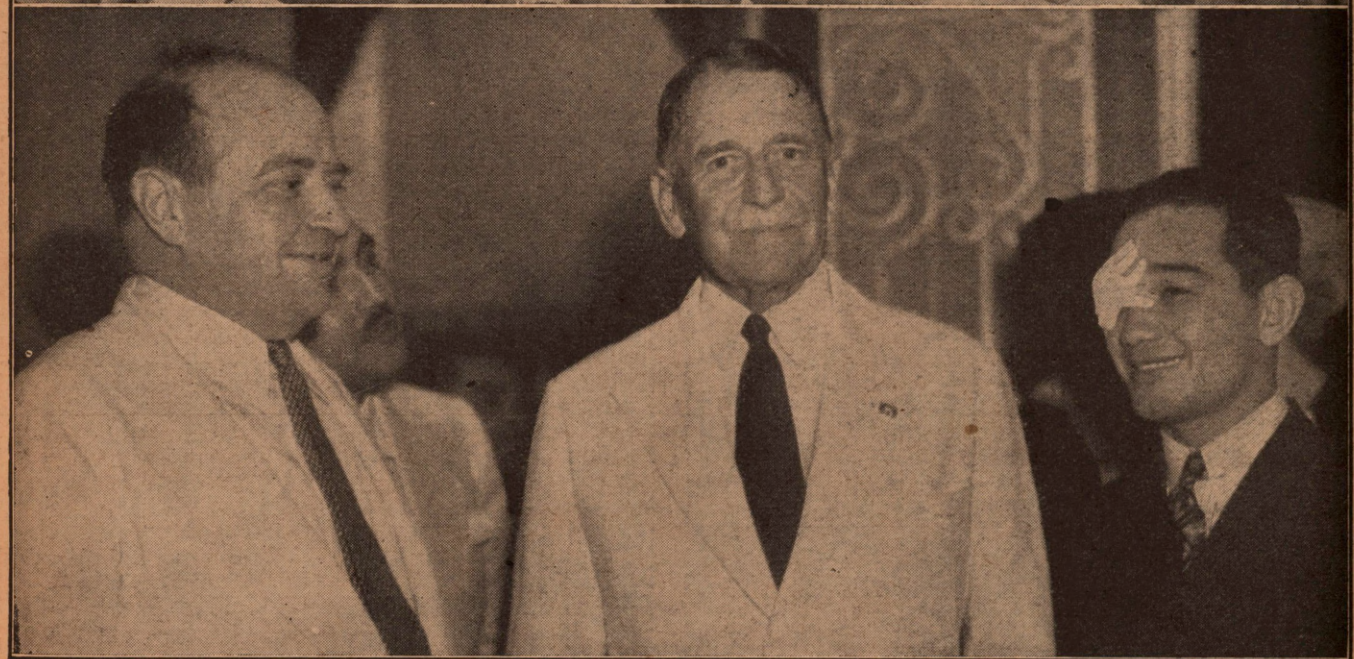


The only face visible here is that of Referee Jack Dempsey, but Sixto Escobar is going through the motions of landing a left hook on Salica's jaw.



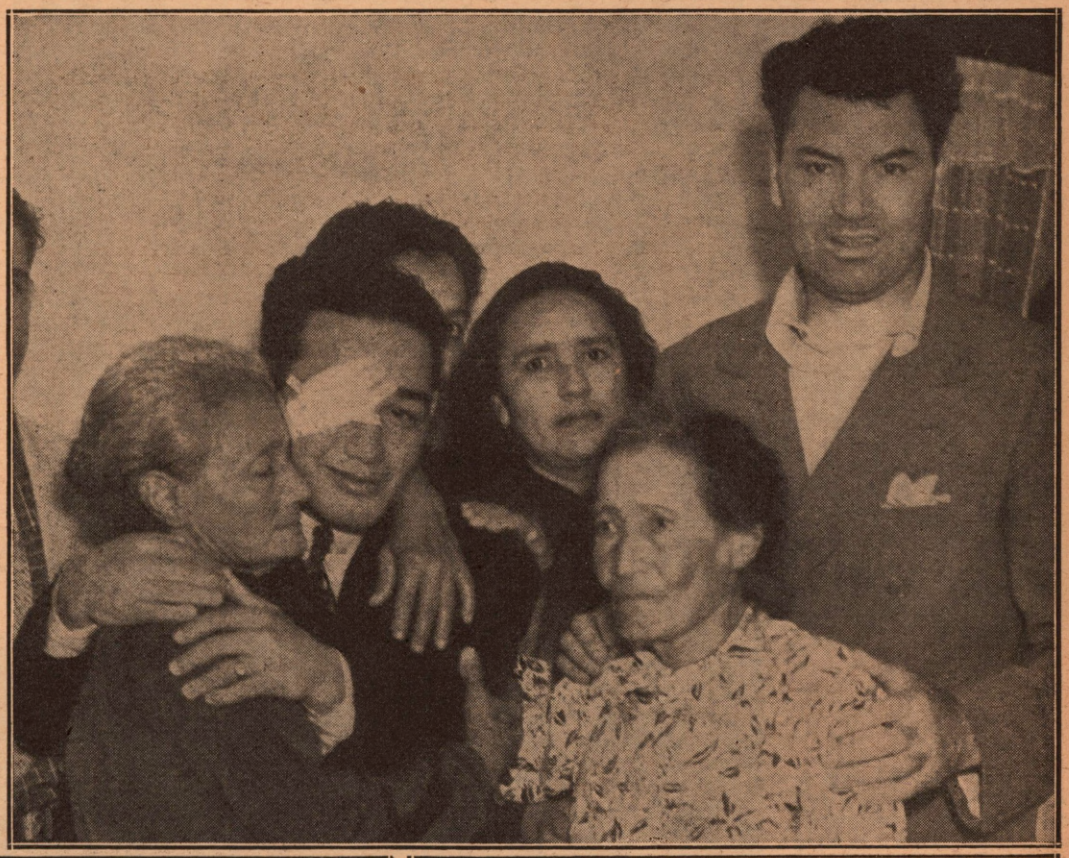
This looks like a knockdown but it is merely a slip which occurred in the fourth round. Escobar drops to hands and knees as he skids towards the ropes.

A KING IS HONORED



Above, we see part of the thousands who turned out in Barcellonetta, Sixto Escobar's home town, to greet the victor upon his arrival from San Juan on Washington's Birthday. It was an honor seldom given a champion. And even the Governor of Puerto Rico, Blanton Winship, found time to take from his duties to pay his respects to the champion. Lou Brix, manager of Escobar, and Sixto posed with the Governor at the home of Senator Gonzales, Boxing Commissioner, who backed the fight.

HEART-THROBBING WELCOMES

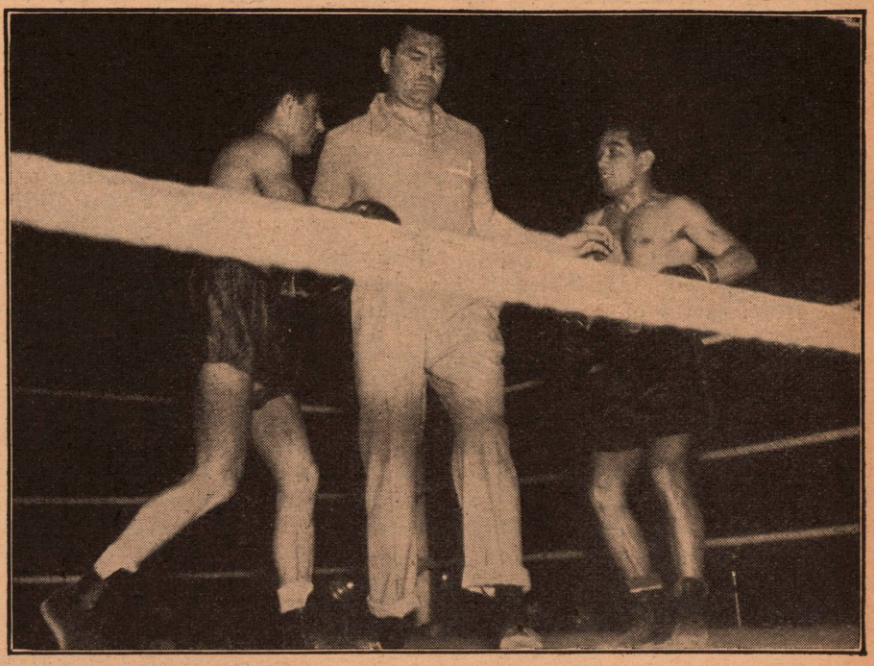


Sixto Escobar embraces his mother while his sister-in-law, grandmother (right) and Dempsey look on, in their home at Barcellonetta.

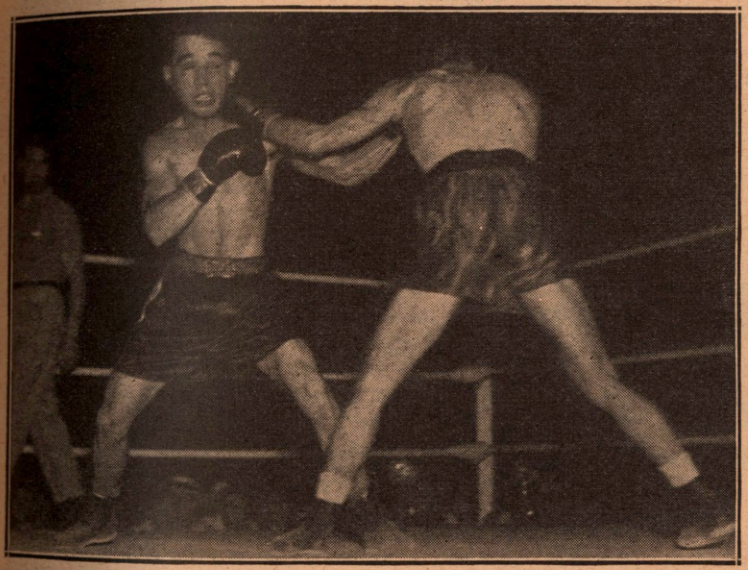
The home-coming greeting at Sixto's house which was jammed so that it was impossible to move. Sixto's mother and father are in the front row with the Mayor of Barcellonetta behind Dempsey.

Our official photographer, Luis de Casenave, formerly of the New York MIRROR *staff, greeting Dempsey on his arrival at the airport.*

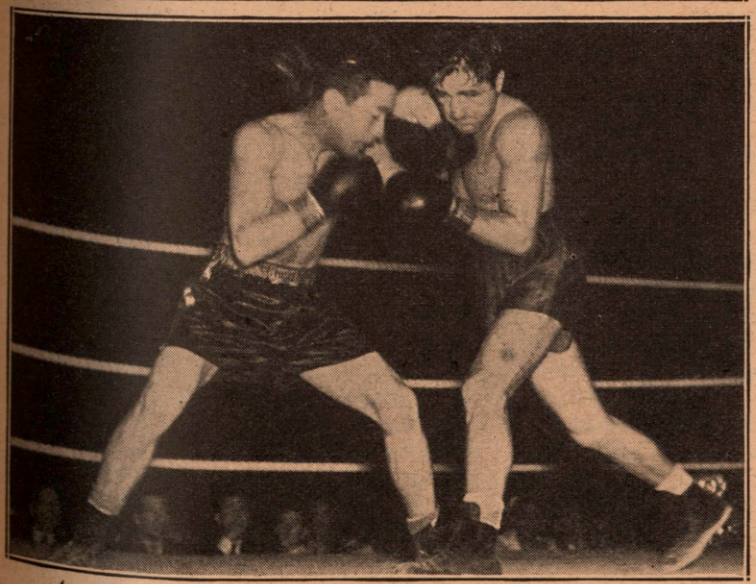
RINGSIDE SNAPSHOTS in SAN JUAN



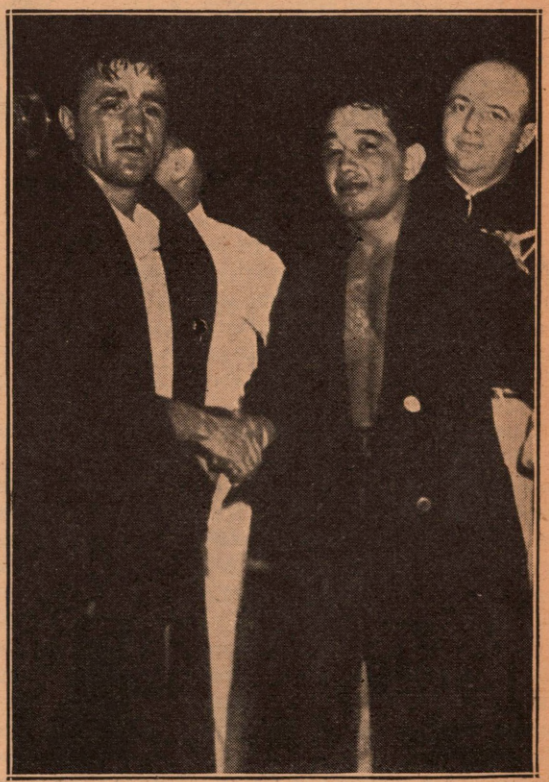
One of the few times during the bout when Dempsey found it necessary to step between the boys and break them. Note the anxiety of each to continue the battle. They were at it with a vengeance seconds after the break. There was no idleness in this contest. The boys were out to make a good impression, first because it was a contest for the championship and also because they knew that the eyes of all Puerto Rico were focused on them in this, the first world titular tilt for the Island. And did they make good! Well, you should have seen the spirit of the huge gathering when the fight was over. It would have tickled your palate to see how Puerto Rican fans enjoyed the milling.



An exchange of lefts in last round, the fastest and best of the fight. Note the tenseness of the muscles, the title hangs in the balance. The eyes of both lads are puffed, Sixto can barely see out of one, the left.



A miss and a hit—Salica's left passes over Sixto's shoulder but Sixto's right crashes against Lou's chin. This is the fifteenth in which the boys went at each other at a whirlwind clip.



The handshake after the bout. Escobar, despite his puffed eyes, is happy over the outcome of the battle, but Lou doesn't look so sad, either.

BOXING'S Greatest DUO

By BILL MILLER

IT took Freddie Steele forty-five minutes of inspired punching to capture the middleweight championship of America from Babe Risko on the starlit night of July 11, 1936, at Seattle.

It took Dave Miller nine long and weary years of hard work, constant effort, plotting, planning and scheming to get Steele that chance. And now, with Marcel Thil out of the picture, Freddie stands on top of the universe, the undisputed world champion.

Dave Miller, manager; Freddie Steele, middleweight champion!

Here is a duo which must rank with the greatest fistic combines in ring history; and there were some great teams. Jack Kearns-Jack Dempsey; Billy Nolan-Battling Nelson; Sammy Goldman-Tony Canzoneri; Joe Gould-Jim Braddock; Dan Morgan-Jack Britton; Johnny Buckley-Jack Sharkey; "Pop" Foster-Jimmy McLarnin; Joe Smith-Tommy Loughran—these are just a few.

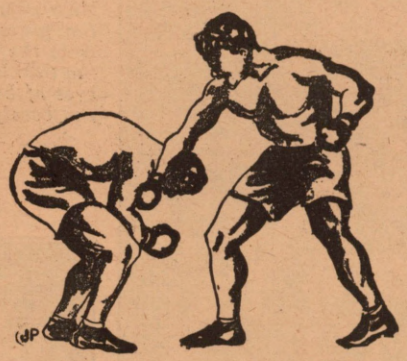
Not one has been more congenial or harmonious than the Miller-Steele coalescence. Some may have been more prosperous, for they came in a happier fistic era. Certainly none was more deserving of success.

* * *

MUCH has been written of Freddie Steele. He's the Jekyll-Hyde of the ring; cold-blooded, relentless killer in action; outside the ring, one of the friendliest, most congenial youngsters in the land. Blue-eyed, clean, sharp features; a jutting, determined jaw, Steele is a splendid specimen of Young America at its best.

Now meet Dave Miller. He'd make almost two of his protege, for Dave is flirting with the three hundred-pound mark, and every ounce of him is square-shooting, sincere and trustworthy. Fortune has smiled upon him, financially.

At thirty-seven, he owns a hotel in Tacoma; a substantial interest in the six best motion picture theatres in the same thriving city; he is an important stockholder in the Longacre race track at Seattle; he owns property, a gymnasium, and has numerous other interests.



* * *

DAVE MILLER was born in Boston, December 27, 1900; that was the year Jim Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett; the year Bob Fitzsimmons kayoed Tom Sharkey. So maybe it was prenatal influence that thrust Dave into the boxing game. Anyway, at the age of twelve, Dave was a member of the Seattle Y. M. H. A. boxing squad, an earnest youngster with pugilistic aspirations.

At the ripe old age of fourteen, Miller ran away from home, went across the border to Vancouver, B. C., and was peanut-butcher on the race track there. The Canadian city was staging good fights then. Leach Cross boxed Freddy Welsh there, and Dave Miller crashed the gate to see it. Little did the apple-cheeked, blue-eyed youngster realize that less than a quarter of a century later he would be handling a greater fighter than either of those renowned warriors.

In 1917, Dave was seventeen years old, living in Tacoma, Wash. He tried to join the Army, Navy and Marine Corps in succession, but was rejected on account of his youth. Finally he got a job in the shipyards. But don't think that he divorced himself from the ring. On the contrary, Miller acquired a stable of boxers, won the confidence and trust of George Shanklin, Tacoma promoter, and despite his extreme youth, made a name for himself in the Northwest. Eventually he joined hands with Shanklin, and they are partners in some ventures to this day.

AMONG ringsters who fought under his direction were "Lefty" Cooper, Ray Pelkey, Billy Conley, Charley Belanger, Frankie Farren, Doc Snell, Johnny Jordan, Don Fraser, Fred Lenhart (still fighting, and still going strong), Jimmy McLeod, Jimmy Britt, Frankie Britt and a host of others.

Freddie Steele was fourteen when he first met Miller; Dave was twenty-seven. Miller ran the gymnasium in Tacoma where professional boxers trained; he still owns it. Freddie's uncle brought the youngster in for boxing lessons; the kid wanted to be a fighter, he said.

Miller took a gander at the tall, frail, skinny youngster, and began to smile. Then he looked into Steele's eyes, and quit smiling. Maybe it was intuition; maybe a Sibylline prophet whispered in his ear; perhaps he saw the day, ten years hence, when this lad would stand before twenty thousand excited fans, hand upraised, as the announcer proclaimed him: "The WIN-NAH, and NOO middleweight cham-peen of the wor-r-r-r-ld—Freddie Steele!"

Miller and Steele "took" to each other; there was a strong personal liking, based on mutual respect, from the moment of their introduction. It exists to this day, stronger than ever. Don't breathe a word against Dave Miller in Freddie Steele's hearing! And vice versa.

Freddie was fourteen years old then. He took to boxing like a duck to water. He practiced punches on the big sand-bag, long after other fighters had donned their clothes and left the gym. He hounded Miller for a curtain-raiser.

"When you're fifteen; not before, Freddie," said Dave firmly.

* * *

MILLER kept his word; he always does. Shortly after Freddie had passed his fifteenth milestone, he won his fight, a four-rounder; won impressively. He won eight more before he reached his sixteenth birthday. His steady improvement, consistent progress, convinced Miller that his first impression of Freddie Steele had been correct. Here was a most unusual lad, a Man of Destiny in the ring.

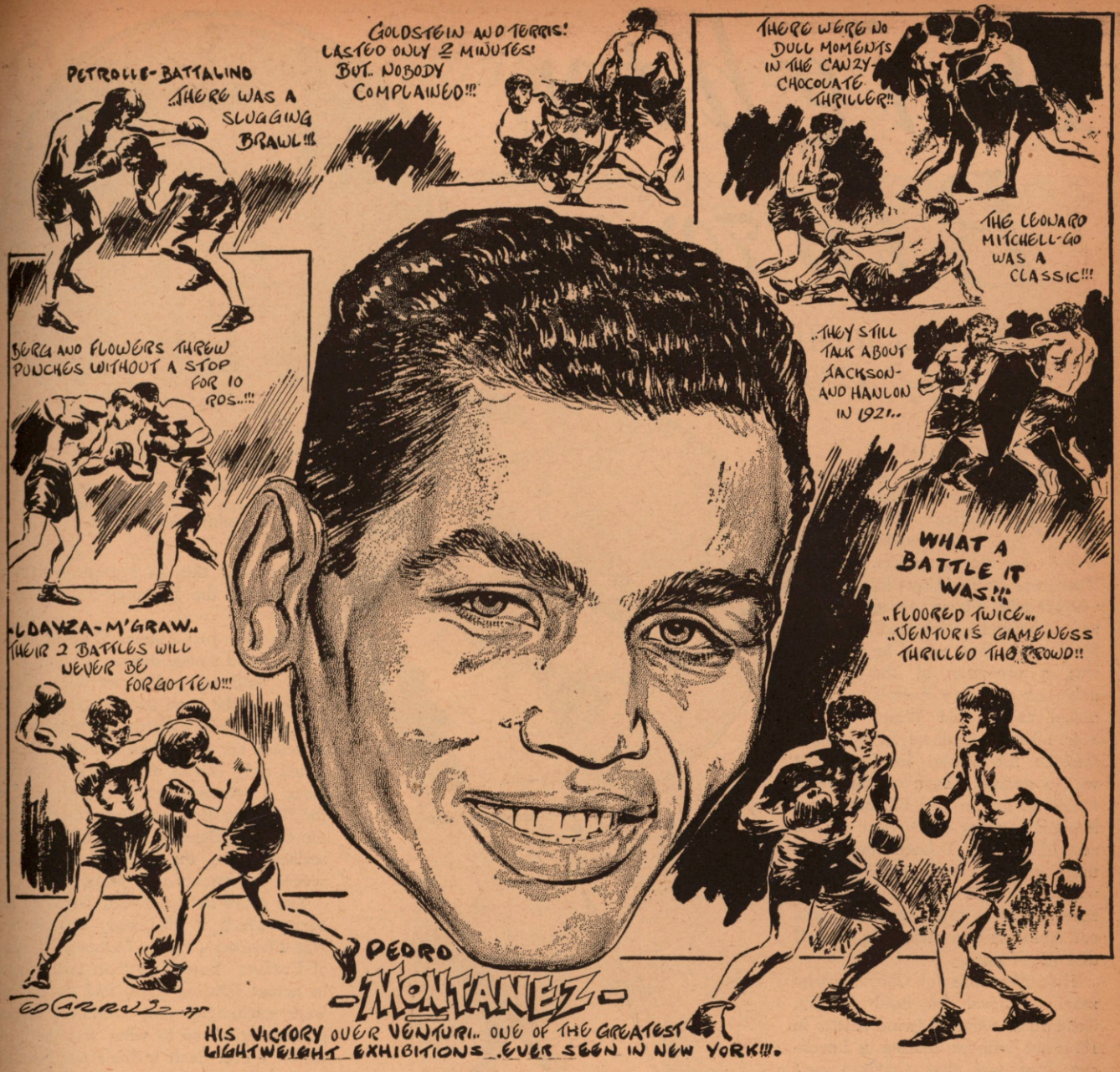
At sixteen, Steele weighed 125, but he was growing like the proverbial beanstalk; at seventeen, he was a Philadelphia lightweight, unable to make 135, still too light to fight full welters. Ring accidents, auto accidents, illness, ring mishaps, and varied misfortunes that would have daunted a less determined combine, retarded Steele's advancement.

He suffered a broken jaw, did Steele, in his fight with Leonard Bennett; the jaw was fractured in Round One, and it was a six-round go. Yet Steele's hand was raised, after one of the rarest exhibitions of courage ever displayed in or out of the ring.

* * *

ALL was not balm in Gilead; the "wise guys" laughed at Miller's earnest insistence that Freddie was a coming champ. They were the prototypes of the gazoonies who lined the shores to jeer at "Fulton's Folly," and those who derided Orville and Wilbur Wright's now famous "Kittyhawk." Those who sneered loudest were those who cheered longest, at Seattle, when Steele won the world championship.

How wisely Steele has been managed is most concretely attested to by this: Miller induced Freddie to start a trust fund six years ago. Today, if some dire calamity forced Steele to quit the ring without another fight, he'd need no help from the Relief Fund. At the peak of his career, Steele bids fair to quit the game with as healthy a bundle as any farseeing pugilistic predecessor ever acquired. He'll never need a benefit! *(Continued on page 45)*



New York's Lightweight Classics

By TED CARROLL

THIRTEEN thousand thrill-saturated boxing fans filed into the night and out of Madison Square Garden on Friday, February 26, all het up after witnessing one of the most stirring struggles ever seen in the nation's metropolis. For fifteen gripping rounds, Pedro Montanez and Enrico Venturi warred relentlessly in a boxing contest that will go down as one of the lightweight classics of the prize ring.

The tawny-skinned, merciless Montanez, forever stalking his flitting, courageous foe, had been finally declared the winner after twice flooring the Italian during the course of the bout. Although the result was never in doubt after the crafty Porto Rican nailed the elusive Venturi with a terrific right in the sixth round, the Italian's stirring comeback and refusal to go down under one of the most devastating barrages ever suffered by a boxer, in the final round, gained him great glory in defeat and made the bout one that will never slip from the memories of those fortunate enough to witness it.

Such a titanic struggle could not help but bring back recollections of other of the great battles between lightweights seen in New York City. Whenever 135-pounders rise to the occasion in such fashion, metropolitan fight followers recall the famous pair of contests between Phil McGraw and Stanislaus Loayza back in 1926. Both the Greek florist and the dynamic Chilean waged warfare along the same rugged lines as did Montanez and Venturi. They ignored the scientific aspects of the game. Consequently, whenever they met, the result could be likened to the head-on collision of a couple of Sir Malcolm Campbell's racers.

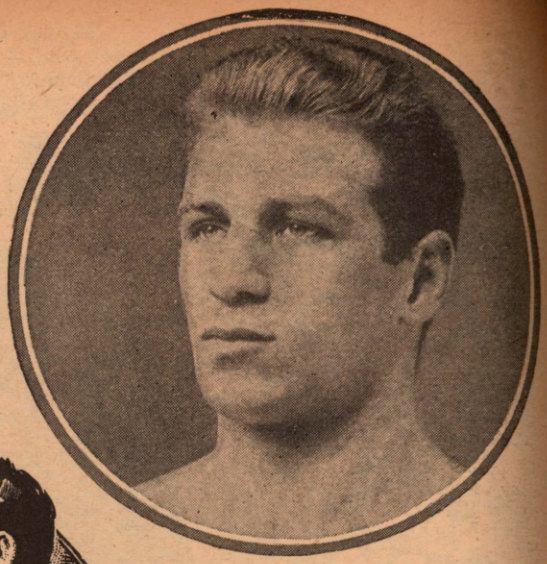
Those throwbacks to the caveman era, Billy Petrolle and Bat Battalino, tangled in a savage soiree one evening in the Garden, that for dogged courage and rib crushing punishment has had few equals. The lion-hearted Bat finally succumbed to the more wily Petrolle, but only after he had displayed courage of a brand that makes the heart beat faster.

The capacity crowd that paid ninety *(Continued on page 46)*

Mighty Blows

By BILL DOHERTY

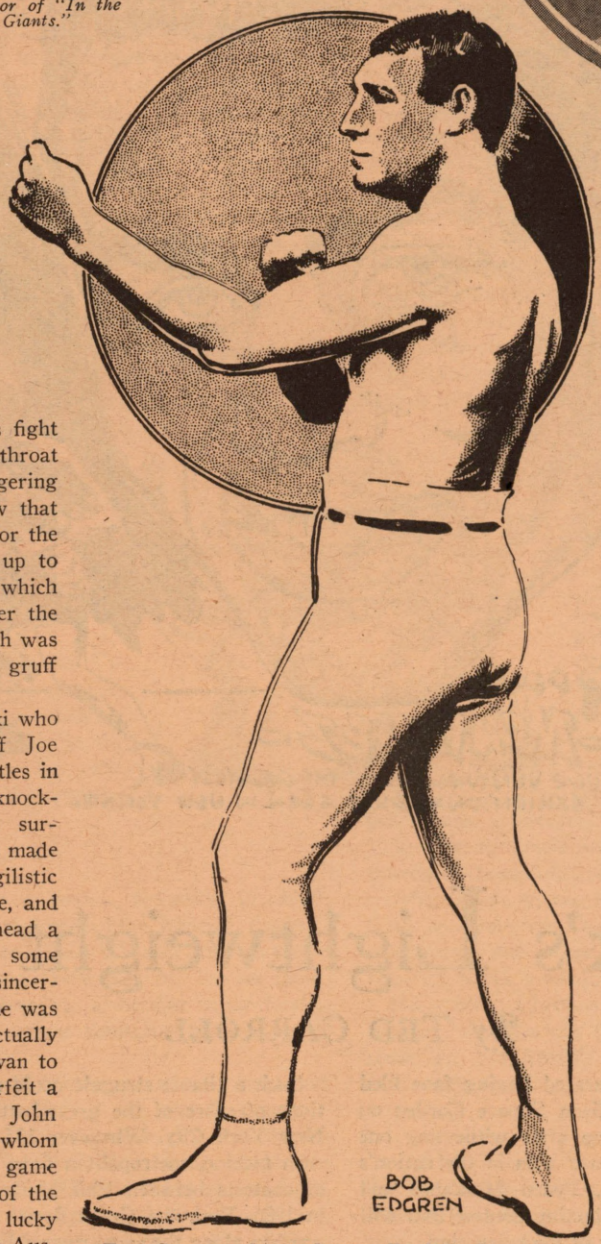
One-time heavyweight champion of Australia. Author of "In the Days of the Giants."



Joe Choynski, who did considerable damage to Joe Goddard in two whirlwind battles.

SOME of the men who came to Australia from America when I was young were terrific punchers. There was Buffalo Costello, who fought Slavin twice and who fought Mick Dooley in the days when he was a professor of the noble art at Larry Foley's school at the old White Horse Inn in Sydney. In this fight Costello hit Dooley in the throat with a straight punch of staggering force. So severe was the blow that it robbed Dooley of his voice for the rest of his life. I knew him up to the year of his death (1935), which was nearly half a century after the fight and when he spoke (which was not often) it was always in a gruff sort of whisper.

Then there was Joe Choynski who nearly punched the head off Joe Goddard in two whirlwind battles in 1891 but without scoring a knockout. The fact that Goddard survived these truly terrible blows made him the wonder of the pugilistic world in Australia at the time, and the reputation went to Joe's head a bit, and caused him to make some extravagant claims, (in all sincerity). He really believed that he was impervious to knockouts and actually offered to allow John L. Sullivan to hit him on the chin, and to forfeit a substantial sum in money if John L. could put him to sleep. Joe, whom I knew well, would have been game enough to carry out his part of the bargain, but I think he was lucky that John L., who was touring Australia with a theatrical company at the time, declined the offer.



Tom Sayers, a heavy hitting English champion.

* * *

IT has always been the greatest regret of my life that I never saw that same John L. in a fight in the ring. I met him and saw him on the stage during his term as champion, but not in any serious bout. Well do I remember when I was a stripling hearing about his tremendous battle with Paddy Ryan, the Irishman—a Tipperary Irishman versus an Irish American. The only modern fight that will bear comparison with this as regards weight of punching is the Dempsey-Firpo bout of 1923.

Both were just a series of awful jarring wallops and knock-downs. In the prize-fight Sullivan, with terrible pawing swings to the head broke Ryan's jaw in two places and eventually stretched him senseless on the ground. The encounter lasted only eleven minutes, but Joe Coburn, a veteran who had seen most of the fights in England and America since the time of Bendigo and Ben Caunt described it as the most desperate and severe for twenty-five years past.

The glove-fight between Dempsey and Firpo which is thrillingly described in Nat Fleischer's "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana" lasted less than four minutes in actual fighting time, and such blows were exchanged that whenever an argument arises as to what was the hardest blow ever dealt in the ring, this clash never fails to be mentioned, and there are many followers of the noble art who place Firpo's tremendous right to the jaw as easily the heaviest of all time—that was the punch that hurled Dempsey through the ropes and which would have won the fight for Firpo if he had had sufficient quickness of perception to follow up the advantage. But as Luis had already been floored seven times by shattering blows from Dempsey, before he caught Jack with that pile-driving right, perhaps it would be too much to expect that he would be clear and keen in brain and judgment. It was something to marvel at that he was on his feet and fighting at all.

* * *

IF it were possible to decide what was the hardest punch ever delivered—and of course such a decision is far beyond the powers of an ordinary human being such as yours truly—there is one fighter whose claims would have to receive the most careful consideration, and that is John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, who fought the celebrated battle with Tom Sayers for the championship of England and America in 1860. Not only was Heenan a hitter *(Continued on page 46)*

The RING's Album of Famous Fighters

No. 18

Pedro Montanez. Born, Cavey, Porto Rico, April 24, 1914. Started his boxing career in 1931. Won gold belt in Paris in lightweight tourney. Holds lightweight championship of Porto Rico and rates highest among world contenders for lightweight championship. Is managed by Lew Burston and Jimmy Bronson, and is one of the best drawing cards among the smaller lads in America. Has packed 'em in at Star Casino Club, Ridgewood Grove and St. Nicholas Rink, where he has been the top-liner throughout the winter months. Among his most notable victories are over Lou Jallos, Paris Apice, Johnny Morro, Steve Haliako, Phil Rafferty, Al Roth and Bobby Pacho.

GLOBE TROTTER

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

the Louis-Schmeling fight, it behooves us not to talk so loud. You, Petrucio, said Joe wins in one heat. You, Malvolio, did predict that Schmeling would be killed.

FIRST WRITER:—Hush, not so loud. It was mere pleasantry, never meant but in fun.

FIFTH EXPERT:—Fun or no fun, the Braddock-Schmeling is getting to be a sore spot with the fans. Schmeling earned the right to fight for the title and he should get it.

GOULD:—(coming from behind a screen); So you birds figure Schmeling is no draw here? Well, it's like I say to Jim. I am off.

FOUR EXPERTS:—Jim afraid of Schmeling, eh, Joe?

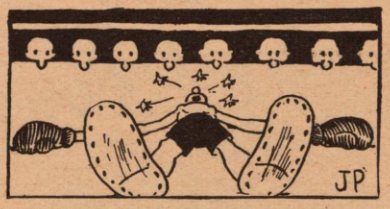
(They walk off in a bunch.)

Scene 4:—Divers gentlemen, not from Verona, talk it over and decide that the fight is not wanted in New York.

SPOT, the Main Drag in Gotham. Four hombres, one of them dark, sit in the Fatted Pig.

SIXTUS:—I am among the crowds, and they say Schmeling does not draw here. It would be well to sneak this thing out of here.

SEXTUS:—Come, fair coz, why have this fight at all? Would it not be fair to sign Braddock with the fast recovering Louis, and take the matter off to Chicago, while the Garden gang is left to cool its noggin and its heels, wailing over spilled milk, crying over spoiled cabbage, mewling over the corn that did not grow to be harvested, or the wheat to be threshed?



CORREGIO:—There is much meat in this what our Sextus spills. I have no stomach for this Garden tribe, anyway. Kilpatrickus wearies me, and Johnstonio doth scheme not in our favor. I am for Chicago.

SNUFFOLIO:—In Chicago are thousands who willingly break down the fences to see Louis fight. Close by is Detroit. Close by are other places which in verity pour the cash customers into the fight. But Schmeling is out.

PUGNOLIO:—Schmeling should get the shot at Louis. I say it's an outrage to kick Max around.

VOICE OUTSIDE:—Beware the Boycott! Beware the Boycott!

SIXTUS:—It is the same old voice, the voice of experience.

SEXTUS:—Not to the radio are we hearkening. Yet, it is all too true. It is the voice of experience.

SIXTUS:—Nothing would please me better than to pull this match from under the very schnozzes of the Garden clan. Full many a time have they foiled us. Now, let us put our noggins together, and conspire to leave Kilpatrickio holding the well known bag.

SEXTUS:—It will be a battle of mouthpieces, I wot.

SIXTUS:—Battle of fighters, or of mouthpieces, let us have a battle—but not in New York.

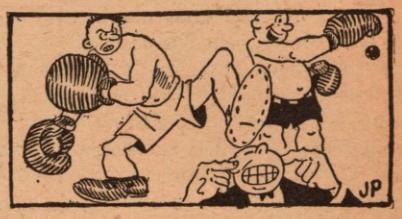
CORREGIO:—How clearly do I see Johnstonio choking on his oatmeal in the Garden hostel when he finds the bird hath flown, the fight foggeled out of his reach. It is worth much to me to see this.

(They put their noggins together, as the curtain goes down.)

Scene 5:—Germany receives the news with no great enthusiasm, and with violent charges.

SCENE, the court in Berlin. The Big Shots and Brass Hats are reading dispatches from New York.

NO. 1:—Swine, pigs, donnervetter, blitzen. Damnit. There is a plot. In New York. They are giving our Max der works. It is the plot in the hatching to let Louis, which Max knocks out, to fight Braddock for the ever-to-be-desired heavyweight championship. I am displeased.



NO. 2:—He is displeased!

NO. 3:—Heaven help us, he is displeased. Wotan come to our rescue.

NO. 4:—It is not to be countenanced. We will issue a government decree. They will pale, they will frighten, they will not do this to us.

NO. 1:—It is that they are afraid of Schmeling. It is all subterfuge. I am displeased. Our Schmeling is being side-tracked.

NO. 2:—He is displeased. What to do?

NO. 3:—Let us declare war on New York. Send half a dozen submarines over there.

NO. 4:—Der herr forgets his geography. New York is part of the United States. We once had some trouble with them babies.

NO. 1:—Make an announcement to der press. It is all the fault of the international bankers. Put the promoters of the fight in our worst concentration camp. I am displeased.

NO. 5:—He is displeased! If only we had the promoters over here. If only we had Mike Jacobs here.

NO. 1:—The dough which Max brings over here is slipping from our fingers. Put Braddock and Gould in a concentration camp, and forget all about them. I do not like it.

NO. 2:—We will fix things. Our Leader. We will issue an official press release calling everybody a crook.

NO. 1:—I am displeased!

(They all slink from the Big Presence.)

Scene 6:—New York and Chicago have it out for the fight.

SCENE, New York. There is a small riot in the Market Place.

KILPATRICK:—I will stand on our rights. Bring me four lawyers and eighteen process servers.

JOHNSTON:—It is main skulduggery. Braddock must fight Schmeling for us.

JACOBS:—It seems like Braddock fights Louis in Chicago. This is all regrettable, gentlemen, and I will do everything in my power to get things straightened out.

JOHNSTON:—Fair coz, it pleaseth us more do you do nothing at all. You've meddled enough in our affairs.

KILPATRICK:—The contract. Show them the contract.

FIRST MOUTHPIECE:—Quiet, please. Let us not be overloud about boxing contracts, for is it not written—"As useless as a fight contract?" Is it not known, "As futile as a boxing agreement?"

BRADDOCK:—I am in the hands of my friends!

GOULD:—Yeah, our friends say that Schmeling does not draw water in New York.

LOUIS:—On what meat hath this our friend Schmeling fed, that he thinks he should get the big shot? What about American rights? What about the Civil War? What about Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Gone With The Wind?

FIRST FIGHT EXPERT:—Schmeling deserves the bout.

SECOND FIGHT EXPERT:—Kilpatrick is being robbed.

THIRD FIGHT EXPERT:—Jacobs is a gentleman.

FOURTH FIGHT EXPERT:—Mike hath the fine Italian hand.

THE MOUTHPIECES:—(rubbing their hands in glee); Brothers, verily this looks like a lawyers' carnival. Come, let us get up our schedule of rates, and purchase subpoenas by the gross. Haul out the judges, dust off the *(Continued on page 44)*

A Close-Up of Benny Lynch

By EUAN WELLWOOD

Boxing Critic to the "Evening Times," Glasgow

PICTURE a good looking little fellow, five feet three inches in height, bearing no scars of the fight game despite the fact that he has engaged in hundreds of glove contests and innumerable bare-knuckle mills, and you have Benny Lynch of Glasgow, who, by outpointing Small Montana of the Philippine Islands at Wembley, London, established himself as undisputed flyweight champion of the world, the first Scottish-born boxer to achieve such an honor.

Benny, who boxes under his real name, was born in the heart of a thickly populated industrial section of the Clydeside city famed for its ships and engineers, and he developed the fighting instinct at a very early age. When eight years of age, this precocious ringster started boxing as an amateur and he boasts that in his first attempt, he won the "four-stone championship" of Scotland, a title of which I had never heard but one to which Lynch lays claim most seriously.

That feat he accomplished at the Hozier Street Gymnasium, Glasgow, at a time when he was a member of the L.M.S. Rovers Club, his first love. He was then tutored by Guy Adams, a veteran, who has handled many champions in his day. Benny was encouraged in his fistic efforts by an elder brother, and it was the tragic death of the latter that almost caused the permanent disappearance from the ring of a certain future world's champion.

After engaging in thirty-seven fights as a Simon-pure, winning all but two of them, Benny's brother, who always seconded him, died, and Lynch's pere ordered the boy to hang up the gloves for all time. He did comply with that order officially, but unknown to his father, Benny became a professional before he left school.

* * *

THAT is a strict reading for what actually happened. For after school hours, Benny and his pals resorted to a coffin-maker's shop near his home and there he acted as promoter by collecting a penny per head at the door, after which he entered the decrepit ring and took on all comers with the bare 'uns. That was a regular fight arena "after four" when the school terminated for the day, and it was there that Benny learned to take hard wallops and grin in defeat, as well as triumph.

Benny Lynch, world flyweight king, who may soon be seen in the States.

It was while seconding one of his closest chums, Paddy Docherty, that Lynch was first introduced into the school which was ultimately to teach him the finer points of the game. I refer to the Boxing Booth.

Docherty was unable to box one night and Benny was prevailed upon to take his place. Judge of Lynch's joy when he knocked out his opponent, Young Bruce of Govan, in two rounds. From that day he became a regular performer at Watson's Booth in the Saltmarket, his most persistent opponent being one Pat Lee of Partick, whom Benny fought nine times in succession, winning every time.

Next came a feud between Benny and his protege of earlier days, Paddy Docherty. Seven times they fought, Lynch winning three, losing two, and the other two ending in draws. The booth fighting had got into Benny's blood and next we find him boxing in England at the establishment run by that great Negro middleweight, Len Johnson of Ardwick.

Today Lynch pays full tribute to Johnson for his coaching and Len was the first man to prophesy that the Glasgow boy would one day wear the world's crown in his division. Three times a week for eight weeks, Lynch was sent against Arthur Burke of Manchester, a bantamweight, the wage condition being that pay was only made to the man who won inside the distance of fifteen rounds. Lynch collected every time! Not satisfied with that, Lynch often motored to Sunderland some miles away, to earn extra money, though sometimes he was balked through the "car" breaking down halfway to his destination.

* * *

BACK home from Manchester, Lynch set about winning his native title, and that he duly accomplished at the Olympic Stadium, Glasgow, on May 16, 1934, when he outpointed the holder, Jim Campbell of Glasgow, over fifteen rounds. It was a close thing, and when Campbell expressed his dissatisfaction with the verdict, Lynch immediately agreed to give him a second crack at the title.

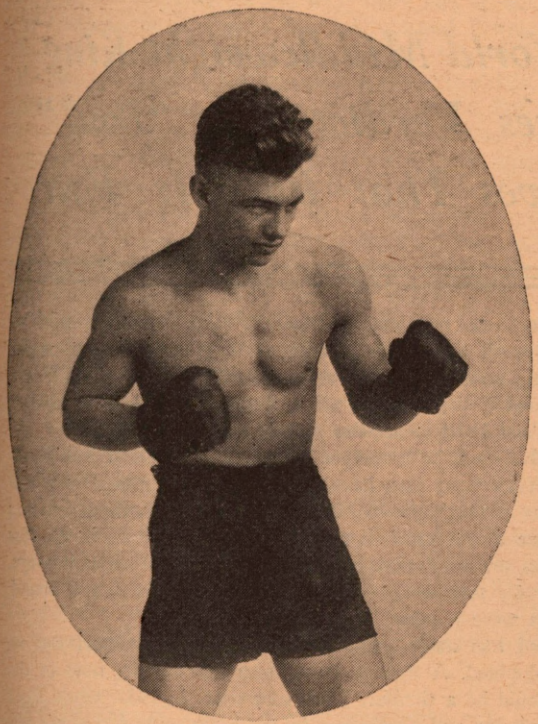
They met just six weeks later at the same venue and this time, Lynch won on points by a wide margin. Determined to go right after the best men at his weight in Europe, Lynch next beat in turn Carlo Cavagnoli, the Italian champion; Maurice Huguenin, the French crack; Valentin Anglemann, the French champion, who had given world's champion Jackie Brown several shocks in their encounters; Pedrito Ruiz, the Spanish champion, and Tut Whalley, the Hanley southpaw.

That year was a busy one for Benny, who won all of his seventeen outings. In 1935, he created a sensation by whipping Jackie Brown of Manchester in Glasgow in an overweight match, though the referee declared a draw. That marked the Scot as an outstanding challenger for Brown's titles and in due course he was asked to tackle Tommy Pardoe of Birmingham for the right to face Brown.

Benny travelled to Birmingham to face Pardoe on his own ground and triumphed in decisive fashion, Pardoe being compelled to retire in the fourteenth round. After knocking out Charlie Hazel in a round at Glasgow, Lynch got his big chance against Brown at Manchester on September 9, 1935, and in a memorable battle, he floored Brown on no fewer than ten occasions ere the champion flung up his hand in token of submission halfway through the second round.

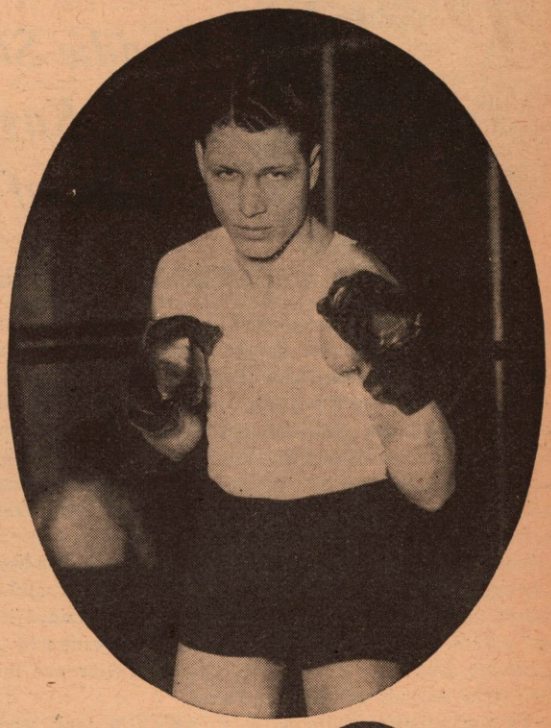
In December of the same year, Lynch beat three formidable antagonists in Gaston Maton of France, Harry Orton of Leicester and Phil Milligan of Oldham. Disaster came his way in his next time out, however, for at Belfast, on March 11, 1936, he was beaten on points by Jim Warnock, *(Continued on page 45)*

Their Prospects Are Bright

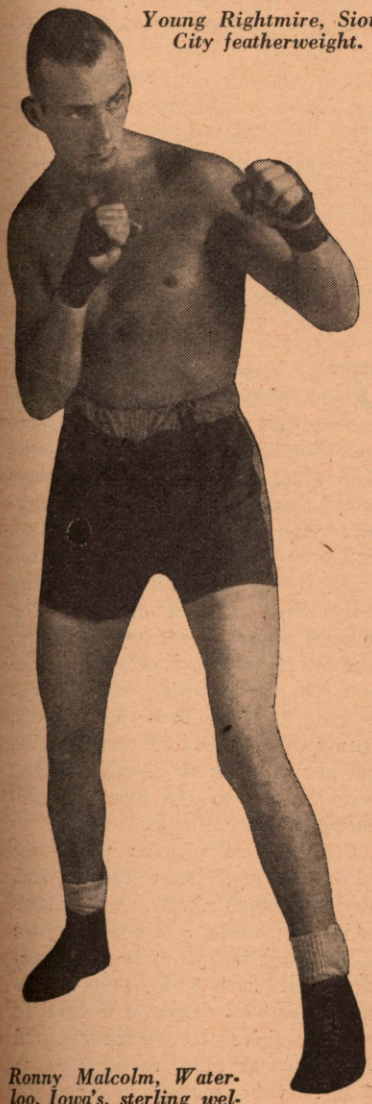


Young Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight.

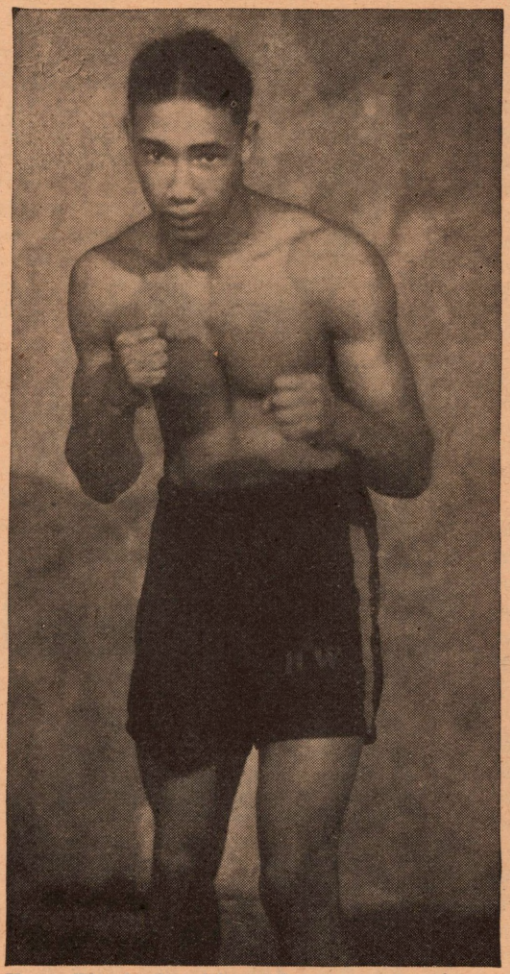
Tom Chester, Brooklyn's sturdy middleweight.



Henri Pilotte, promising youngster from Montreal.



Ronny Malcolm, Waterloo, Iowa's, sterling welterweight.



Henry Woods, Seattle's crack 140-pound aspirant.

Tiger Henderson, rugged heavyweight from Hartford.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Freddie Steele Now World Middleweight King
Thil, Kayoed, Receives Verdict on a "Foul"
L'Auto of Paris Proves That Blow Is Fair

THE past six weeks will long be remembered as a period that was chock full of fight interest. Fistic classics, several upsets, three championship fights, and the signing of Jimmy Braddock and Joe Louis for a title contest in Chicago, kept the pugilistic pot at the boiling point. The shining lights were Pedro Montanez, Puerto Rico's threat for lightweight and welterweight honors; Freddie Steele, the Tacoma middleweight crown wearer; Fred Apostoli, another Coast middleweight, and Sixto Escobar, the bantam king.

Steele showed his mettle against Babe Risko in Madison Square Garden, in which contest he exhibited his skill and punching power to the satisfaction of the critics and retained his crown, and only a few days later he added to his prestige by scoring a knockout over Paul Pirrone of Cleveland after one minute and fifty-eight seconds of the first round.

As fine a performance as was Steele's, it took second place, however, to the thrilling feat of Montanez in giving Enrico Venturi his first American setback in a bout that kept the fans on edge from start to finish. Pedro's victory makes it a certainty that he will dethrone Ambers if they ever get into the ring in a championship tilt. Escobar, as told elsewhere, put up a slashing performance against Salica to retain his bantam title, and Apostoli came through with a whirlwind attack to prove to the New York fans that he is as good a fighter as Coast critics had reported, when he took all but two rounds in his fight with Solly Krieger.

Those and other contests of almost equal importance kept boxing in the spotlight and gave the fans an inkling of what is in store for them for the remainder of the year if the big shots of the game continue to play ball.

Being away from New York for a month deprived me of witnessing what I've been told were some of the best scraps seen in New York in many months.

* * *

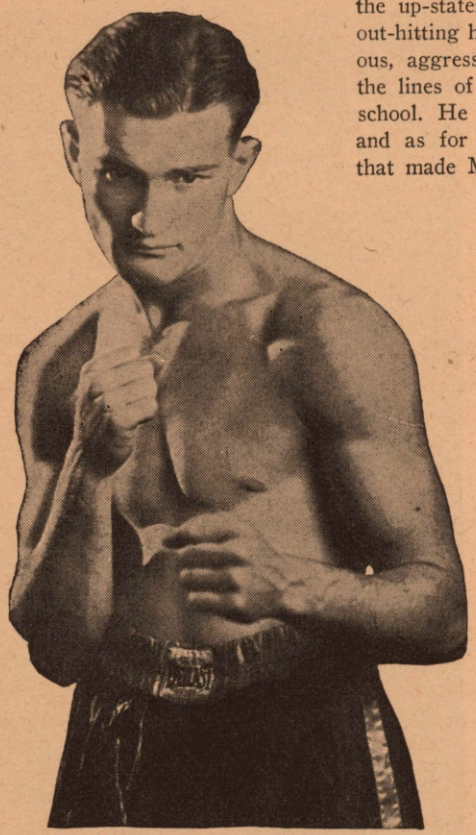
THE last important contest I had seen was that in which Apostoli lost to Ken Overlin in a ten-round bout when Ken put up a smart performance to win the duke. Apostoli, at the time, looked ring shy, but he showed traces of natural ability which were not brought out in full until after I had left for Puerto Rico.

Both fans and critics were skeptical about Apostoli's ability, but that did not deter Fred. His one ambition was to prove his right to a high spot in ringdom, and instead of returning to the Coast to take up the game where he had left off, he pleaded for a chance at Overlin in a return engagement, or the man who was considered New York's leading contender—Solly Krieger—and he got it. The Krieger bout was arranged, and against this hard-hitting Brooklyn middleweight, Apostoli gave such a high class performance of speed and punching power that the same critics who had called him a failure following the Overlin affair acclaimed him in a manner that should aid Fred to acquire several lucrative shots.

Against Krieger, he displayed one of the speediest left hands that New York fight fans have seen in many moons. His workmanship was of the highest order. He won handily, though facing a man whose every punch is a kayo wallop, and even in the last round, when an accidental butt opened a big cut over the eye, Apostoli coolly fought his way out of harm to finish the round. Six stitches were required.

That Fred has made good as a middleweight threat can no longer be doubted. A fight between him and Steele, now in the making, should be a thriller. They met once, in 1935, when Fred was a raw novice, and Steele won by the kayo route in ten rounds. A return engagement will probably end likewise, with one of the boys counted out, as each is a powerful hitter.

Two nights after the Krieger-Apostoli mill, Steele took his third fling at Risko, former champion, and decisively whipped the up-stater. The clean workmanship of Steele in out-hitting his opponent proved that he is a courageous, aggressive, two-fisted fighter, somewhat along the lines of some of the great scrappers of the old school. He is cool, possesses plenty of cleverness, and as for hitting, he carries the kind of wallop that made Mickey Walker famous.



Freddie Steele, who is now in a field by himself as world middleweight king. The American champion gained top honors through the retirement of Marcel Thil and Steele's victories over the world's best boys in his division. He is now the undisputed champion and will receive THE RING *Belt, emblematic of world supremacy.*

* * *

THE victory of Steele over Risko, followed by his kayo of Pirrone, clinched his claim to world honors, following the retirement of Marcel Thil. Thil has been the recognized world champion by THE RING and by all foreign countries, while in this land, Steele has been honored with the title. In his recent bout with Lou Brouillard —the third between this pair—Thil claimed a foul in the seventh round, and his claim was upheld by the referee. On the following day, however, *L'Auto,* leading a battle for fair play, openly charged that Thil was knocked out and that the so-called foul punch was a blow to the liver that had paralyzed the champion.

Slow motion pictures proved the correctness of the statement, and Thil, angered beyond words at what *L'Auto* had done, made a bee-line for the paper and demanded to be shown proof of the fair punch. This *L'Auto* did, but only after Thil consented to have the boxing writers of other papers attend the session at which the slow motion pictures were shown. So convincing was the evidence that Brouillard had

been jobbed of the title through the unfair decision that Thil announced his retirement.

* * *

WITH Marcel out of the way, there can be no doubt as to who is the champion. The International Boxing Federation has announced that it will stage an open tourney to determine the new title-holder, but any such tourney would be a waste of time and complicate a situation in-re the crown. For three years, ever since Marcel's claim to the world honors following his victory over Gorilla Jones and Vince Dundee, there had been more than one championship claimant, and now that Thil is out of the picture, the situation should be cleared by recognizing Steele, the world's best middleweight, the champion.

THE RING, despite adverse criticism on this side of the Big Pond because of our stand, had backed Thil to the limit while he held his crown, and now that same backing is offered to Steele. No amount of persuasion could cause us to waver in our support of Thil, but with his retirement, and the latest fiasco in his championship fight, the conqueror of America's greatest middleweights, the man whose punching power and speed have enabled him to roll up a magnificent record, jumps to the head of the division without further ado.

To Freddie Steele will be awarded THE RING middleweight belt, a duplicate of the one which we have been holding here for Marcel Thil and which we hope to give to him in person when we make a trip to Paris, perhaps next summer. These belts will be the sixty-fifth and sixty-sixth awards since we first started to honor world champions and American champions back in 1922.

* * *

THE case of Thil is a most interesting one, because it so closely resembles that of Georges Carpentier, who in his long career was credited with having made foul claims upon the least provocation. Every time Georges was punished badly about the stomach, his mentor, Francois Descamps, would hop into the ring and demand the disqualification of Carpentier's opponent. On several occasions he got away with it, but when he tried it in the bout with Gene Tunney, he found that the Americans were too wise for such picayune tactics and Carpentier was counted out in the fifteenth round.

There is no proof that Thil had deliberately feigned injury via the foul route in his two battles with Brouillard, in both of which Lou was disqualified, but there certainly seems to be proof that the French officials were far too hasty on each occasion in making their ruling against the American to save the title for France. Brouillard is a terrific body puncher. When he hits 'em in the mid-section, they feel it, and that's exactly what happened in the two fights in which he lost on fouls, but should have won on a knockout.

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY, there is nothing that can be done about it to aid Lou's cause, because under the verdict rendered in the last contest, he lost the fight officially, yet the examination that followed proved beyond shadow of doubt that Lou's blows were struck in fair region and that Thil's lower section was paralyzed as a result of terrific blows. That's what made him think he was fouled.

The pictures in my possession, the same ones that caused *L'Auto,* through a sense of keen sportsmanship, to raise the howl that brought about Thil's retirement, distinctly show that the punch that felled Thil was midway above the belt line. As soon as he was hit, he tossed his hands down to his groin and squirmed as if struck below the belt.

Here is what George Peeters, boxing editor of *L'Auto,* who carried on the battle for Brouillard, has to say in his editorial:

"Immediately after the contest between Thil and Brouillard, the ringside critics seemed to agree with the two judges that Thil had been fouled. I did not. I thought I had seen a fair punch and I decided to make certain. I decided on a thorough investigation by studying the slow motion films, and so satisfied was I after my study that the blow had been delivered in the liver region, and not in the groin, that I called in others to see what I had seen.

"Our investigation proved conclusively that the punch was a high blow instead of low. It showed that Thil brought his guard down and held his hands in the groin region, as if he were hit there, when, as a matter of fact, he was struck in mid-section. When he got up, his chin was just as inviting as had been his body previously, and it didn't take Brouillard long to discover the new opening. He crashed a right cross to the chin and down went Thil to be counted out.

"It was then that the referee inquired of the judges if Thil had been fouled on the previous blow, and upon receiving an affirmative answer, he disqualified Brouillard, who rightfully had won the title on a clear-cut knockout. He raised Thil's weary hand and proclaimed him the victor.

"Thus Thil, who had won the first fight on points and the second on a foul, again was declared the winner on a foul. It was after seeing the pictures and studying them that *L'Auto,* in a sportsmanlike act, decided to change its previous story about the foul and come out in the open with a declaration that Brouillard should have been the victor, and not Marcel Thil.

"We have nothing but the greatest respect for Thil's ability, and as a Frenchman, deeply regret that he has taken this so much to heart that he has definitely retired. To retire under such circumstances is not the proper thing to do, but we find no fault with Marcel, for he is thirty-three years old and has given the boxing game his best for a dozen years. The French will always remember him for the honors he brought to our country. Now that the title has been vacated, I presume that the I. B. U. will stage an open tournament to get Thil's successor."

* * *

OUR heartiest congratulations to *L'Auto* for its sportsmanship. *L'Auto's* editors deserve the thanks of the boxing world for the stand taken on behalf of clean boxing.

Our only disagreement is in the suggestion that the I. B. U. stage a tourney. There is no need for that. The man who deserves the honor vacated by Thil, and who undoubtedly is entitled to it, is Freddie Steele, the American champion, who has been the officially recognized world champion in every state in the Union and the National Boxing Association. As such, he certainly shared the honors with Thil, regardless of our stand in upholding Thil as the world title-holder, and henceforth, until he is whipped in the ring, the new crown-wearer of the middleweights is Freddie Steele of Tacoma, Washington.

* * *

ONE of the biggest upsets of the past month was the defeat of our No. 4 man in our Annual Ratings, Gunnar Barlund of Finland, who was named by us as the most promising fighter for the new year. Barlund met his first fistic reversal in the States at the hands of Nathan Mann of New Haven, in a bout at the New York Hippodrome and then dropped a close verdict to Bob Olin.

Mann's victory places him in a position where he, like Pastor, will have to be considered in the big matches for the spring. Mann showed decidedly improved form. Although short in stature, he is a sturdy, short puncher with either hand and has enough courage to carry him to the heights. Olin, likewise, put up a great fight and will be rewarded.

* * *

THROUGH the efforts of *L'Auto,* the largest sporting paper in France, and probably in the world, a movement has been started abroad to get the various boxing associations interested in regulating world championship claims, so as to put an end to multiple "title-holders." In a series of six articles by Jacques Goddet, editor of *L'Auto,* that paper calls upon the boxing authorities to clear the field of surplus champions and bring back to the game one crown-wearer for each class.

Mons. Goddet has enlisted the services of the International Boxing Union, the British Board of Boxing Control, the Italian boxing authorities and the National Boxing Association of this country to aid in bringing an end to sectional title-holders being designated as world champions, and if the plan materializes,

it will be a healthy thing for the sport.

Never has there been more need for such a movement than now. Until recently we had two flyweight champions, one in Europe and one in America, but when Benny Lynch defeated Small Montana, he clinched the world title claim. But in the featherweight division, Mike Belloise continues to be dubbed the world champion in New York, and Pete Sarron is the designated holder in all other parts of the world, yet Belloise's claim puts a dent in Sarron's championship, although Petey won his title according to Hoyle and is the only legal, so far as boxing rules are concerned, holder of the crown.

And until Thil's retirement, there were two designated as middleweight kings, the Frenchman and Steele, but now, with Marcel out of the picture, that mess has been cleared.

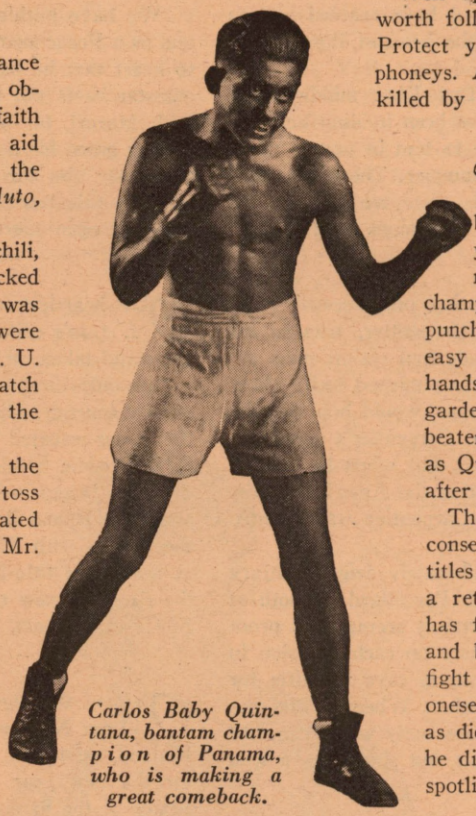
I like the idea of Mons. Goddet, but what makes the entire matter look silly is for Mons. Goddet and his great sports sheet to take the initiative in such a fine movement—yet designate Baltasar Sangchili as the bantam king and ignore the rightful and only owner of the title, Sixto Escobar.

* * *

THAT action automatically kills any chance that *L'Auto* might have had to gain its objective, because it shows a lack of good faith by refusing to recognize the real leader to aid one who is a foreigner. I called this to the attention of the American editor of *L'Auto,* and this was his answer:

"Mr. Lew Burston, manager of Sangchili, informed me that when Sangchili was knocked out by the late Tony Marino, that bout was not for the title, because the I. B. U. rules were not in use nor was the sanction of the I. B. U. obtained, and in order for a championship match to be acknowledged abroad, it must receive the I. B. U. consent."

Be that as it may, we fail to see wherein the I. B. U. or any other organization can toss aside a match that specifically was designated in the contracts as a championship match. Mr. Burston knows better than to think that the New York Boxing Commission would have permitted Sangchili and Marino to fight over the fifteen-round route and designate the bout as for the title, if it were not. And what is more, if Mr. Burston for a moment didn't think that Sangchili would have beaten Tony Marino, he never would have accepted the championship bout.



Carlos Baby Quintana, bantam champion of Panama, who is making a great comeback.

* * *

HOW can *L'Auto* make its plea to all nations for cooperation when it permits Lew Burston to pull the wool over the eyes of its editor and bamboozle him into believing that Sangchili is other than a washed-up former title-holder, who was battered to a pulp in various bouts here and failed to make good his threat to show up the American bantams. We recognized Sangchili as the champion prior to his bout with Marino while others refused to acknowledge him as such, but how come that *L'Auto* continues to name him after his kayo?

Come, Mons. Goddet—you should not listen to such talk as that handed to you. Your task is a big one, and a good one if it succeeds, but to reach your goal, you must first revise the list of acknowledged champions as printed in your paper and put Sangchili among the also rans, and give to Sixto Escobar, a great little fighter, all the credit and honor due him—that belonging to the bantam king, for he is just that. All the other title-holders you name—Lynch, Sarron, Ambers, Ross, Thil (prior to his retirement), John Henry Lewis and Braddock—are correctly named. I hope your efforts on behalf of boxing—after you have made the one necessary correction—succeed with a bang. To carry out your plan, you must be unbiased. Real champions must be recognized. Let us forget nationalities and sectional champions.

HATS off to Frank MacDonnel, Detroit sports writer, who is now chairman of the Michigan State Boxing Commission, for his attitude towards exhibition bouts. Commissioner MacDonnel, having attended several of the fiascos which are entitled "exhibitions," has put his foot down on any such affairs in the state. He correctly states that exhibitions do more harm than good, and invariably leave boxing open to attack.

Thus he banned the Schmeling exhibition and also declared that he would do exactly the same in the case of Braddock or any other fighter.

"We have boxing laws. We have fights to a decision here. If any champion feels that he can make some money in our state, he is welcome to show his wares, but when he does, it will have to be a regularly scheduled contest and not in an exhibition. Exhibitions are for the hick towns, places where they never see a good boxing match, but Detroit is not such a place. We want real action for our money, and if we cannot get it, then we don't want the fighters to appear here."

Well spoken, Commissioner. There's something worth following, you commissioners of other states. Protect your public and your state against these phoneys. All the good build-up of months past is killed by "exhibitions" with sparring mates.

* * *

WHEN Carlos Indian Quintana was knocked out in a jiffy by Sixto Escobar in the Garden on October 13 of last year, the Indian vowed that if ever he received the opportunity again to face the champion, he would prove that it was a lucky punch that put him away and that he is not the easy mark which the one-round kayo at the hands of Sixto would indicate. Those who regarded the statement as just another alibi of a beaten gladiator are beginning to take notice, as Quintana keeps mowing down one opponent after the other, all good fighters.

The Indian has scored, to this writing, five consecutive knockouts, a record which now entitles him to recognition as a contender, and a return engagement with Escobar. Quintana has followed the proper trail. He didn't sulk and bemoan his fate. He realized that in the fight game there is only one way to redeem oneself after a kayo, and that is to start anew, as did Joe Louis, and begin a new climb. This he did, and now he is back again in the fistic spotlight, entitled to a championship bout.

* * *

JIMMY WILDE, president of the Boxers' Union in England, has written to me urging that I impress upon the American boxers who go abroad the advantage of joining the British union. According to Wilde, the Union has done wonders in protecting the fighters and can be of considerable help to those who go to England seeking contests. Len Harvey is vice-president and one of the biggest boosters of the association. The dues are only six shillings for half a year.

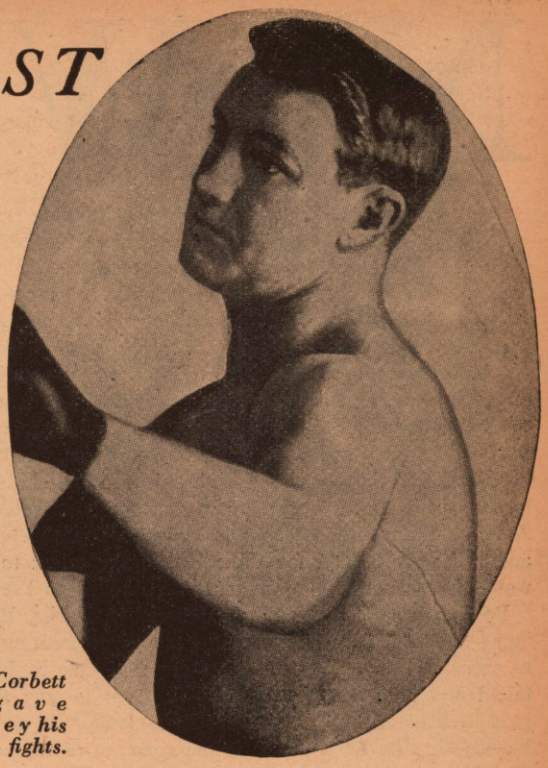
THE RING Editor is in sympathy with the Union because of the fine work it is doing to help the sport and those in it.

* * *

IT was gratifying to see Henry Armstrong, Pacific Coast featherweight champion, come through in such brilliant style against Mike Belloise in his Eastern debut. Armstrong's style was a revelation to the fans. His determination, his aggressiveness and two-fisted style registered with all the critics. Patsy Haley, who acted as judge in the Belloise match and who was a fistic headliner twenty years ago, terms Armstrong "the black Terry McGovern." And Patsy should know, as he lasted eighteen rounds against the Terrible Terry many years ago. A fight between Armstrong and Petey Sarron would clear the featherweight situation in the United States.

COLORADO'S FIRST JACK DEMPSEY

By T. W. MCNIEL



Young Corbett who gave Dempsey his toughest fights.

PERHAPS a lot of RING readers would be surprised to learn that Jack Dempsey, the ex-heavyweight king, is the second fighter by that name who helped put Colorado on the fistic map. But such is the case. The original Colorado Jack Dempsey, was a slashing featherweight of the bare-knuckle and skin-tight days.

Perhaps the story of Manassa Jack's namesake would prove interesting. For some reason or other, this pocket edition of the former heavyweight king, never received the credit due him as a mitt-slinger. I've often wondered why. Not even the fact that he kayoed Young Corbett a few months before the Denver terror flattened the great Terry McGovern in one of fistiana's greatest upsets, gained Jack Dempsey any credit. Dempsey flattened the coming champion in the third round of scheduled twenty round bout at Pueblo in 1900.

True, Corbett also registered a kayo over his arch rival in four heats the same year. Also the pair staged a slashing, bloody twenty rounder at Aspen that same season. Thus, they wound up where they started from. But Dempsey aging and worn from fifteen years of service, soon passed into the discard, while Corbett, just at the peak of his ability, went on to championship honors.

* * *

DEMPSEY, and that is his correct name, first saw the light of day in St. Louis, Mo., back in 1865. Of a roving nature, Dempsey found himself on the Pacific coast in 1887 and of a natural pugnacious spirit, began fighting in Harry Maynard's Sporting Palace that same year. Maynard's place, a mecca of all fighters who came to San Francisco in those days, will be recalled by all old-timers who followed fighting in the days when 'Frisco was the Gem of the Golden West.

Dempsey, a natural 126 pounder, was soon a reigning sensation on the coast. In 1890, he became featherweight title-holder of the Pacific coast by knocking out Jack Campbell in the 13th round of a skin-tight battle in San Francisco. In short order, he waded through such opposition as George Strong, Gus Brown, Jem Stewart and George Van Pool. Names that don't mean a thing to present day fans, but they were all hardy knuckle-dusters of the early 'nineties.

Butte Montana, then a rip-roaring, hell-bent-for-election mining metropolis, next became Dempsey's headquarters. In bouts staged in the famous copper camp, he kayoed Chris Murphy (2), Jack Farrell (10), George Kessler, a middleweight, in six rounds, and George Schultz in four.

About this time, the heyday of Colorado gold mining was coming to the fore. Such camps as Aspen, Creede, Cripple Creek and Silverton were booming. Prospectors, miners, gamblers and all the riff-raff that go to make a roaring mining camp, were flocking to the snow-covered mountains of Colorado.

Lured by the picture of an ordinary miner making fifty to a thousand dollars a day with a pan and sluice-box, little wonder that the Colorado fever fastened its hold on the sterling little featherweight battler! He had been knocking around enough to know that miners demanded fistic entertainment and were willing to pay well for the privilege.

* * *

DEMPSEY'S first go in the Centennial state was a battle at Denver, in which he kayoed the Montana Kid in six rounds. After stowing away Jack Davis in one heat of a battle at Silverton, he made another journey out to the coast. In a scheduled finish fight at Tia Juana, Dempsey suffered his first defeat at the hands of Jim Barron in the 27th round of a bare-knuckle fight.

Returning to Colorado, Dempsey established a home in Pueblo and there in prize-ring masterpieces of western boxing history, he defeated Sheeney Ross in 20 rounds, and stopped the rugged Montana Kid again in five rounds.

Tommy White, one of the greatest featherweight battlers of those far away days, was then imported to battle Dempsey. The pair were brought together in Denver and a slashing 20-round go was the result, with White taking the nod. By this time, the Spanish-American war days had come around and Dempsey was beginning to show the wear and tear of a dozen years of gruelling warfare. Here we must pause a moment to mention the fact that Dempsey and Marty McCue fought a fifteen-round draw in San Francisco in 1896 on the Jeffries-Choynski card.

Coming ahead again, we find the battered old warrior being paired with Abe Attell then just beginning to blossom into fistic splendor. They fought 20 rounds in Pueblo, Colo., and three decisions were rendered. First Dempsey was given the verdict, then it was called a draw, and then finally Attell was given the nod.

* * *

THEN came the first of four battles with Young Corbett. The pair fought a 20-round draw at Denver, then they journeyed over to Aspen and fought the aforementioned draw at that place. Then came Dempsey's unexpected three-round kayo of the Denver star at Pueblo. (Record books list this as a two-round victory, but Dempsey himself tells me that it ended in the third). And as a final gesture, Corbett flattened Dempsey in four heats at Denver. So the pair wound up fifty-fifty after 47 rounds of vicious slugging.

Knowing that he was unfit for much further ring usefulness, Dempsey wisely retired in 1901 after losing on a foul in three rounds to Jack Madden. Lack of space prevents giving a list of all of Dempsey's battles. I've recalled only a few of his more important ones. He doesn't recall himself just how many times he went to the post, but there is no doubt but what the list would amount to at least 150 opponents.

Damon Runyon, stellar sports writer was a budding Pueblo reporter about the time Dempsey was staging his battles with Corbett and Attell in the southern Colorado metropolis.

NEW FACES

HAVE you ever given a thought to the number of boxers who are registered by the various boxing commissions in this country? Did it ever occur to you that boxing today is being considered as a vocation by the youth of the land in the same light practically that the average boy in high school a few years ago thought of pursuing some other business profession. If the records of the various commissions were looked into, you would find that twenty thousand or more boys in ages varying from sixteen to thirty-three years are registered as professional fighters in America alone. And this does not include several thousand boys who follow the sport purely from an amateur standpoint. When I speak of America I am only taking into consideration the United States and if I were to add the Canadian boxing talent to the list we would have another thousand or more added to the list.

Boxing today is a gigantic commercial enterprise. Besides offering a healthful exercise to the boys it gives them an opportunity to earn more money in a shorter space of time if they have any talent at all than in any other field. That is why the pugilistic road beckons to the youth. There is fascination, in addition, which likewise has its hold. There is the romance of the roped square. The heroes whose names are the magnet. There seems to be a new lure—that of fame and fortune gathered in a hurry that urges so many newcomers to the ranks of the amateur and professional boxer. It seems to be sweeping over the land if we are to judge by hundreds of lads who daily occupy the gymnasiums of the big cities. Training faithfully with a keen determination and a will to succeed. They are following in the footsteps of Leonard, Britton, Dundee, Canzoneri, Ambers, McLarnin, Ross, Escobar, Montanez and others and all with the one aim—the desire to reach the top in fisticuffs.

There is so much new timber in this country that almost weekly we see new faces not only in the gymnasiums but in actual ring combat; we hear of new finds, boys who suddenly have come to the front and have met with the popular approval of the fight fans. These are the lads who soon will be taking the place of the veterans, they are the boys who are being watched carefully by those who follow boxing. They are the lads who will be the drawing power of the future and as such we feel that you, readers of THE RING, will be very much interested in knowing something about the boys who are coming up practically from nowhere as the headliners in the small clubs. Beginning with this issue we will inaugurate a search throughout the country and monthly we will give a little biographical sketch and pictures if they can be obtained of the world's best prospects in all divisions. Here we go. Here's the start. If you readers think that some lad in your vicinity deserves to get into space in future issues, make sure that his manager sends in a biographical sketch and above all a good photograph of the boy and we will do the rest.

* * *

WITH twelve victories to his credit in twelve starts in the professional ranks, nine via the knockout route, Philadelphia fight fans are singing the praises of Tommy Forte, sensational young bantamweight from the City of Brotherly Love, who seems destined some day to wear the purple robe emblematic of the championship of his division.

Born on the twenty-second day of November, 1918, Tommy is one of a family of eight. Unlike most boys, young Forte, at the age of fifteen, was forced to work to aid his family.

He was a grammar school graduate, and had finished one year in high school, when the rangy South Philly mite heeded the call of the fistic wars and applied to the Mason Amateur Club for membership, to embark on the good ship Pugilism. That was on October 20, 1934. Exactly one month later to the day, Forte engaged in his first amateur tussle.

For sixteen months, Forte boxed as a Simon-pure, engaging in thirty-nine fights and losing only three decisions. In return bouts, he reversed decisions against two of his former conquerors, and it wasn't until he had boxed professionally that he caught up with his other conqueror, Johnny Marcelline, national amateur champion of 1935, whom he defeated twice as a full measure of revenge.

He swept house of all opposition and won every title that was put on the block for him to shoot at. Forte captured the Middle Atlantic championship, the *Evening Ledger* district title, the Golden Gloves championship of Philadelphia, and won all of his inter-city matches, scoring over the New York champion, Joe Wall, and Johnny Aiello of Wilmington.

It was then that he decided to turn professional. And what a job he turned in on the cash-grabbing money men of the fight industry! A job that found him batting one hundred per cent against big league opposition! Besides Johnny Marcelline, the only other fighter to go the limit with Forte is Freddy Lattanzi, a New Yorker, who was completely outclassed by the baffling fists of the idol of South Philadelphia.

Very impressive indeed is the record compiled by Tommy Forte. And before many moons have passed, the dark-haired boy will take his place alongside Benny Bass, Danny Kramer, and that great southpaw, Lew Tendler, as a fighter Philadelphians may well be proud of.

* * *

THAT long stretch of land that is flung over on the East Side between 14th and 34th Streets is well known in pugilistic circles as the Gas House district. Some great fighters have been born and bred in that section of New York town, and in the pugilistic limelight today to carry the fighting colors of the Gas House is Walter Woods, whose dynamic laden fists are raising havoc in the middleweight ranks. Will his terrific punching prowess and uncanny boxing skill elevate him to a championship some day? Well—

Woods, born on May 5, 1913, was forced to learn the art of self-defense in a neighborhood where you had to be tough in order to get by. It was every man for himself in the hard-bitten Gas House district, and a softy just didn't belong.

The club of youthful activity was the Madison Square Boys' Club at 312 E. 30th Street, and it was here that Walter learned how to use the gloves. One day, Solly Rosen, metropolitan featherweight champion of 1926, decided to try a comeback and asked Woods if he would engage in a friendly bit of sparring. Whether or not Woods wanted to, is something he won't say. But he was forced into the ring by his playful friends, and then the fun began.

Instead of being the recipient of a fine licking, young Woods more than held his own with the erstwhile amateur title-holder, and it was then that the director of the club, Albert Hines, took a hand in the proceedings. He outfitted the youthful East Sider, and decided then and there that Walter would be of great help to the boxing game.

The explosives that were concealed in his thundering fists immediately began to skyrocket him into a tremendous card. He knocked out a string of opponents in consecutive order that caused no small amount of talk among the fight clientele, and soon he was sporting a name that is synonymous with punching power. "Popeye," they called him, after that beloved spinach man of the cartoons, for no sooner did Woods connect on the jaw of his adversary than the unfortunate one would pop over for the full count.

He started his professional career as a welterweight and stopped such good club fighters as Irish Johnny Griffin in one round, Frankie Slavin in three rounds, Joe Gorman in two heats and Al Cocozza in four sessions. He was matched to meet the highly-touted Philadelphian, Roxey Forgione, and got off the deck to score a sensational three-round knockout.

Woods has had twenty-five fights and has lost but once, to Larry Marinucci. Marinucci is content to rest on this feat, for Walter has offered to fight him in a return contest on a winner-

By
MEYER ACKERMAN

take-all basis, with no result. Among his victims are numbered Ralph Chong, Al Quail, Joe Butch Lynch, Johnny Rossi, and a good youngster in Stanley Hasrato, whom he defeated twice.

A sensational puncher, and an exceptionally natty boxer to boot, Walter Woods is aboard an express train riding the rails towards fistic fame, with Manager Joe Gross at the steering wheel.

* * *

BILLY CONN is the fighting Irish middleweight who is causing somewhat of a furore in the Smoky City of Pittsburgh, and if his record is any criterion, his boosters have enough grounds on which to put up a yelp for titular recognition.

Born on October 8, 1917, Conn is as adept with a painting set as he is with his fists. The Seton Hill Catholic School accepted a cartoon drawing of the late Knute Rockne of Notre Dame gridiron fame, and it hangs in a prominent place in one of the larger halls of the school in recognition of Billy's ability.

Conn has thus far engaged in thirty-seven fights, and although he has five early losses to mar his record, the fact that he has won his last twenty-five consecutive fights is enough evidence that the Irish tosser of red leather has what it takes to tussle with the leaders of his division.

Billy is a good right-hand puncher, as his knockout victories over Roscoe Manning and Charley Weise will attest, and a decisive win over cagy Ralph Chong is enough to recommend him as a prospect well worth watching.

In his last fight, Billy scored a sensational upset victory over the dangerous punching Fritzie Zivic, for which he received the munificent sum of $2,085, the largest amount of money he has drawn to date. When a young fighter can draw that kind of hard cash as a box office attraction, he must have something in his fighting make-up that warrants considerable attention. And unless the reports we have been receiving on Billy Conn are exaggerated, he will have to do as Pittsburgh's outstanding contribution to the middleweight ranks until a better youngster comes along. Thus far, there are none on the fistic horizon.

* * *

SEATTLE has given to us middleweight champion Freddie Steele. And not enough that there are an abundance of capable middleweights sprinkled in the pugilistic woods ready to snipe at the champion's crown, the good town of Washington has produced another challenger to the 160-pound throne, worthy of competing with the best in the division.

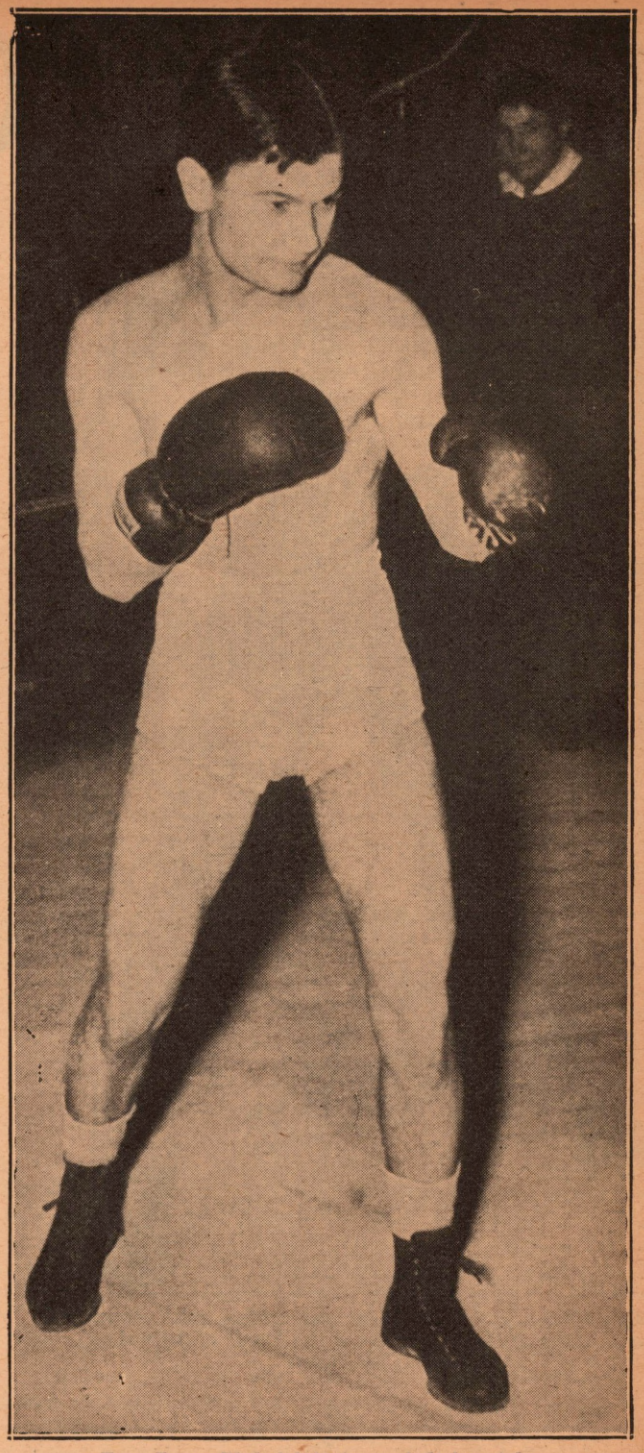
Reference is made to Al Hostak, the fighting Russian, who has just turned twenty-one, and who stands ready to cross mitts with Steele. A natural 152-pounder, with every requisite needed by a fighting man, Al has scored twenty knockouts in fifty professional starts. Recently he turned in a sparkling performance in knocking out Tony Fisher in two rounds. The one decision that he lost two years ago to Jimmy Best, he atoned for in some measure by boxing that worthy a draw in a return match.

It would be a novelty to see two home town boys fighting for a championship, but we have it on authentic information that wealthy sportsmen from Seattle are trying to arrange a titular tilt between Steele and Hostak, and it is well within the realms of possibility that these two will meet for the crown some time in the heat of the summer months.

* * *

FROM the wide-open spaces of Beaumont, Texas, comes Jackie Carter in search of golden fame and fortune in the hempen square that is the ring. A natural fighter, with an instinct for anything that is fisticuffs, Carter has compiled a record that is the envy of topnotch fighting men in the lightweight division.

An Irish thunderbolt who is but twenty years of age, Carter gained fame as an amateur by winning the featherweight Golden Gloves championship of Texas. He is a graduate of high school, and was a student at Rice University until the smell of professional cauliflowers became too strong for his nostrils. He quit



Tom Forte, Philadelphia's crack lightweight.

school for the ring and has been a good hand at mitt slinging.

In the thirty fights in which he has engaged, Carter was beaten by Lloyd Pine, a better than fair fighter, whom he defeated in two subsequent matches. He also holds knockouts over Joey Green and Joe Temes, whom he stowed away in three rounds. His most noteworthy achievement to date is a slashing fight which he lost to featherweight champion Petey Sarron, in a bout that was so close it might have been called either way.

However, that is not discouraging to Jackie Carter, who is ready to step out with anybody at the 130-pound limit.

* * *

FOR four years now, Harry Krause, born in Pittsburgh just twenty-three years ago, has been shooting punches for recognition, and we feel the time is now ripe to speak highly and safely of this young German-Hebrew.

Here is a young lightweight who has one of the most devastating punches in the game today. In twenty-three fights with good boys, Krause has had his opponent *(Continued on page 44)*

BOXERS

welterweight Jackie Fields. Jackie and Fidel went to the Olympic Games. They won championships there. Then they turned professional.

La Barba had always wanted to go to college, but he felt that the best thing for him to do was to turn professional, earn some money in the ring while he was still young, and then attend to his education. He entered the professional boxing game, won a championship, retired, and went to Stanford. He is now down in Hollywood writing scenarios.

La Barba was not a college athlete because he was a professional and not eligible to compete. Anyway, he was too small. In high school he played lightweight football, but there isn't much a flyweight can do nowadays in college sport.

* * *

SOME of the other fighters had the college spirit. Johnny Dundee once fought three main events in Philadelphia within eight days, which is almost a good enough record to get him a place on the Mississippi State varsity.

It is a mistake to think that a boxer's hardest fights invariably come in the professional ring. Johnny Coulon, a former bantamweight champion, fought 285 fights over a period of 17 years and claims the hardest one he ever had was with his kid brother.

This brother, George, was four years older than Johnny. One day papa caught the two kids squabbling. He made them battle it out with gloves. They went twenty of the hardest rounds Coulon ever saw. It was a draw. The brothers never fought with each other again. They had had enough.

Jack Dempsey once told me: "You never saw me *fight!* When I was a young fellow working in a section gang in Nevada, going into town on a Saturday night to take on a bout,—well, that's when I *could* fight. I never was as good again."

There's probably a lot of truth in what he says. Later, of course, he was more experienced; but at that time his strength and vitality were at their greatest, and perhaps he was more reckless then too. Every fight was a sort of a Dempsey-Firpo affair, with both parties being knocked down and getting up again to go on with the battle.

* * *

SOUTH AMERICA is now producing a lot of fine, strong young amateur boxers. Argentina's showing in the 1936 Olympics was very good. They have a twenty-one year old boy down there named Felix Orsi who has won more than 65 bouts and lost only one, the second fight he ever had. Orsi is not one of those wild Argentine giants you read about, with little knowledge of boxing, a thick neck, and a terrible right hand punch. No, indeed. In fact, he is just the reverse.

Orsi is a featherweight, and he has not scored a knockout yet, after 65 fights. In fact, he once dropped a Uruguayan named Castilla to the canvas, and was scared because the incident was so unusual he could hardly believe his eyes.

It may not be very interesting to watch Orsi, but any boy who can win 65 fights without possessing any punch must be some coming artist with the mitts.

Those American fans who saw Firpo fight always think of Argentine fighters as being rough and ready, and that bouts in the South American country must be very wild indeed. That makes the following story even stranger. There was one fight down there not long ago in which a man who was on the verge of a knockout was given a fifteen minute rest between rounds.

* * *

IN Concordia, Gino Calabresi was fighting a fellow named Pastega. He was geeving it to heem in no uncertain fashion. Pastega took as many punches as he could, and then deciding that a man who fights and runs away lives to fight again another day, began to run around and around the ring.

Phil Brubaker, California collegian who met his nemesis in the French Champion, Andre Lenglet.

The crowd took it all in good spirit, shouting, "Step on it, Pastega! He's gaining on you!" His second, who was a famous auto racer, was undoubtedly shouting similar advice.

Calabresi, by taking short cuts across the ring, landed a punch now and then, and had Pastega just about out when the bell rang.

The men went to their corners, and while Pastega was being revived the lights went out. The wires had been short circuited some way by accident or by some pal of Pastega's.

Total darkness reigned for fifteen minutes. Pastega got his wind back. He came out so fresh when the lights went on again that he lasted out the fight.

That was very much like the fight Battling Nelson once had with Young Scotty. They met at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Bat never had much luck fighting in Wisconsin and this night was no exception. He knocked Young Scotty out about half a dozen times, and every time Scotty hit the canvas the lights went out.

Some of Scotty's admirers who had bet a few dollars on him were standing by the light switch.

Young Scotty managed to last out the entire eight rounds. The referee awarded Bat the decision.

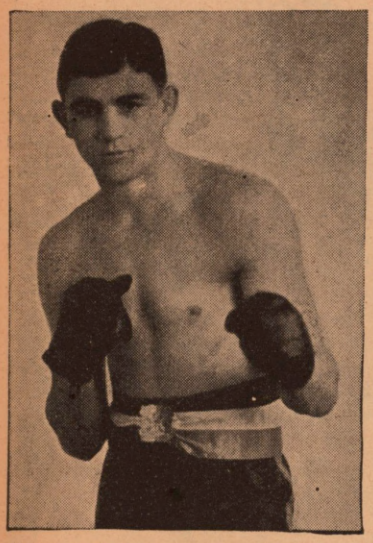
And as Bat put it afterwards: "Well, they turned out the lights on me several times, but I turned 'em out on Young Scotty a few times myself!"

* * *

BAT was one champ who could certainly take it. Some folks say that modern battlers can't take it as well as the old timers, but I don't know.

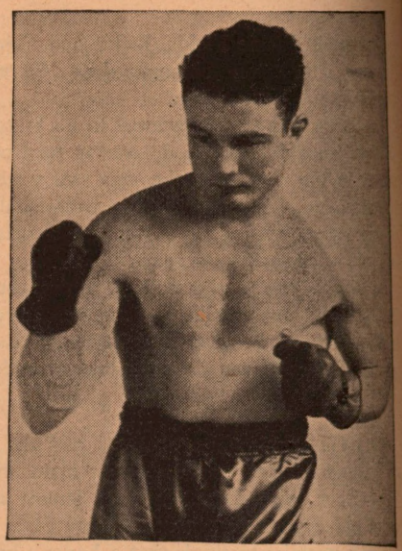
(Continued on page 45)

Middle Western Stars

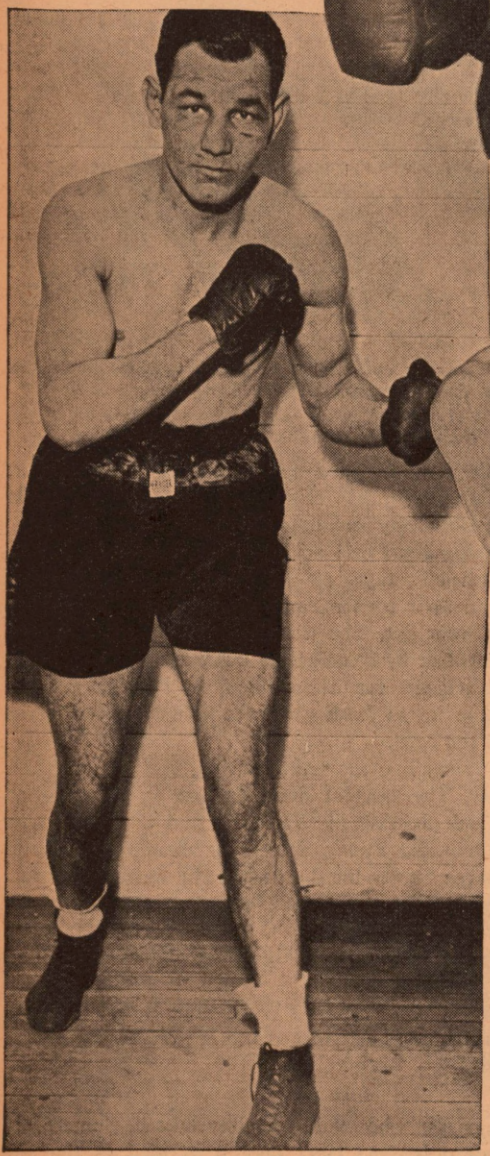


Frankie Misko, rugged Saginaw, Mich., middleweight.

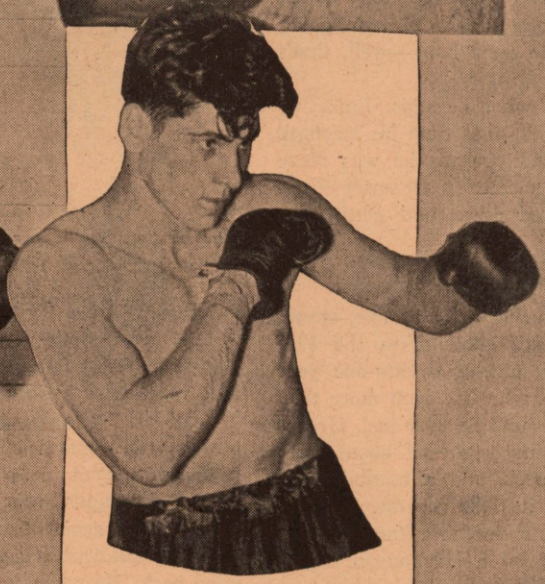
Nat Litfin, Pittsburgh's clever bantamweight.



Young Mickey Walker, doing good work around Iowa.

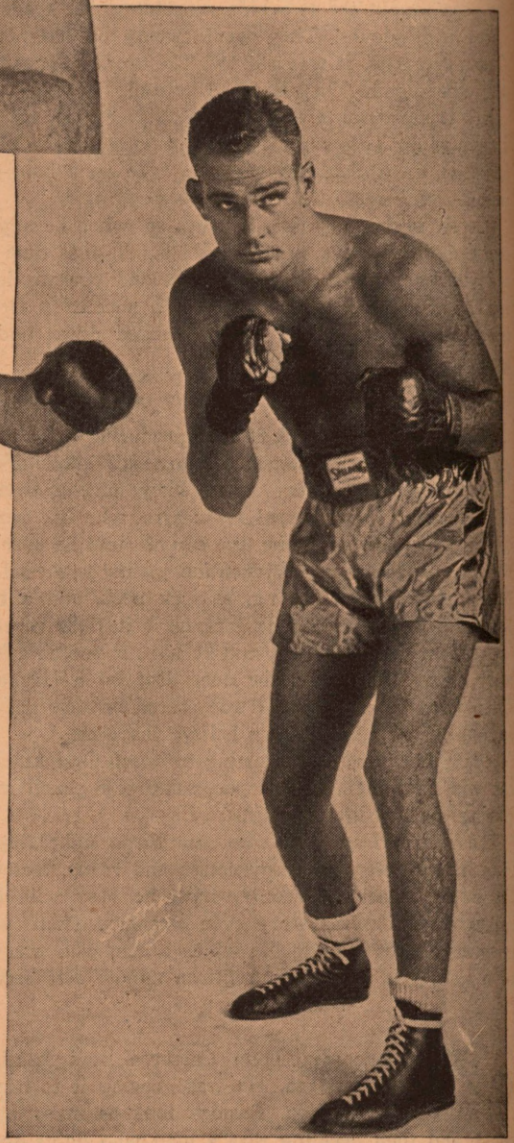


Aubrey Martin, coming Chicago, Ill., lightweight.



Jimmy Adamick, Michigan's hard-hitting heavyweight.

Mickey Slater, popular Sioux City, Iowa, featherweight.



Bob Venner, making great strides around Iowa in the welterweight ranks.

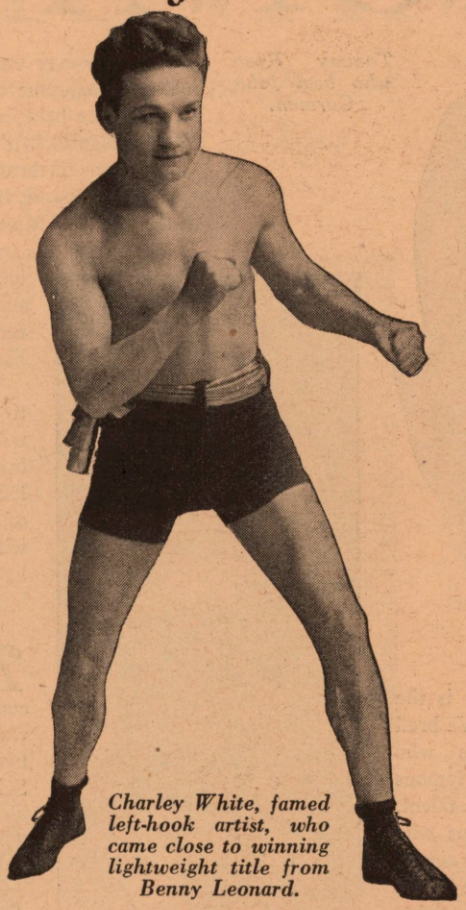
An INCH from a TITLE

By T. W. McNIEL

OF all the long list of fighters who climbed far up the fistic ladder, only to falter at the topmost rung, no personage stands out so prominently in memory as that deadly left-hook artist, Charley White. A near-champion if one ever lived. On two different occasions, White held the championship in the hollow of his hand, only to let it get away. And against two of the most brilliant champions of the entire lightweight divisions, Freddie Welsh and Benny Leonard. Both times, his only ring weakness, slow thinking, robbed him of the title.

The first time White almost entered the charmed circle, was back in 1916 when he met the brilliant Britisher, Welsh, in a twenty round battle at Colorado Springs, Colo., in the very shadow of Pike's Peak. Battling at the fair grounds before the largest crowd in Colorado ring history, the Chicago Hebrew, after a slow start, began battering Welsh from pillar to post about the ninth round.

Once, he had the champion dazed and out on his feet, only to have the bell ring before he could get over the finisher. Again, in the 12th, he clipped Welsh with one of his celebrated left hooks that sent him reeling and staggering about the ring. Hands down, and wide open for a knockout. Yet Charley hesitated for a split-second and Welsh's wonderful recuperative powers enabled him to pull through.



Charley White, famed left-hook artist, who came close to winning lightweight title from Benny Leonard.

In the next round, White again had the champion on Queer Street with another left hook to the head, but just when it seemed that Welsh was doomed, a portion of the grandstand gave way with a rending crash, and when hysteria gripped the spectators for a moment, White let another golden opportunity slip away.

* * *

THAT was his final bid for victory. Tiring fast under the blazing sun and the mile-high altitude, White saw the champion slowly but surely forge to the front. In the end, he saw Billy Roche raise Welsh's hand after twenty bitter rounds—a just decision in spite of White's magnificent showing in the middle rounds. Three times he had Welsh wide open for a knockout, and hesitated momentarily at the crucial point.

Already White had earned a reputation for bum-thinking at crucial moments, and now, in his first serious championship bid, the glaring defect cropped up bigger than ever before.

But Charley White was still a figure to be reckoned with in the 135 pound division. The power of his masterful left hook still made him a dangerous opponent for any man. The months came and went, and finally, four years later (1920) he earned another chance at the title. By this time, Benny Leonard had annexed the championship. He was at the peak of his ring greatness. Fat chance that a slow-thinker like White would have against the great Leonard, folks wise in ring lore opined. But Charley White again rose to dizzy heights when he engaged Leonard in Floyd Fitzsimmon's Benton Harbor, Mich., arena.

Midway one of the early rounds, White clipped Benny with that dazzling left hook to the jaw. A less hardy fellow than Leonard would have taken the count then and there, but Benny, though practically beaten with that one punch, managed to clinch and hang on. White, wild with fury and over-anxious, smashed blow after blow at Leonard's jaw. Blows that surely would have ended the contest, had they landed. Here again, White had made a fatal mistake. Instead of stepping back and coolly measuring the dazed and groggy Leonard, he had tossed all caution to the four winds and had rushed in blindly, missing punch after punch that even a novice could have landed.

Eventually, Leonard shook the cobwebs out of his brain, and White, by now, had punched himself out. The champion, his pride hurt by the narrow escape he had just had, began a furious counter attack. In the ninth White was knocked out.

For the second time in his career, he had grasped the championship. For the second time he had let it flutter loose.

* * *

CHARLEY WHITE first saw the light of day in Liverpool, England. Born of Hebrew parents whose family name was Anchowitz, he was brought to America while still a toddling youngster. When the family finally settled in Chicago, the frail looking kid decided that the Anchowitz clothing business could get along without his help. By virtue of a long string of back alley and sandlot brawls, he got the notion to try his talents in regular ring warfare. Already that famed left hook was his chief weapon of offense. Even now, he could shoot it through a needle's eye. So in 1906, the fifteen year old Hebrew launched his professional career. Seeing that the name of Anchowitz was more of a liability than an asset, he adopted the name of White, out of respect for the Tommy White of the 'nineties.

After mingling with the run-of-the-mine Chicago featherweights for a couple of years, he got his first big chance against Abe Attell in an eight round battle. The San Francisco star boxed the ears off the youngster for an easy win. Though Charley spilled him in the third when that left hook found its target.

By 1911, he was going places in a hurry. Though almost a one-handed fighter, he had compiled a long string of kayos. Such ringmen as Bobby Waugh, Tommy Dixon, Pete Savoy and Lew Boardman had tasted defeat at his hands. The clever boys could still box his head off, but when they did forget themselves for a second, they usually ended up in the dressing room inquiring what had happened.

White made a trip out to Colorado in 1914 to meet the durable Stanley "Soakum" Yoakum. At that time Yoakum was rated a coming champion. What he lacked in finesse, he far more than made up for in durability. When White knocked the mountain "ironman," out in the nineteenth round of one of the most savage battles ever staged in Denver, his backers cleaned up a small fortune. Since Yoakum had entered the ring a prohibitive 5 to 1 favorite, that battle "made" Charley White. It was apparent now that White was ready for the best in the business.

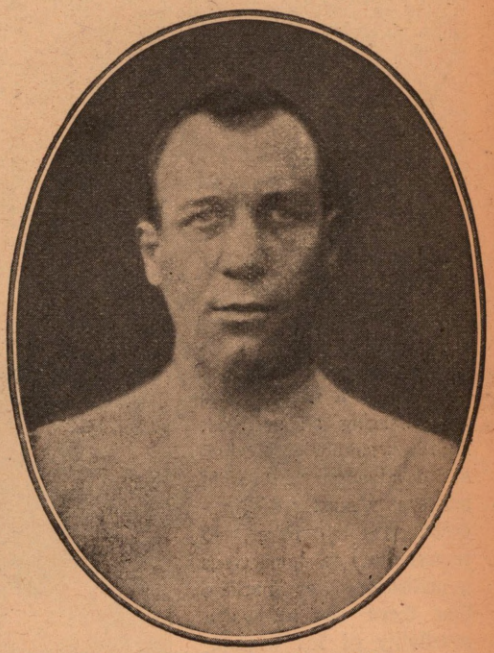
Always a durable fellow, he began to pick up a fair sort of defense to go with his sparkling left hook. Also he had acquired a fair knowledge of boxing skill. So the skillful dancing boys no longer made him look like a raw amateur. The days when a fast boxer could box him silly, were in the past.

The year 1915 was a banner one for the Chicago knockout star. His kayo victims of that year included Gilbert Gallant, Sam Rodibeau, Milburn Saylor, Matty Baldwin, Eddie Murphy, Hal Stewart, Young Brown, Fred Yelle, *(Continued on page 44)*

TOURNAMENT

Boxing Featured in London During Time British Nation Celebrates the Installation of King

By GEORGE T. PARDY

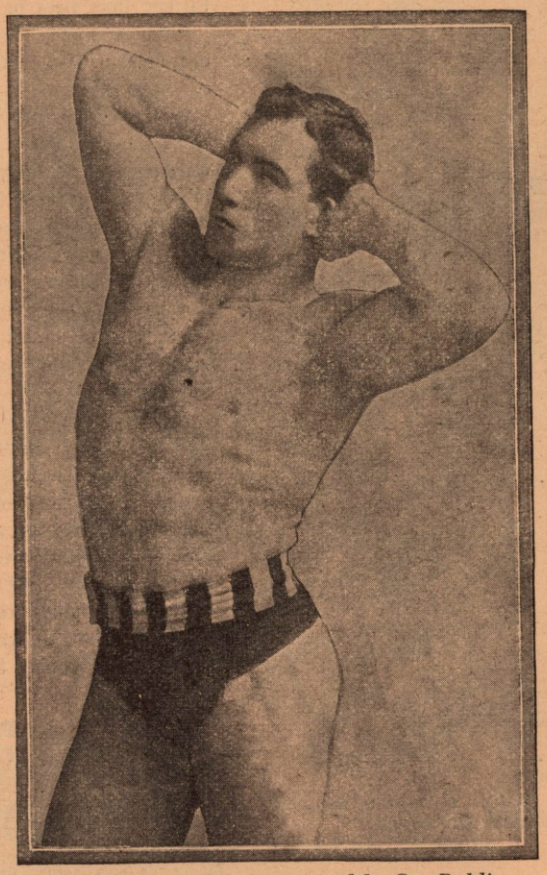


Gus Ruhlin, the Akron Giant.

est boxers of the period, left-handed Sullivan from start to finish and proved an easy winner on points, while Connolly won a well-deserved victory over Daley, then looked upon as England's premier fighter at 144 pounds.

Other notable fight events of the week included a knockout of Kid McFadden of California by Ben Jordan, the British featherweight champion, in fifteen rounds, McFadden going down for the full count just a few seconds before the clang of the gong in the final session, and a meeting between the famous colored welter, Joe Walcott, and Tommy West in which the celebrated Negro proved a rather easy winner in a contest which lasted the scheduled distance of fifteen rounds.

Other great boxers who appeared on the Coronation card were Tommy Ryan, Johnny Gorman, Tom Sharkey, Gus Ruhlin, Sandy Ferguson and Denver Ed Martin.



Tom Sharkey, who was stopped by Gus Ruhlin.

* * *

BEN JORDAN in his affair with McFadden, whose victory over Jim Williams some months before had stamped him as a highly efficient workman, reached the very top of his form. He was a perfect general; he hit harder than ever before; his cleverness was splendid, an education in ringcraft. McFadden, full of fight from the sound of the bell to the time he was knocked out, never had Jordan in difficulties. McFadden was mastered.

The opponent selected for Joe Walcott was Tommy West, of Chicago and the Negro did pretty well as he liked. There was no man in the world Walcott could not have beaten at that stage of his career. Fighting to him was no science, but a natural thing for him to do.

He had simply been made for fighting. He was born to the game, and so it came about that no sooner had Walcott taken the ring, than he reduced West to the point of cracking. Walcott was a fighter who, were he of the ring today, would be watched open-mouthed. It is sufficient to say that he made a very sorry show of West, and this without drawing upon his ability to the fullest extent.

Unquestionably, Walcott and Tommy Ryan were the best fighters on the card, as well as the greatest, of the nine Americans who took part in the Coronation Tournament. Jem Mace, then alert and a very fine old man, after seeing Ryan, gave it as his opinion that he was the finest welterweight he ever saw, and it was an opinion shared by everybody who watched the matchless skill of the American.

Ryan, the American middleweight king, was matched against Johnny Gorman of New York, who was looked after by Sam Fitzpatrick. It took Ryan only three rounds to win. He was a marvel of quickness and skill, and as a two-handed fighter, one of the best the London fans had seen in years. Before Gorman had received his quietus from Ryan, Frank Erne, who until some little time previously had held the lightweight championship, a title won by defeating the once celebrated Kid Lavigne, had beaten Jim Maloney of Hackney, in the fifth round.

* * *

THE next evening, the way was cleared for action among the heavies—Tom Sharkey, the hero of countless battles, as widely known in England as in the States; Gus Ruhlin, the giant from Ohio, almost as famous; Sandy Ferguson and Denver Ed Martin. Sportsmen from all Europe and America crowded into the theatre to see those bouts. There was Jem Mace, his beady eyes all on fire; a picturesque man Mace, and though tucked away in the corner, he stood out as the great big chief of the many old timers who had been squeezed into the building.

The name of Tom Sharkey, perhaps more than that of any of the big fellows, had burnt itself into the popular mind. In America, at any rate, there were many who considered him to be good enough to be matched again with Fitzsimmons and Jeffries.

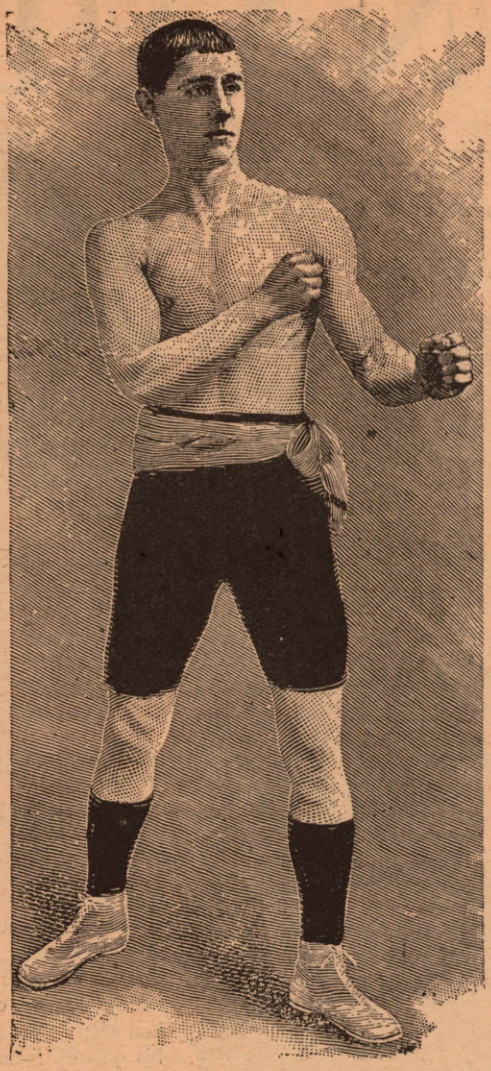
Picture the typical sailor and you hit off Sharkey exactly; chest broad and magnificent, face all rugged and determined; rolling, pleasant fellow was Sharkey, delighted to have the opportunity to visit the Old Country. There was thought that he, of all those with world wide reputation, would help to make the tournament a lasting memory.

Sharkey had passed his peak at the time, but still retained much of the bull-dog endurance which had always characterized his ring performances and carried the fight to the Akron giant furiously throughout the opening rounds of the battle. But he was outranged by Ruhlin, who boxed him cautiously and inflicted such severe punishment on the sturdy ex-sailor, that Sharkey's seconds threw up the sponge in the eleventh round.

Frank Erne, who defeated Jim Maloney.

SHARKEY began in whirlwind fashion. He rushed from his corner and tore into Ruhlin. But only two rounds had gone when it was obvious that, barring an accident, Ruhlin would win. He had a big advantage in reach, and was a master of ring-craft. Yet so fierce, so terrier-like, so impervious to punishment was Sharkey, that there was always a possibility of his winning with one good wallop. He bored in, struck with force and took the hardest punches without wincing. Ruhlin, however, always thinking and scheming, was his superior.

Sharkey was all despair. His consciousness of his strength must have been tantalizing, for with it all, he could not land a worth-while blow on Ruhlin. He was stung and cut repeatedly, stabbed and shaken, but doggedly kept on. As the bout progressed Sharkey saw red. He became wild. He began to miss often.



Ben Jordan, British champion, who stopped Kid McFadden.

Ruhlin, cool, kept jabbing and making the sailor look foolish. Sharkey became a battered tragic figure. Fatigue seized him, and then Ruhlin brought his heavy battalions into full play.

To the surprise of everybody, Sharkey kept his feet. He could not be robbed of his fighting instincts, and it was his seconds, realizing his hopelessness, who finished the contest midway in the eleventh round. They gave up for him, but when they did so, there was Tom Sharkey raging with indignation at their intervention.

Two other big fellows, Sandy Ferguson of Moncton, New Brunswick, and Denver Ed Martin, the colored giant, wound up the Coronation tournament. Martin was declared winner in the fifth frame, when referee J. B. Angle halted hostilities to save the outclassed white man from further punishment.

* * *

AS originally scheduled, Harry Harris of Chicago was to have met Jack Roberts of London in a bout for the world's 126 pound championship. Harris was on hand to fulfill the engagement, his expenses having been paid by the club. But Roberts, for reasons best known to himself, declined the issue. Harris, who in the preceding year had defeated Pedlar Palmer at the National for the world's bantam championship, did not therefore take part in the tournament. However, he obtained some consolation a few weeks later, when he knocked out George Kirk at Wonderland, in three rounds.

TAKING it on the whole, the King Edward VII Coronation sport tournament was the most spectacular affair of its kind held in England up to that date. That particular June was a red letter period in English history, for the nation in general was joyously celebrating the proclamation of peace which wound up the long drawn-out Boer war, and Derby Week came along shortly before the tourney started. The consequence was that London was crowded with visitors from all corners of the globe, and representatives of the foreign press were thicker than bees in a hive.

Unquestionably the most notable fistic carnival ever held in this country was the three-day program at New Orleans in September, 1892. At least, so say all the old-timers, and when you come to think of it, they can't be far wrong. Three championships were decided, feather, light, and heavyweight, George Dixon, the great little colored fighter successfully defending his featherweight crown against Jack Skelly of New York, Jack McAuliffe retaining his lightweight title by defeating Billy Myers, the Streator (Ill.) Cyclone; and—most eventful of all, the victory of James J. Corbett, youthful California boxer, over the supposedly invincible John L. Sullivan.

* * *

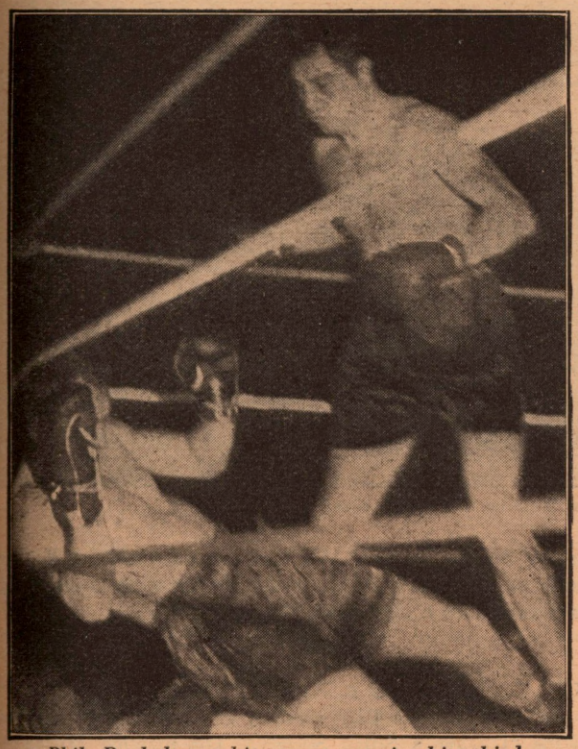
THE Skelly-Dixon affair was chiefly notable for the fact that it was an unprecedented happening for a fight to be publicly staged between a colored and white boxer anywhere below the Mason-Dixon line. They are more tolerant down South nowadays, but it was quite different in the nineties.

It spoke volumes for George Dixon's country-wide popularity that he was cheered to the echo in the arena, after kayoing Skelly in eight rounds, despite the prejudice against his dark skin. As a matter of fact, Skelly, who was a first-class amateur, ought never have been matched with such a formidable professional as Dixon, and the issue of the battle was never in doubt from the first tap of the gong, though the white lad fought with undiminished gallantry to the last.

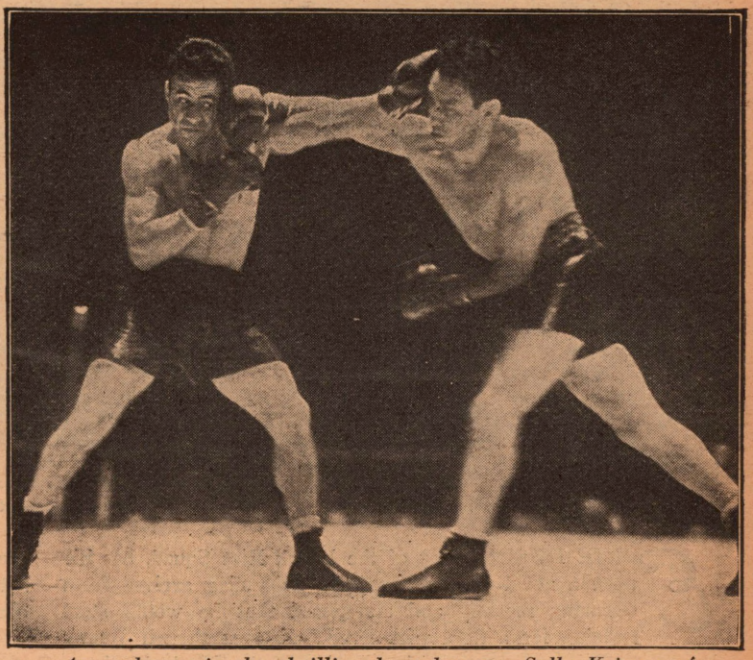
Joe Walcott, who made a hit with the British.

McAuliffe had reason to expect a tough battle with Myers, who, in 1889 had held Jack to a 64 round draw at Judson, Indiana, with small gloves. But Myers, strictly a rushing type of gladiator, was gradually but surely battered into submission by the lightweight champ, one of the finest scientists of all time, and finally knocked out in the 15th round. As for the downfall of John L., there is no need to dwell on the details of that historic encounter.

BOUTS *of the* MONTH

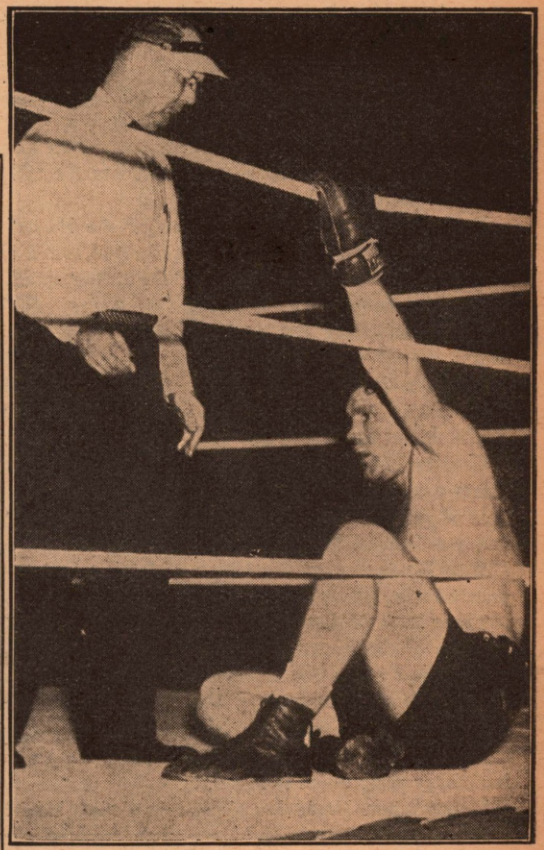


Phil Brubaker taking a count in his third meeting with Andre Lenglet of France in San Francisco. Their first bout ended in a draw. The second was won by Lenglet and in the rubber, the French champ scored a kayo in the second.



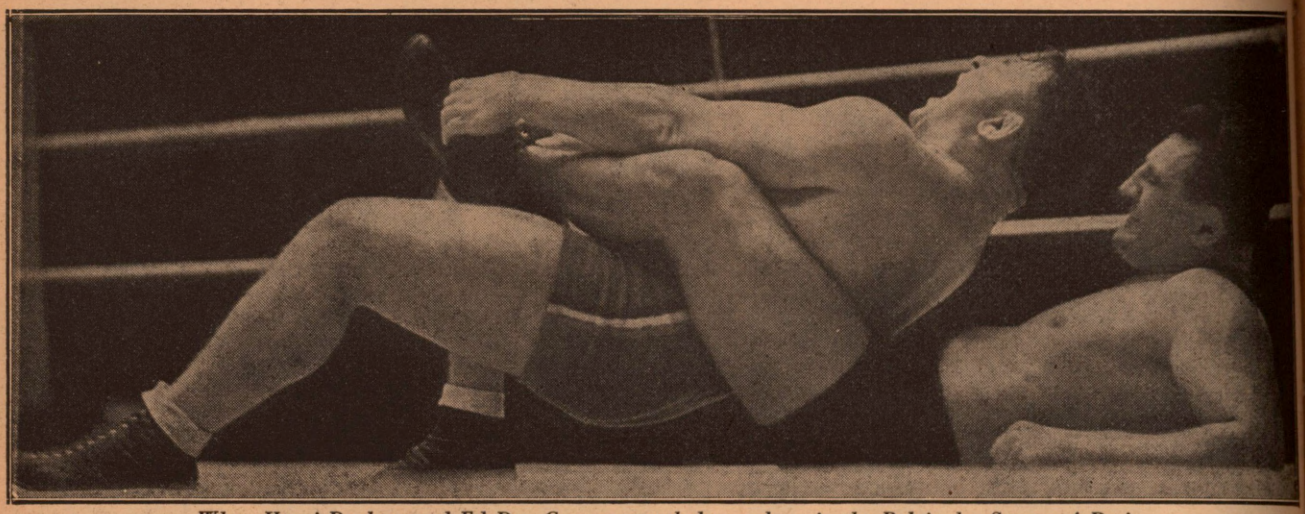
An exchange in the thrilling bout between Solly Krieger of New York, (right) and Fred Apostoli of California in the New York Hippodrome. Apostoli, who previously had lost to Teddy Yarosz, made a great comeback by winning handily and making a most impressive showing.

A scene in the fight between Gunnar Barlund (right) and Nathan Mann of New Haven in which Mann upset the dope by scoring over the Gunnar who lost two rounds for low punching. Mann proved his superiority. The Gunnar gave a good account of himself, despite his first American loss.



Chalk up another for Joe Louis in his comeback. The Brown Bomber found an easy mark in Natie Brown of Washington whom he knocked out in Kansas City in 42 seconds of the fourth round. This photo shows how the fight ended.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD



When Henri Deglane and Ed Don George wrestled to a draw in the Palais des Sports of Paris.

ERNIE DUSEK, king of the Dusek Riot Squad, has hit upon a novel idea. When Max Schmeling arrived from Germany recently and announced that he would start training for a fight with Braddock, even though Jimmy has no intention of meeting him, Ernie got the Hanly brothers, Frank and Ray, New Jersey's premier wrestling promoters, to offer a special inducement to Schmeling for a mixed bout—just to keep in condition. The Hanly boys wired Max that if he would agree to clash with Dusek in a mixed bout, each man to stick to his specialty, they would guarantee him a purse of twenty thousand dollars. To make the offer more attractive, Dusek added to the message: "Will agree to meet you in Newark Armory, either in a mixed bout, no time limit, or in a bout of rounds, each to be of three minutes' duration."

Joe Jacobs, manager of Schmeling in this country, has the match under advisement. Only about a year ago, Ray Steele undertook to meet King Levinsky in such a bout and he pinned the Kingfish in less than one minute. Records prove that the wrestler in almost every such contest has the advantage and has been the victor.

Rudy Dusek, the eldest member of the Battering Bohemians, once flattened a fistic rival, and then challenged six heavyweight fighters, one at a time, to meet him in the same ring, the same night. Naturally his open defi fell upon deaf ears.

Two outstanding luminaries in their respective fields, who recently passed into the Great Beyond, Farmer Burns, grappler extraordinary, and Billy Papke, the former middleweight champion, met in a mixed duel and in less than a minute of warfare, Papke found himself helpless.

Charley Retzlaff, the terrific punching heavyweight from Minnesota, tried to disprove the theory that a wrestler can always beat a pugilist. He took on Abe Kashey, the Syrian Assassin, and the former, like the other fist slingers, fell by the wayside. But to Retzlaff goes the honor of lasting longer than any other punchologist, going almost eight minutes before he was vanquished.

There have been several other cases of mixed matches in various sections of the country, and in each instance it was the wrestler who proved to be the superior contestant.

Probably the success of the matmen over the fighters has instilled a certain fear into the hearts of the pugilists. They have steered clear of all offers of such mixed meetings, knowing that invariably their doom is sealed once they agree to such a meeting.

Hence when Ernie Dusek openly defied Mickey Walker, the Rumson Bulldog, who held the welterweight and middleweight boxing crowns, the lion-hearted ex-twin title-holder kept his silence. He wanted no part of the Nailing Nebraskan. And no one can question the courage of the mighty Mickey.

Ernie also tried to get Joe Louis to accept the bid that was shunned by Walker. And the Mid-Westerner again found that the fistman from the automobile city would rather stick to his boxing chores than chance a clash with Dusek.

* * *

JUST TO LET YOU KNOW THAT:

Joe Cox, Kansas City crasher, can honestly be admitted to the "I Have a Stitch Society." The mauling Missourian has been sewed up in practically every part of his head. And most of his injuries have been scored by the perfect marksmanship of the irate patrons.

* * *

Floyd Marshall, the Phoenix, Arizona, badman, bears a marked resemblance to the late big Jim Browning, former champion. It was Browning who tutored Marshall into the ways and means of the grip-and-get-gripped art. Floyd recently returned to the States after a successful tour of South America.

* * *

Irish Steve (Crusher) Casey, who recently separated Cliff Olsen from his heavyweight title claims, has the largest pair of hands in the game. In fact, to Casey goes the distinction of having the biggest mitts of any athlete in any sport.

* * *

Olie Anderson, the Human Medicine Ball, is going great guns in the Sunny South.

* * *

The mother of Sammy Menacker, popular Jewish sensation, is a rabid wrestling fan. It was through her love for the game that Sammy became a grappler. Incidentally, Mama Menacker even helps her offspring in his training chores. Besides that, she prepares special strength-giving food for her wrestling son.

* * *

Nick Campofreda, the one-time five-letter winner of Western Maryland College, who turned to a wrestling career, sprang a surprise on his friends by eloping with Virginia Woods, burlesque queen.

* * *

Speaking of Nick Campofreda, his former running mate on the college football team, Bernie Kaplan, has turned wrestler. In the few starts the Jewish youth has had, he showed that he has the necessary IT to develop into a front running star ere another year passes by.

* * *

Stanley Pinto, the forearm smasher de-luxe, is out to dispute the Bohemian championship claims of the Dusek brothers. Much

By NAT FRANK

rivalry exists between the Ravenna ravager and the members of the famous Riot Squad.

* * *

Man Mountain Morgan, the 330-pound bewhiskered behemoth, is pounding his foes into insensibility on the Pacific Coast.

* * *

Abe Yourist, the Jewish star, is also going great guns out California way.

* * *

Since the return of Pete Peterson, New York Swede, to his home after a successful grappling tour of South America, he has proved to be a real sensation. Pete is ready for big game.

* * *

Vic Christy is "wowing" them in the far Northwest. The good looking Los Angeles matman is one of the biggest gate attractions there.

* * *

Jack Hader has a two-inch scar on his forehead as a result of an over-excited fan hurling a chair at him.

* * *

Bobby Roberts, the former University of Dayton football star, is an outstanding showman in the eastern part of the country. He has spurned numerous offers to travel West, as his services have been in constant demand in and around the New York territory.

* * *

NICK LUTZE has spurned a tempting offer to remain in the movies in order to continue in the wrestling business. Lutze still has his eye on the championship, and nothing would suit him better than to get a crack at the title.

* * *

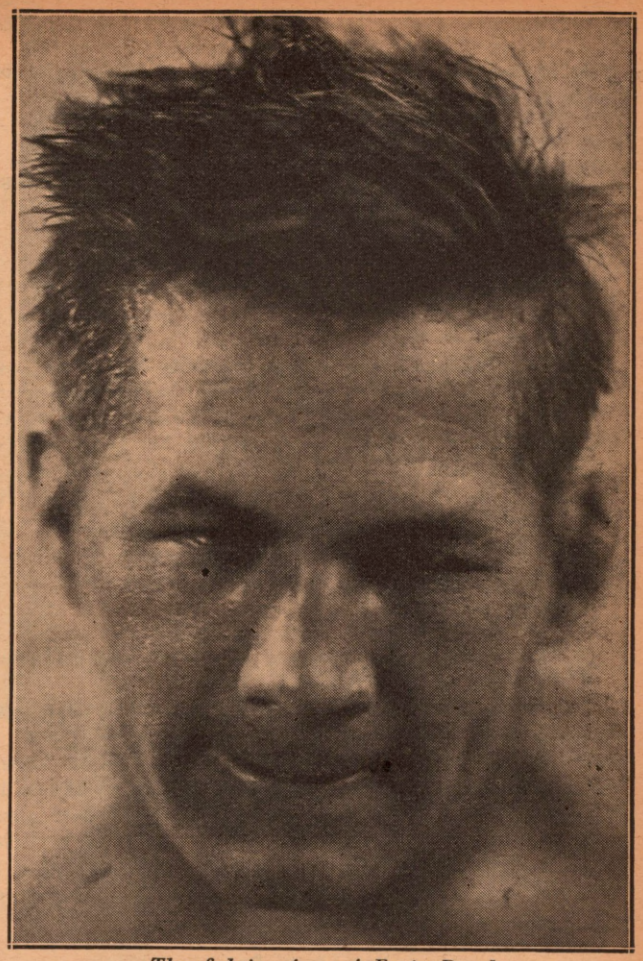
Al Sparks of Utah is one of the roughest matadors in the business. Yet with it all, he is a stellar showman. Win or lose, he never fails to satisfy the customers.

* * *

Chief Little Wolf, Navajo Redskin, who invented the Indian Death-Lock, is back East and is preparing himself for big game. The copper-colored matman is one of the best in the business. From the looks of things and the way the Brave has been going lately, it seems as though he is ready to "scalp" anyone who dares stand in his path toward a future crack at the championship.

* * *

Keep your eyes on Jack Kennedy of Nebraska. Here is a grappler who has the stamp of approval of all who have seen him in action. In facial and physical appearance, he closely resembles the former championship claimant, Yvon Robert, the French-Canadian. In grappling ability, he is said to be by far one of the most polished grapplers in the game. Though only a youngster, a splendid future is forecast for him by all unbiased followers of the game.



The fighting face of Ernie Dusek.

Ernie Dusek, surrounded by his faithful dogs prior to going out on a hunt for pheasants and wild game. Ernie is the leader of the famed Dusek Riot Squad.

* * *

Eli Fischer, Rutgers football star, who gave up the study of medicine to become a bone twister, sells life insurance as a sideline.

* * *

John Katan, exponent of the rough style of wrestling, is an expert skiier. He has numerous sets of skis in his possession—priceless in value—to him.

* * *

Abie Goldberg of California is an expert golfer. He finds he could slam the Canadian pellets much further than those manufactured in this country.

* * *

Gino Garibaldi, eldest of the three Italian grap-

pling brothers, can always be seen wearing a loud shirt. Be colorful in the ring and out, seems to be the Latin's motto.

* * *

"Irish" Jack Donovan, New England star, was a rattling good pugilist before he became a matman. In one of his recent matches on Pennsylvania soil, he was weighed in by the commission secretary, Jules Aronson, ex-Keystone State fight promoter. Donovan fought under the Aronson promotion before joining the mat ranks.

* * *

JACK SHERRY, who persists in calling himself the world heavyweight champion, a title he never held and doesn't now possess, continues to bamboozle the British public with his unfounded claims. Jack is a good wrestler, but as for being the champion, he knows better than to take that glory from its rightful owner. Sherry, with the aid of the promoters at the Belle Vue in London, arranged a Coronation heavyweight tournament, open to all comers. It was a tourney similar to the one which Jack Curley staged at the old Manhattan Opera House in New York many years ago.

* * *

FROM the Pacific Coast and Northwest, Charles "Spider" Mascall sends these notes:

Unnecessary roughness on the part of Vincent Lopez, Mexican matador, cost him all hopes of annexing the world title when he met Champion Dean Detton in Los Angeles recently. Some ten thousand fans saw the Mexican pick up Detton in a pile-driver slam and win the first fall in twenty-four minutes and forty seconds. Detton was awarded the second fall by Referee Vern McCullough of Salt Lake City, when Lopez kicked him from the ring. Detton, in an unconscious condition, was awarded the contest when he was unable to continue.

* * *

Dorry Detton returned to the Coast after a sojourn in the Southland and neatly trounced Larry Tillman before a fair-sized house in San Francisco. The fall came after some forty-three minutes of clean, scientific grappling. Detton came in weighing 170 pounds and Tillman scaled 165.

A new pachyderm is replacing Man Mountain Dean in popularity. He is Man Mountain Morgan, now barnstorming in California.

* * *

The laurel wreath to George Fitch, the dapper Vancouver, Canada, matchmaker, who gave the fans of his home town the best heavyweight contest of the month. He matched Earl McCready, champion of the British Empire, and the godlike Hungarian, Sandor Szabo, who claims the mythical Pacific Coast title. McCready gained a fall in the seventh round with a punishing leg scissors, while Szabo, feigning grogginess, back dropped the Empire title-holder in the final round for the tying fall.

* * *

Frank Malcewicz socked Billy Hanson so hard on the chin that Hanson's face was split from nose to chin as if it had been cut by a knife. It required seven stitches to put Hanson's face back in place.

* * *

Because of personal differences, Hugh Nichols, dictator of California middleweight wrestlers, refused to supply Frank Schuler with performers, and thus San Francisco was without middleweights. Undaunted, Schuler, with the aid of Cal Herman, signed a group of independent grapplers to appear under his banner.

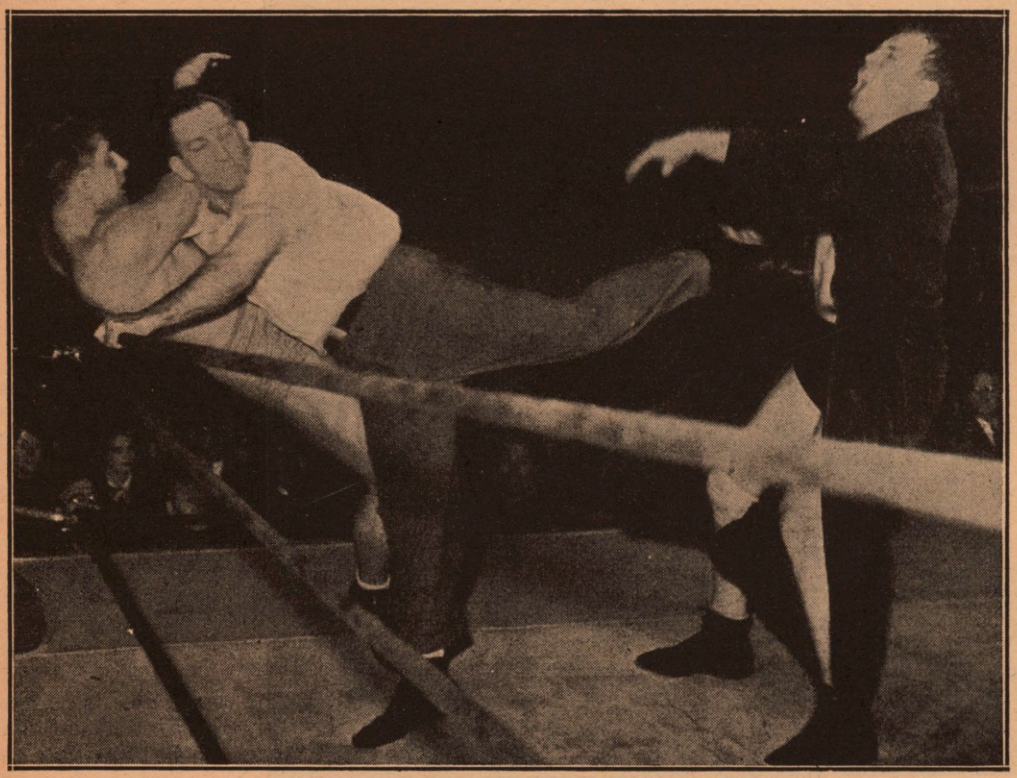
* * *

EARL McCREADY of Canada spent two seasons in New Zealand. During this period, he had one hundred and thirty bouts, dropping only one contest, and that was to Ed Don George, whom he later beat in a return engagement. McCready is now in the East, seeking bouts with all recognized title contenders.

* * *

Man Mountain Dean has been suspended in California for sixty days and his broad jump has been barred. This action came about as a result of a match in San Francisco featuring Dean and Bill Longson. Dean jumped on his opponent when he was helplessly lying on the mat, and in so doing, finished forever Longson's career in the ring.

* * *



The bout has ended—this is an added attraction. Joe Dusek, not satisfied with the decision in which Meske was declared the winner, decided to take it out of both referee and Ed. But the "ref" shooed him off.

Ojagar Singh, the latest importation from the land of the turbans, made his debut under the banner of George Fitch, one of the West's foremost promoters. The giant Hindu, looking very fat and about twenty pounds overweight, had very little trouble in disposing of Bob Jesson of California in the first round.

* * *

At San Francisco, one of the season's largest crowds turned out to see Brother Jonathon wrestle Man Mountain Dean. The good Brother was awarded the first fall on a foul but Dean retaliated to take the second with his famed running broad jump. Jonathon was unable to continue, so a barber jumped into the ring and shaved the Brother's beard, leaving his face clean as a whistle.

* * *

There was close to nine hundred pounds of human flesh in the ring at the Olympic Auditorium one night.

Jules Strongbow was wrestling Tiny Roebuck, with Man Mountain Dean as referee.

* * *

ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE CROWD—Vincent Lopez pinned Nick Lutze .... Jules Strongbow subdued Tiny Roebuck .... Al Bisignano pinned Chief Chewaki .... Casey Berger drew with Bobby Stewart .... Red Vagnone tossed Herb Freeman .... Howard Cantonwine threw Jack MacArthur .... John Spellman defeated Paul Harper .... Al Bisignano pinned Tony Felice .... Big Ben Morgan subdued Paul Harper .... Morgan beat Chief Littlewolf .... Duke Pettigrove won from Dan Savich .... Sammy Stein beat Littlewolf .... Hugh Adams and Dick Trout went to a draw ... Dude Chick beat Alvin Britt .... Danny McShain beat Yukon Jake .... Bob Castle battered Steven Strelich into submission.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—Bobby Chick, the new light-heavyweight monarch, grappled in California under the monicker of Bobby Roberts .... Lloyds of London have insured Vincent Lopez for $50,000 for any accident which might happen outside the ring .... What has become of Gus Kallio, Waino Katomen, Bobby Rosire, those colorful middleweights of another day? .... Many of the lighter American wrestlers like Johnny Dallas, Leo Lefeuere, Whipper Billy Watson and Jack Zatnos are doing well in England .... Dr. Len Hall, campaigning in California, claims nearly every European title .... He has plenty of class .... Al Bisignano once boxed under the name of Babe Carnero .... Paul Boesch is continually talking of the beauty of New Zealand .... Frank Taylor hails from Toledo .... Bob Kruse, the spindle-legged veteran, has left to open the 1937 season in New Zealand.

Dick Shikat, who has resumed wrestling under the banner of Jack Pfeffer.

* * *

Earl McCready claims that Lofty Blomfield is the toughest wrestler in the southern hemisphere .... Gege Gravante is returning to boxing after a try at wrestling .... Vincent Lopez is planning to retire soon .... Rumors that King Levinsky was to turn wrestler were seemingly false .... The wrestlers in California are doing very well, with numerous clubs featuring everything from welterweights to ponderous heavyweights .... Mysterious Mr. X proved to be Cyclone MacKay of Boston .... Jimmy ElPulpo is making a big hit in San Francisco .... Rusty Westcoatt has recovered from illness in a Hawaiian hospital .... Herb Parks, claimant to the Canadian light-heavyweight championship, is very popular in San Francisco .... Ivan Managoff is back on the Coast .... Al Baffert, the handsome Frenchman, says he is only going to wrestle for another year .... Gino Vagnoni is on a honeymoon .... Sandor Szabo downed rowdy Rudy LaDitzi .... Tom MacFarland is planning to open an arena in San Fernando to feature the lighter boys .... Al Bisignano received an injured shoulder in his match with Vincent Lopez .... Bob Castle defeated Larry Tillman of Oklahoma.

* * *

Pat Fraley, Sandor Szabo, Rudy LaDitzi, Paul Boesch, the Red Shadow, Donald "Scotty" McIntyre, Bull Martin, Vic Christy and other lesser lights are headlining the Northwest, while Vincent Lopez, Jules Strongbow, Tiny Roebuck, Bobby Stewart, Al Bisignano, Yukon Jake Jackson, Al Wescoatt, Frank Taylor, Casey Berger, Bob Castle, Bob Hanson, Frank Malcewicz and others are holding sway in California.

* * *

DIXIE DOIN'S, by Bernice Sandboe, follow:

Alf Johnson, the likeable Swedish wrestler, is back from the hospital, having spent the better part of the last four weeks there with a broken leg, suffered during a charity bout here in Houston. He's doing splendidly and gets around like an expert in his wheel chair. Alf's a fine boy and took his misfortune gamely. I hope he has enough good luck in the future to more than compensate for his "bad break."

* * *

One of our local small apartment houses could well be called "Boston Courts," or some such name. Practically every occupant is from Boston, they being Reb Russell and his wife, Mary; Jack Warner, Angelo Cistoldi and Mr. and Mrs. Dan O'Connor.

* * *

Incidentally, I plan a lengthy feature soon on Mr. Russell, who is one of the "gentlemen" of wrestling. This cultured young man is deeply interested in his profession and impresses me as one of the most promising of the crop. He is well educated, a brilliant conversationalist and somewhat of a globe-trotter.

* * *

I never hope to see a more hilarious bout than that between Ali Baba and big Pat McClary, which was staged here by Morris Sigel. McClary, who weighs close to three hundred pounds, and the tiny five feet six inches Turk made the most comical picture that could be presented in the ring—unless it would be that of Leo Daniel Boone Savage pitted against Ali Baba. (That, incidentally, is what I would call a wrestling fan's dream—are you listening, Mr. Sigel?) At any rate, the match between McClary and Ali Baba was a lulu, although it lasted only a few minutes, with Ali taking two straight falls from his giant adversary. The high spot of the match, to me, was when Ali Baba somehow or other wrapped himself like a fur neckpiece on Pat McClary's neck and made the big Irishman quite uncomfortable.

* * *

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG MEN—Darna Ostopavich has a double in Abe Rothberg, the Jewish wrestler .... they could easily pass for brothers .... Karl Davis is crazy about dogs and has a flock of them .... George Mansur can draw swell caricatures .... Frank Brown is looking lots better these days, probably due to a change in environment .... Andy Chicos, the handsome Hungarian, would do well to follow his example .... Angelo Cistoldi is a swell cook .... Jack Warner's ambition is to settle down on a farm and raise horses, dogs and four little boys .... Jim Londos doesn't approve of girl sports writers .... Tiny Roebuck is in the movie serial, "Robinson Crusoe" .... Cy Williams is a crack *(Continued on page 43)*

Five Foreign Stars

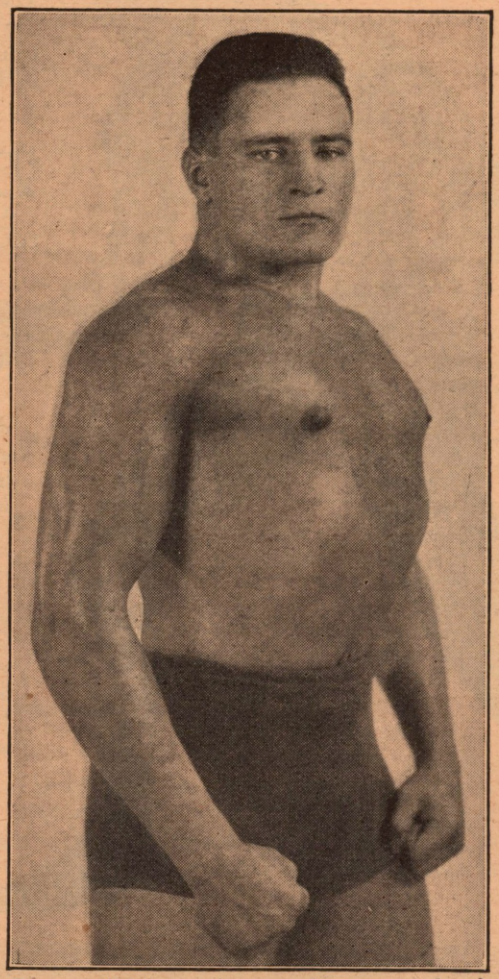
By NAT FRANK

THIS year has been one of great activity in the wrestling field, despite the factional wars that for a time threatened to put the sport into the discard, but unlike previous years, when the major portion of stars were collegians, 1937 has seen a rise of foreign stars in our midst. Some have been seen in action here before, while others are newcomers, but on the whole, the American mat sport now boasts of as fine an aggregation of foreign mat stars as has been seen since 1930.

Chief among the performers who have aroused considerable interest in wrestling circles are Danno O'Mahony; Steve "Crusher" Casey, his bitter rival from Ireland; George "Dazzler" Clark of Scotland, and Hans Kampfer, a veteran in these parts who, after a successful trip abroad, has returned from Germany and is going like a house afire.

When Danno O'Mahony lost his world championship to Dick Shikat in the Garden last year, the general prediction was that he would go back home and remain there. But those who made this prediction didn't know the fighting Irishman.

Undaunted by the loss of his crown, he sailed for home, where he was royally received, and then started a new campaign to get back into the spotlight. Cleaning up the field abroad, he came back to America, only to find that his most bitter rival, the man who was on his trail at all times at home, Steve Casey, already was on the scene and the spotlight that once belonged to Danno was now Casey's. But even that didn't disturb O'Mahony. He was determined to get back into the good graces of his countrymen, and how he accomplished that is now wrestling history.



Danno O'Mahony, former champion, who is making rapid progress in his second American invasion.

* * *

THE rivalry in New England between Casey and Danno is just as keen and bitter as it was between this pair abroad, and with a match with Steve as his goal, Danno has set out to conquer all who stand in his way. He has succeeded in taking the measure of almost every one of the stalwarts who has faced him, and all indications point to a summer outdoor match between him and Casey up in Boston to settle the matter of supremacy. That bout, which California and New York and Philadelphia and Chicago want badly, undoubtedly will fall to the lot of Paul Bowser of Boston, and it won't be surprising to see it outdraw the Londos-Lewis match in Chicago two years ago.

That's how much interest the Irish have in Steve and Danno.

The return of Danno hereabouts has taken the fans by storm. They couldn't believe they were seeing the same Danno O'Mahony in action. There was no doubt they were seeing the same wrestler, as far as facial appearance was concerned, but he had learned much since losing the crown.

In place of the boyish, shy Danno, we now have a fighting terror. He has mastered the American style of bone twisting and has learned all the intricacies of the sport—something he previously lacked.

The Danno O'Mahony of today, even though he is minus his royal purple, emblematic of the grappling championship of the world, is a feared matman. No longer does he lie back idly and take the thrusts of opponents. Instead, he gives and takes.

And for that reason, Danno has gained a heap of new followers.

* * *

SPEAKING of the Irish matmen brings up another foreign giant, the Scottish exponent of the Highland Fling, George "Dazzler" Clark.

Clark impresses with his abundance of holds, each an improvement over those originally used by various wrestlers. In addition, he also has one of his own invention, properly called the Highland Fling, whereby the invader swings his rivals dizzy and the pinning becomes but a mere formality.

The Scotsman is a modernist any way you look at it. He made a careful study of all the wrestling holds used by the stars of yesteryear and today. Then he went about finding flaws in them and added his own improvements. The result, he found, was just what he thought. His methods proved a puzzle to those he faced. He has a canny knack of clamping on his holds and also slipping out of those applied on him.

Clark is one Scotsman who has a grip of might. He rarely wastes a move and is seldom caught napping. George came to this country to prove his worth.

Only a youngster, Clark has been wrestling for the past nine years, five as an amateur, and he turned professional in 1933. He is six feet one and a half inches, and weighs 232 pounds.

While an amateur grappler,

(Continued on page 45)

George "Dazzler" Clark of Scotland, whose work in America has gained the attention of the mat fans.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By EMERY CLARKE

WHILE it may not be generally known, Canada has a number of heavyweight wrestlers of distinction, among them Yvon Robert, present claimant of the title in the Dominion, and John Katan, known as the Krazy Kanuck. Katan started as a wrestler in the tail-end of 1928 and has been at it since. He has performed in Canada and the States, and is a master of the Japanese toe-hold.

The Canadian mat boss was born in Alberta, July 12, 1904. At the age of fifteen he left school to get a job. His first place of employment was around the coal mining district. He took care of the tools and as he matured he was elevated to a miner. He soon gained the reputation of being one of the fastest coal diggers and coal crackers in his locality. He was an ambitious youngster and nothing suited him more than reporting to his daily grind and keeping at his task until the whistle blew. In his spare moments, he would wrestle around with his fellow miners, and he was soon prevailed upon to take a crack at amateur grappling.

In 1928, after working for nine consecutive years as a coal cracker, he gave up his job in the mine and Katan went out into the professional mat world to seek fame and fortune. Katan, who stands six feet, one inch, and weighs 220 pounds, has participated in over a thousand matches. He has faced every outstanding grappler in the game, including champions and championship claimants. The Canadian wrestler has matched grips with such stellar champions as Jim Londos, the late Jim Browning, Ed Don George, Ed Strangler Lewis, Gus Sonnenberg, Henri DeGlane, Danno O'Mahony and Yvon Robert.

One thing is certain, and that is, any time Katan answers the bell, the opposing party is certain to know that he has a tough struggle on hand. John is a perpetual motion matador, brutal in his methods and a crowd pleaser extraordinary.

* * *

LEO NEWMAN is popularly known as Leo the Lion. Extremely rough and powerful, he depends mainly upon his brute strength and ungentlemanly tactics to conquer his opponents. Although weighing in the neighborhood of 187, he possesses broad and massive shoulders that many a giant heavyweight would give much to claim for his own. As an amateur wrestler, he remained undefeated for over seven years, during which time he captured and retained four A. A. U. championships and titles.

Entering the U. S. Navy, he was assigned to the U. S. S. Oklahoma, where he quickly became the outstanding wrestler of the battleship, and during the next three months, he captured every honor that could come in his weight division, the light-heavyweight class. After leaving the service, he was appointed coach of wrestling at the Neighborhood Association in St. Louis, Mo. He gathered a group of young lads who had never been on the mat before in their lives, and after three months of intensive tutelage, he entered them all in competition and defeated every veteran wrestling team in St. Louis and vicinity, and at the close of the wrestling season, his group of young grapplers succeeded in winning the team championship of the Western Amateur Athletic Union.

Leo is a physical culturist. As he explained in a recent interview: "I do not practice the principles of the physical culture life. I live them! My body and life are all I possess. To seek perfection, or the nearest I can attain to perfection, is my greatest desire. Wrestling is to me the perfect and ideal form of exercise. I love the thrill of combat with an equally matched and formidable opponent, and I would rather go through with a workout than any other form of recreation.

"To win the light-heavyweight championship of the world is the goal I set for myself when I first started to grapple years ago. I have been steadily forging towards that great honor by persistent victories, and some day I hope public demand will force the present champion in that weight class to meet me in a finish bout."

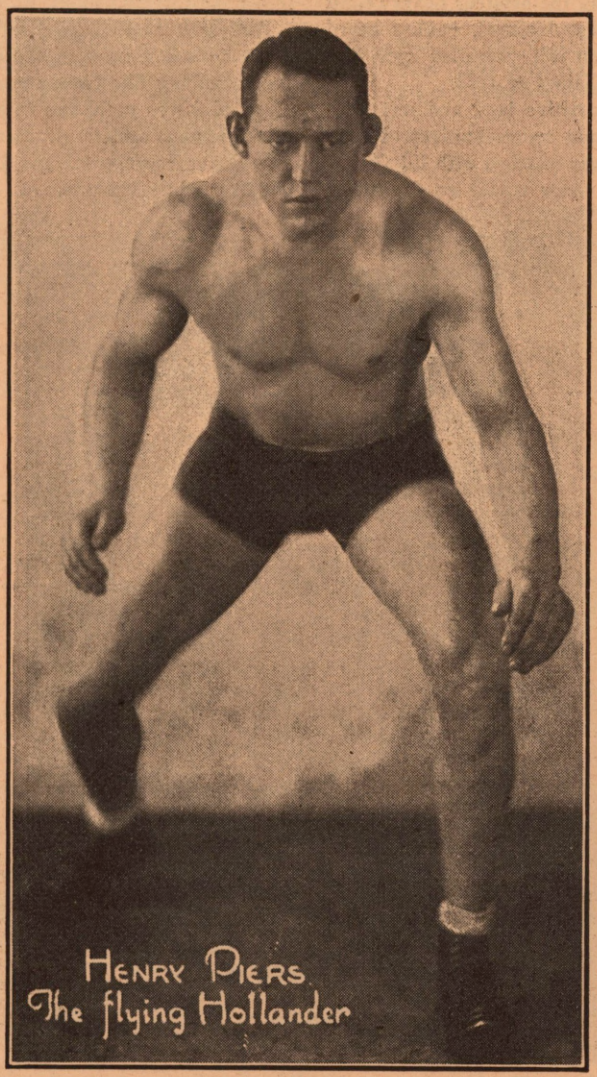
Leo has specialized in the use of the elbow smash under the heart. When this blow is properly executed, the victim suffers a terrific shock. When applied with the power and strength that Newman possesses in his shoulders and arms, the bout is generally ended then and there. The elbow smash under the heart seems to shock and paralyze the recipient and render him temporarily limp and helpless and easy prey for a fall.

Leo is of German-Hungarian parentage. He is twenty-five years old.

* * *

HENRY PIERS was a second mate on the bounding seas not so long ago. Piers, scaling 230 pounds and standing six feet three inches, was born in Haarlem, Holland, about fifteen miles from Amsterdam, January 14, 1908. Henry, the son of a fisherman, led an adventurous life since he was ten years of age, when he accompanied his dad on fishing voyages.

At twelve, he won an appointment to the Royal Dutch Naval Academy, similar to our Annapolis, although in Holland the boys are started much earlier than here on their sea training. Two years later Piers quit the Naval Acad-



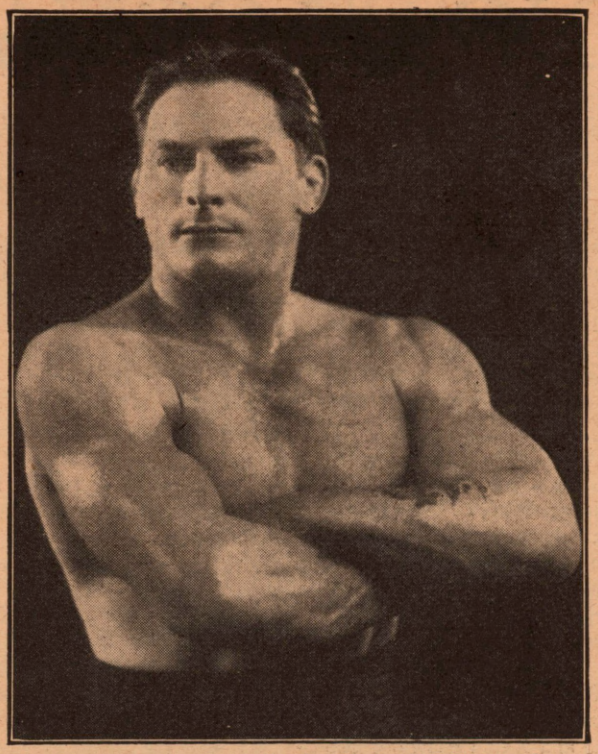
Henry Piers, former Olympic champion, campaigning here.

emy and joined the merchant marine. This marked the first real foreign seas experience of the Hollander. His first deep sea voyage was on a tug from Rotterdam to Buenos Aires, South America, towing three barges laden with mine machinery.

At the age of fifteen, Piers shipped aboard larger vessels, eventually becoming an able seaman; later elevated to quartermaster; then promoted to third mate, and finally became a second mate.

In his spare moments, Henry took to wrestling as a diversion. This he did with his shipmates, and when back in his native Holland, he participated in amateur matches.

On his last trip as a seaman, Piers landed in New York. This was in 1926, and he boarded a train for Detroit, where he located with an uncle. He got himself a job there as a mechanic in a brass works foundry. He only worked at that for several months when he hired out as a bank teller in the Automobile City.



Leo Newman, coach of the St. Louis Y.M.H.A., who is a wrestler of the "tough" school.

He continued his amateur wrestling, which finally ended in his winning the amateur heavyweight title of Michigan. His mother country, Holland, having heard of his success on the mat on American soil, prevailed upon him to represent Holland in the Olympic Games of 1928.

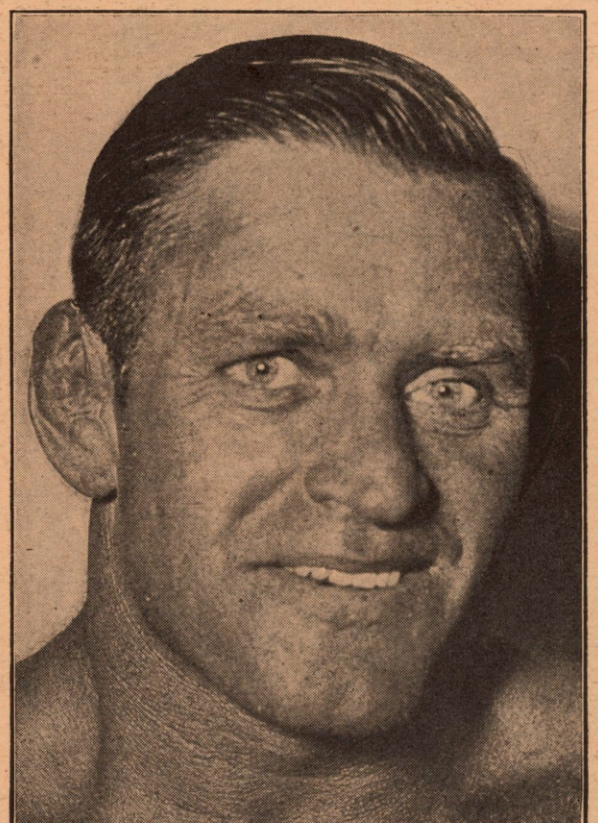
Heeding the call, he sailed for his native land and met with sterling success. He pinned the star mat representatives of Germany, France, Belgium and Sweden; was matched with Ed (Don) George, American entry, and to the victor would go the honor of being crowned the 1928 Olympic mat title-holder. It was in this match that Piers surprised the entire world by downing the ex-Michigan football star, who later became professional world champion, in less than ten minutes, with a half-Nelson and crotch, to annex the international Olympic title.

In 1929, Piers returned to America, where he met and married Barbara Christina Knabel, a native of Austria-Hungary.

Piers returned to his Detroit banking job and continued his amateur wrestling. In 1933 he turned pro grappler and in the span of years he has gone to the post he has been victorious in more than ninety-five per cent of his engagements.

He follows the Greco-Roman style of wrestling. He is a master of all holds, fearless, and a showman extraordinary. His favorite means of conquest are equally divided between the half-Nelson and the flying body scissors, a hold made famous by Joe Stetcher, one of the greatest world champions wrestling has ever known.

Of course, he is far from being a Stecher, but he is a good wrestler.



Billy Weidner, powerful German-American boy, who wrestles in the light-heavyweight division.

BILLY WEIDNER, powerful German-American boy, who hails originally from Fitchburg, Mass., near Boston, but who now calls the Pacific Coast his home, is an outstanding wrestler in the light-heavyweight group. Weidner, like "Midget" Charley Fischer, is short, squat and stocky in build. He stands only a few inches over five feet.

What he lacks in height, however, he makes up in width, for Billy is one of the most splendidly proportioned, most beautifully muscled men in the wrestling world, and that's saying something, for wrestling deals with mighty muscles and highly developed physiques.

Weidner has particularly fine upper body development. His arms and shoulders and neck are literally perfect while a sturdy, thick trunk, and powerful yet agile legs complete the picture.

Topping off this powerful physique is a blond mop of hair and a deep tan, and when this great matman strips for action on a wrestling pad, the whole blends into a perfect symphony of live, alert, virile manhood.

And now as to how Weidner developed that physique. Billy gives wrestling most of the credit for he has been in the game for something like twelve years. The basis for that fine physique was laid fifteen years ago when Weidner was a champion member of the famous athletic organization of German Turners.

Weidner represented the Fitchburg, Mass., Turners and was middleweight champion of New England several times. He starred in the decathlon and the pentathlon, and was an all-around athlete.

During his career, Billy has wrestled all over the Americas, in almost every state of the Union, Mexico, the Hawaiian and the Philippine Islands and Alaska.

While he is a masterful wrestler and has a well balanced knowledge of all holds, Weidner is famous for his "Web Toe-hold."

* * *

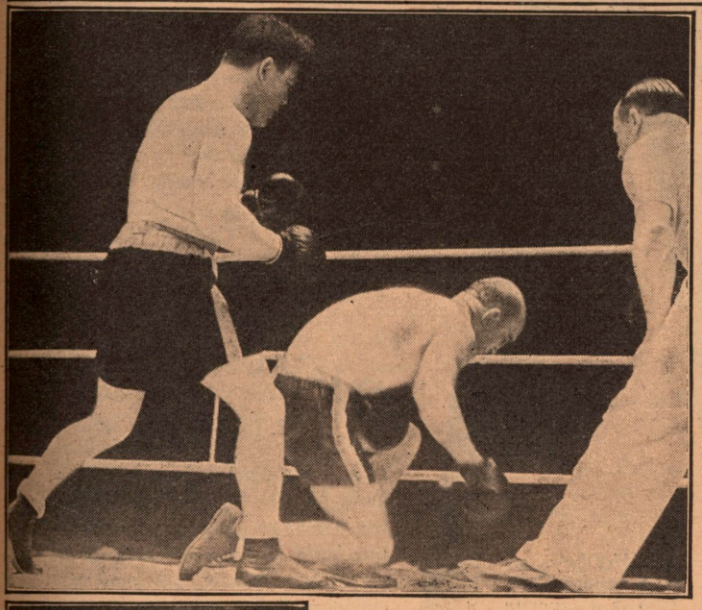
FRANK JUDSON, conceded to be a wrestler par excellence, is making fine headway in the heavyweight field. Judson doesn't believe in having the drums of publicity beaten in his behalf. Frank likes to be away from all glamour and meeting up with the "hand-shaking society," who always hand out their paws to congratulate the victor and are nowhere to be seen when there is a loser.

This grappler's only weakness is that he is entirely too good for his own good. He is a firm believer in wrestling strictly according to Hoyle. He never believes in taking the law into his own hands. On

(Continued on page 43)

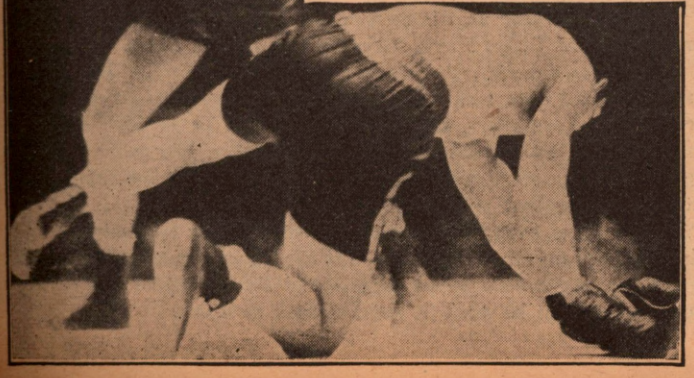
When Champs Were in Action

Three times the above was repeated as Al Ettore stepped into wicked swings of John Henry Lewis, light heavyweight king in their overweight match in Philadelphia, a return engagement. Al arose each time to last the 15 rounds but to lose the verdict.



Again a claim of foul ends a championship mill. Marcel Thil, world middleweight king, in his return bout with Lou Brouillard of this country, is down in the sixth on a punch which the referee said was low and disqualified the American. Last year Thil won a contest from Brouillard in the fourth on a foul claim and their first meeting ended in a 12 round booed decision, for Thil.

Here we see the great Puerto Rican lightweight champion, Pedro Montanez standing over his adversary, Enrico Venturi of Italy in which the Italian lost his first battle in America. It was one of the most thrilling lightweight bouts staged in New York in years and proved that Montanez is no false alarm. The above shows Venturi battered to the canvas in the fifteenth round. Pedro has certainly earned a shot at Ambers' title, but it is a foregone conclusion that he won't get the bout because of his high standing.



Lightweight king, Lou Ambers (left), snapping a left to Davey Day's face, in the New York Hippodrome. Lou won the fight, an overweight match, but had to go some to carry off the verdict.

Meet McClary

By BERNICE SANDBOE

INTRODUCING to you a versatile and likeable young man, whose ambition is to be a forest ranger, whose hobby is deep-sea fishing and who is unquestionably one of the most up-and-coming of the younger boys.

* * *

"I hear," said I to Paul Douglas (Pat) McClary, "that you have had quite an interesting life."

"Very interesting," answered, without modesty, this huge Irishman. "As a matter of fact, I guess you would call me a jack of all trades. I've been a film cutter in the movie studios, an actor, a bus driver, a roughneck in the oil fields, a driller, an oil promoter, a longshoreman, a geologist, a bodyguard, a soldier, and finally a wrestler."

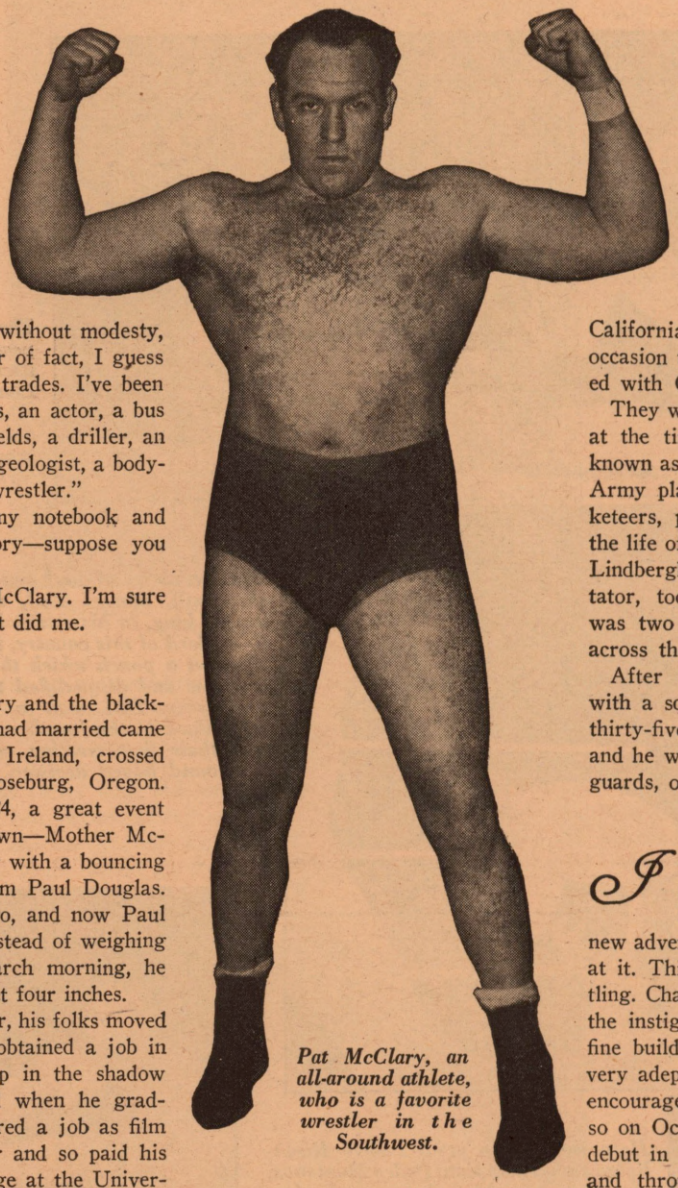
"Whew!" said I, grabbing my notebook and pencil. "This sounds like a story—suppose you tell me all about it."

And thus my story on Mr. McClary. I'm sure it will interest you as much as it did me.

* * *

IN 1901, Patrick McClary and the black-haired Irish colleen he had married came to this country from Ireland, crossed the continent and settled in Roseburg, Oregon. Seven years later, on March 24, a great event took place in this same little town—Mother McClary presented Father McClary with a bouncing baby boy and they christened him Paul Douglas. That was twenty-eight years ago, and now Paul Douglas is known as Pat and instead of weighing ten pounds, as he did that March morning, he tips the scales at 294, and six feet four inches.

When Pat was still a youngster, his folks moved to Los Angeles and his father obtained a job in the movie studios. Pat grew up in the shadow of this glamorous industry and when he graduated from high school he secured a job as film cutter at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and so paid his way through two years of college at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. However, this proved to be a load too heavy for even Pat's broad shoulders, for his work was such that he had to be at the studio until the small hours of the morning and then up again for classes at eight a. m.



Pat McClary, an all-around athlete, who is a favorite wrestler in the Southwest.

Despite his desire to graduate, Pat realized that it would be almost an impossibility to continue as he had been, so he gave up college. His record, however, as a collegiate athlete is a noteworthy one. He played football two years on the varsity team, was outstanding in wrestling and hammer and discus throwing.

* * *

WITH his college career definitely ended, Pat decided to devote more time to advancing in the motion picture industry. He had become acquainted with many of the stars, including such favorites as Joan Crawford, Colleen Moore, Richard Arlen, Charlie Chase, Nat Pendleton, Wally Beery and countless others, and because of Pat's pleasant good-naturedness they were glad to help him along the way. Before long he was getting "extra" parts and also held the position of studio bus driver. This job was to drive a bus loaded with the necessary extras for that day's shooting to the location where they were making the picture.

Frequently en route to some location, Pat would drive by some famous oil fields and before long he felt a great desire to get into that line of work. So he quit his movie job for various and sundry positions in the oil game, including those of driller, roughneck (one who, in the parlance of the oil world, is a handyman around the wells), a promoter and a geologist.

Next he cast his eye on the Army and decided to join. He was stationed at Presidio, California, and it was there that he had occasion to meet and to become acquainted with Col. Charles Lindbergh.

They were holding air races at Presidio at the time in which three Navy ships known as the Three Sea Hawks and three Army planes known as the Three Musketeers, participated. A fatal crash took the life of one of the Army pilots, so Col. Lindbergh, who was on hand as a spectator, took his place. Incidentally, that was two years after his memorable hop across the Atlantic.

After the air races, Col. Lindbergh, with a squadron of eight planes, made a thirty-five-day Goodwill Tour of Mexico and he was assigned eight personal bodyguards, our hero being one of them.

* * *

I SUPPOSE you can easily guess what happened next. Pat, as usual, had his eye fixed on a new adventure and decided to take a crack at it. This time it happened to be wrestling. Charles "Midget" Fisher was really the instigator of this idea. Noting Pat's fine build and the fact that he had been very adept in collegiate wrestling, Fisher encouraged Pat to enter the game, and so on October 4, 1930, Pat made his pro debut in 'Frisco, wrestling Archie Routa and throwing him in fourteen minutes. "Although," added Pat, with a smile, "it seemed like fourteen years to me."

Since then, he has been wrestling constantly, and although there is no particular distinction attached to the fact, he has wrestled in every state in the Union, as well as in Canada and Mexico. And because he is a very polite individual (outside of the ring), Pat said he likes Texas best of the states—next to California.

He owns a lovely home in Huntington Beach, California, but like all Californians, is anxious to have a ranch. He has one brother who is in the wholesale grain business in Los Angeles, and a sister who is married to a commanding lieutenant of the United States Navy, stationed in Shanghai, China.

As a hobby, Pat collects photos of celebrities. He has some valued ones, including personally autographed pictures of the last three presidents, and of Col. Lindbergh. In all, his pictures total 2,300, 400 of which are wrestlers' photos. His major enthusiasm is deep sea fishing. Also he's fond of golfing, swimming, fishing and boating, and has his own speed boat.

Now, even though he does intend to stick to wrestling until he is financially independent, Pat has his eye on a new venture! He wants to be a forest ranger—and I'm willing to take anybody's bets that he won't be satisfied until he is one.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 37)

golfer and pinochle player . . . . Doug Wycoff is one of the few football captains to graduate from college with high honors . . . . he went to Georgia . . . . Karl Sarpolis always wears dark glasses . . . . Ray Eckert is only twenty and has been wrestling five years . . . . Ellis Bashara is a versatile conversationalist . . . . Chief Little Wolf collects boots and spurs . . . . at last I have a partner in crime, a female wrestling writer . . . . she's charming Lea Ray Rau, who writes gossip for a local sports sheet, and very clever at it, too.

* * *

It is amazing to note what rapid strides our Lone Star State is making in the wrestling world. Almost every city of note has weekly matches, and just for a matter of information I have listed some of the most outstanding ones. First and foremost, of course, is Morris Sigel, who rules the mat kingdom in Houston. Genial little Mr. Sigel is known wherever wrestling is known as one of the best liked, squarest shooters in the game. He's been promoting now for ten years, taking over the reins when his older brother Julius (now promoting in Shreveport, Louisiana, and Nacogdoches, Texas) left Houston.

Morris brings to the Southland practically all the big wrestlers of any reputation, giving Dixie fans real Madison Square Garden cards. In El Paso, the promoter is John McIntosh, who is also regarded as one of the finest men in the game. Cal Farley, himself an ex-middleweight wrestler, and Dutch Mantell, govern Amarillo, Texas. Sled Allen, a former catcher for the Houston Buffalo ball team, promotes in Lubbock. In Dallas, Bert Willoughby takes charge.

Dave Schlesinger, Morris Sigel's brother-in-law, promotes in New Orleans and Galveston and Harry Coffman in San Antonio. E. L. Lemon, the beanpole promoter, is in charge of things in Beaumont, Texas, having bought out Art and Mrs. Louise Mondt some time ago. Jim Wakefield, a genial big 270-pounder, promotes in Abilene, and Willie Barkett promotes in Marshall, Texas.

D. L. Tabolwsky is the Jewish promoter who rules Big Springs and George Poulas and George Chappapa, Greeks, promote in Brownsville and McAllen, respectively. Harvey Oler is the matchmaker for the American Legion in Harlingen, and Conrad Ward promotes in Texarkana. Mervin Bareckin in San Angelo and George Jones in Tyler just about wind up the list. In the boxing field, Hugh Benbow, Dick Griffin and Francis Cunningham in Houston, Dallas, and San Antonio, respectively, stand foremost.

* * *

RAMBLIN'S ON RASSLERS—Bob Wagner is really going over down in Bristol, Virginia . . . . Karl Davis has a hunting lodge in the Ozarks . . . . he bagged two deer during the Christmas holidays . . . . Karl still has my nomination for being the best physical specimen in the ring . . . . the Pat Reilleys have a baby boy . . . . the Darna Ostopavich-Bernice Sandboe battle is still raging . . . . this time Darna promised to give me a story and then skipped out of town . . . . every time you ask Leo Savage who he wrestled he will say "Dick Lever" . . . . Leo can't remember all the names so he just simplifies things by using Dick's name . . . . which reminds me, wonder how Dick is getting along? . . . . since the first of the year Karl Davis has thrown Hans Steinke (twice), Milo Steinborn, Dorv Roche, Vincent Lopez and Jim McMillen.

* * *

DIDJA KNOW THAT—Hank Barber, like Gus Sonnenberg, former champion, became a professional wrestler after starring on the gridiron for Dartmouth College. Incidentally, Barber recently became the proud daddy of a son, Mazeltuv.

* * *

Abie Coleman's pet diversion is "kibitzing." Telling card players their faults is his life's work—so it seems.

* * *

Stanley Pinto, dreaded Ravenna, Neb., "smackologist," wore out twenty-one automobiles in traveling to the scenes of mat combats during the ten years he has been grappling.

* * *

Ernie Dusek, captain of the Riot Squad, is the possessor of a made-to-order novelty gun. It shoots only darts.

* * *

Frank Judson, former Harvard College mat mentor, is one of the best liked matmen in the game. He is truly a gentleman in and out of the squared circle.

* * *

Ed "Strangler" Lewis, former kingpin of the matadors, is considered one of the best bridge players in the nation.

* * *

Cy Williams, Tallahassee Terror, is an expert card player. He especially shines in the game of hearts.

* * *

Pinky Gardner, former light-heavyweight champion of the world, is now the county clerk of his native city of Schenectady, N. Y. Pinky, previous to being elected to the county clerkship, sported the sheriff's badge.

* * *

Cliff Olsen, originator of the outside step-over grapevine leg hold, has a weakness of phoning his friends in the wee sma' hours just to tell them they should have been asleep.

* * *

WRESTLING WRISTLOCKS, by J. Jimmie Amann, follow:

Dave Levin, weighing at his best 195 pounds, made one of his most deciding steps in his comeback on the wrestling pad when he turned back Dr. John Murphy of New York in twelve minutes.

* * *

I have placed Steve Casey the Irish heavyweight high in my National Wrestling Ratings which I issue monthly. Casey's many American victories and his more recent one at the expense of the veteran Mike Mazurki brought the Irish star among my first ten. The Irish Crusher in the course of 60 days brought his rating from .223 to .297-5, a gain of better than one per cent per day.

Speaking of my National Wrestling Ratings, they can be secured for 25 cents in cash and a stamped envelope by addressing Jimmy Amann, 2257 Rice Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

Iowa promoters are seeking welterweight and middleweight talent. Any wrestlers in the divisions bracing from 145 to 165 pounds would do well to contact the Iowa Wrestling Club, 108 West 7th Street, Muscatine, Iowa.

* * *

Sailor Boyd, the Boston welterweight, is still sailing for a match with Paddy Davenport, tri-state welterweight champion.

Roy Welch, Nashville promoter, reports that the game is booming bigger and better down southern way. Welch's promotions reach out as far south as Alabama, north to Ohio, west to Missouri and east to Virginia.

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 40)

numerous occasions, Judson found himself in the same ring with the toughest sort of villains. These unorthodox foes would take every illegal advantage of the likeable grappling star.

But eventually it was Judson who would wind up the conqueror. In his own manner, he would go about the gentle business of wearing the "tough mugs" down to a frazzle. Yet he only accomplished these victories by using the straightforward wrestling holds, holds that would spell torture once they were applied on the rowdies.

Frank was a master grappler in his collegiate days. In fact, so good was he that upon graduation he was prevailed upon to become the wrestling coach of Harvard University. Even while he tutored the collegian grapplers, Judson, in his spare time, would take anyone who dared oppose him in professional competition.

Judson has been in action against such luminaries as Jack Sherry, Karl Pojello, Nick Lutze, Gus Sonnenberg, Ed Don George, Danno O'Mahony, Joe Malcewicz, Earl McCready, Ed Strangler Lewis, Rudy Dusek, Ernie Dusek, Hans Kampfer and many others. Considered to be a veteran in the grip and get gripped art, Judson, who has been facing the headliners for almost ten years, is still good enough to tangle up with the best of them and is well capable of handing out much more than he will receive.

1937 Boxing Record Books

Here is a list of this year's record books, by far the best that have been published in several years.

The Everlast Record Book—Edited by Eddie Borden. Per copy 35 cents; by Mail, 40 cents.

The Post Record Book—Edited by John Romano. Per copy 35 cents; by Mail, 40 cents.

Andrews Record Book—Edited by Tom Andrews. Per copy 35 cents; by Mail, 40 cents.

European and American Record Book—Edited by Victor Breyer; per copy $1.00.

Every promoter, manager, fighter, boxing writer should have a copy of each, particularly the European record book which contains many records not listed in the others.

Send Money Order, not a Postal Order to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
825-8th AVE., MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

An Inch From a Title

(Continued from page 29)

Charley Thomas and Harry Donahue. No wonder that he earned a title shot with Freddie Welsh. How close he came to dethroning the pride of Great Britain has already been recounted.

Though bitterly disappointed at his letting Welsh win after apparently having the fight "sewed up," he began all over again, determined that he would be champion yet. That his efforts were not in vain is shown by that memorable contest with Benny Leonard. He never fully recovered his fighting spirit after that bitter defeat. True, he fought a number of brilliant battles after that, but somehow, the old urge seemed to me missing. And who could blame him after those two heartbreaking setbacks after being so close to the coveted crown?

Another of White's battles that will never be forgotten, was the knockdown, drag-out brawl with Ritchie Mitchell in New York City. Staged on July 18, 1923, White stepped out at the opening gong and had the Milwaukee boy on the floor before the fight was a minute old. Again and again, Mitchell hit the deck in that furious opening round. But game to the bitter end, Mitchell was on his feet at the bell, but to all intents and purposes, a beaten warrior.

In the second, Mitchell rushed out and lashed a savage blow that caught the over-confident White full on the chin. He went down like a pole-axed steer. Don't let anybody tell you that Ritchie Mitchell couldn't punch. And he was never more dangerous than when groggy and reeling. White came up, only to run into another haymaker. Down he went with a thud. Again and again. It was the most complete reversal of form in ring history.

Some way, some how, Charley White weathered it through to the bell. Not one in the crowd figured he would ever answer the bell for the third. But a gamer soul than Charley White never lived. He did answer the bell. Not only answered it, but came out swinging that famed left. The third was about even, with both boys tired to the point of exhaustion. In the fourth, Mitchell was knocked out. But what a duel while it lasted.

If Jim Braddock and Joe Louis could stage a replica of that battle, what the pictures would be worth.

* * *

EVEN though he was afflicted with a "slow-motion," thinking apparatus, White would have been champion anyhow, had he not happened to be fighting during the reigns of two of the greatest lightweight champions of all time .... Welsh and Leonard.

Yes, Charley's sole drawback was his hesitancy at the crucial moment—he did not think fast enough, and against men of the above caliber he generally found the opening closed and the chance flown by the time he made up his mind as to what to do about it. That is how such names as Abe Attell, Jack Britton, Freddie Welsh, Benny Leonard, Johnny Dundee—champions all—stand with about seven others in the "lost to" column of White's record.

But put him in there with another rough, tough fellow, not too long on the fancy stuff, and you would witness a brawl that old Nero himself would stand up and applaud. Possessed with perhaps the greatest left in lightweight history, and able to meet out plenty of damage with his right, White was able to absorb more than his share of the punishment and still keep coming in. That partially explains why, though he lost about 15 ring engagements out of 180-odd trips to the post, he lost but three by the kayo route. One to Leonard, one to Pal Moran in 1923 after his best days were behind him, and one to Henry Perlick in 1930, when he attempted a "comeback," at the age of thirty-nine. It was a suicidal move on White's part, since he was completely "washed up," as a fighter as early as 1925.

Following the defeat at Perlick's hands, the old left-hook master became a physical culture teacher in the Windy City. Only recently I noticed a photo of Charley surrounded by a bevy of bathing beauties in his gymnasium. So no doubt he is getting along. Better perhaps, than a lot of the fellows he fought during his near twenty year tenure as lightweight contender extraordinary.

Too bad more of his ilk aren't around today.

Puerto Rico Basks in Fistic Spotlight

(Continued from page 5)

previously, was the manner in which the cocks wage their battle.

If ever we saw masters of sparring we witnessed it that day in those cocks. Their every move was that of a trained boxer, a master of scientific self-defense, with all the feinting, sparring and jabbing that can be seen only when two masters of the art are in the ring. Imagine Tommy Loughran facing Gene Tunney and you have a picture of what I mean.

Puerto Rico I salute you for the manner in which you conducted your first world championship fight and I hope that next winter I'll return to see a Ross-Montanez contest.

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 17)

court benches, it looks like a big time. Come, Writ and Execution, get into shape!

MERRY VILLAGERS:—If the big fight is as good as this fight, we get our dough's worth.

KILPATRICK:—I'll have them up.

JOHNSTON:—I'll have them down.

(Everybody walks off the stage, while the lawyers are left in gleeful consultation.)

New Faces

(Continued from page 25)

down at least once during each bout, and if that isn't speaking volumes for the punching ability of Harry, we cannot at the present think of anything to better substantiate our statement.

Krause has scored over Wesley Martin, Sammy Angott and Lloyd Pine, among others, and scored one of the most sensational knockouts seen in Pittsburgh when he stopped the highly-regarded Irish lightweight star, Jack Lenihan, in four rounds.

Krause has the natural ability, both boxing and punching, to go a long way up the ladder of pugilism, and it is safe to predict that his name will be one of national recognition before the year is out.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

THE Louisiana "build-up" of Jack Torrance, 250-pound novice heavyweight, came to an abrupt close by the summary action of the State Boxing Commission. Torrance had chalked up four "knockouts" in as many professional appearances until a New York heavyweight, under the nom de plume of Jack Willis, was to fight him. Balked by conscience or possibly a "double-cross" somewhere along the line, the New Yorker would not go through with his scheduled act and left a packed arena a few minutes before he was to go on. The incident occurred at Baton Rouge, La.

A subsequent investigation by the commission turned up a smelly lot of publicity. The New Yorker exhibited a written sheet of instructions scheduling his movements from the exact time he was to catch a train in New York, whom he was to talk to when he arrived in Baton Rouge, to the round he was supposed to "dive." The result was the fining and suspending of Herb Brode, manager of Jack Torrance; Earl Philips, alias "Jack Willis," the New York heavyweight, and "Musky" Jackson, a New York character and so-called manager of one of Torrance's previous "knockout" victims. Torrance was exonerated.

Although the boxing commission should be complimented on the direct action it took in this matter; when circumstances forced light on the build-up, a simple check on the calibre and publicity of Torrance's "opponents" from the outset would have avoided public attention to racketeering attempts in boxing as in this case.

Torrance had never had boxing experience, either as an amateur or professional, until several months ago when he began appearing as a main event attraction in New Orleans and other Louisiana cities. The hefty athlete had garnered his sporting reputation through his huge bulk and ability as a shot-putter.

The publicity of this scandal has practically closed the boxing arenas in Louisiana. Promoters fear the fans will react by staying away if shows were attempted too soon afterward.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

With SPARKY RUDOLPH

FRANKIE WALLACE, Cleveland's bid for lightweight honors, broke into the spotlight by fighting a draw with Enrico Venturi in New York. It sure looks as though Frankie has regained his stride.

Henry Palmeri has won six straight in the light-heavyweight class, four of these won by the kayo route. Mike Gamiere won his first fight in New York by a K.O. It is funny that good Cleveland talent is not used right here. Instead, the boys have to go elsewhere to get work.

Teddy Kara and Lou Laurie are ready to turn pro. Kara and Laurie were both members of the United States Olympic team. Kara also held the Chicago *Tribune* tournament of champions title.

Lem Franklin, Golden Gloves heavyweight champion, who hits harder than any amateur today, lost his sixth fight in the recent Chicago tourney to Paul Hartnett of Omaha, Neb., in the finals. Franklin knocked out the first five opponents, going only six rounds for these five bouts. Jimmy (Ravon) Avon is handling Franklin.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—I would like to have been in Chicago when the Keystone cops ushered Sam Barber out of the Stadium after paying his way in .... Just because he wanted to be a little closer to handle his boxer, Mike Minnich .... It looks as though Al Sutphin is interested in Lem Franklin .... Johnny Papke was elected president of the A. B. T. A. .... Franny O'Donnell is still Cleveland's crack announcer .... Benny Ray, former Clevelander, is doing very well in Chicago .... The boys are glad to see Eddie Mead on top of the world again, and it sure looks like he will be with Henry Armstrong .... Tiger Brown is still the best draw here in Cleveland.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 3913 Denison Ave., Cleveland, O., by the first of the month.

Five Foreign Stars

(Continued from page 38)

George also participated in other athletic events. He was one of the star soccer football players, playing halfback on the Keith championship team for several years.

Besides that, he was also Scotland's greatest track star. In the Strathpeffer games, he tossed the 16-pound ball 44 feet 3 inches; hurled the 22-pound ball 38 feet 6½ inches; threw the 16-pound hammer 116 feet 2 inches; tossed the 28-pound hammer 92 feet 7 inches, and heaved the weight for height for 14 feet 3 inches.

The "Dazzler" has four wrestling brothers, all about the same size as he. Clark expects to bring them here for mat competition, feeling certain that they will meet with the same success he has. The brothers are James and John, older, and Alex and William, younger.

* * *

HANS KAMPFER, known the world over as the German Oak, is so widely known for his superhuman strength that followers of the sport will readily agree that the Dresden Destroyer, as Kampfer is also known, is about as good a grappler as anyone in the four corners of the universe.

The German has proved time and again that he knows all the tricks of the trade and is well capable of taking care of himself in the best of opposition. His dreaded Bear-Hug has squeezed into submission countless opponents.

Kampfer has taken on the best in the world, and included among his erstwhile opponents are such luminaries as Jim Londos, Rudy and Ernie Dusek, Gino Garibaldi, George "Cry-Baby" Zaharias, Sandor Szabo, Ed Don George, Henri DeGlane, Gus Sonnenberg, Joe Savoldi and many others. Each of them, to a man, will vouch for the expert mat ability of the Sturdy Oak.

* * *

AND there is Yvon Robert, the former championship claimant, if he can be termed a foreigner. Robert, who hails from the neighboring country of Canada, but who participated in most of his matches in the United States, is just about ready to set sail in a campaign which, he hopes, will eventually wind up with him regaining his lost laurels.

The French-Canadian has been on the sidelines for several months, due to a fractured leg suffered at the hands of Cliff Olsen, the burly Swede.

The return of the well-liked and spectacular Robert to active competition, added to the fact that O'Mahony, Casey, Clark and Kampfer are in this country for the purpose of proving their superiority over all who dare to match holds with them, has created international interest in this spectacular sport.

College Boxers

(Continued from page 27)

A champion is no weakling in any era. Take the case of Freddy Steele, for instance. One of Steele's hardest fights before he won the middleweight championship was with Leonard.

Bennett could punch. At the start of the very first round, he broke Steele's jaw with a smashing left hook.

Steele not only went on with the bout—although he couldn't box again for months afterwards—but he actually won the fight! Six tough rounds, beating a terrific puncher. Steele can take it, and don't let anybody tell you otherwise.

And some of these modern middleweights can dish it out, too. Steele is a wicked puncher himself. So is Jock McAvoy, the English middleweight champion. Albert Barjolin, the former light-heavyweight champion of France, came over to Manchester to fight McAvoy. In the second round, McAvoy landed a solid wallop on Barjolin's jaw. The Frenchman went down for a count of five, got up, and "retired" from the fight, pointing helplessly to his jaw. A doctor examined him, and found that McAvoy's punch had broken off two of Barjolin's upper molars at the base.

Boxing's Greatest Duo

(Continued from page 12)

Dave Miller considers Steele the absolute standout of all fighters spawned or developed in the great Northwest, and who can deny it?

"Freddie Steele is the last fighter I'll ever manage; but as long as he's in the ring, I'll be his manager," says Miller.

Marcel Thil's retirement, in France, leaves Steele absolute and undisputed champion of the world today. His right to the title is crystal-clear. Since acquiring the title, Steele has twice defended his crown; once at Milwaukee against Gorilla Jones; then, in February, at Madison Square Garden, against Babe Risko. Both were decisive victories.

As stated before, there have been other great teams in boxing; but in this one respect, the Miller-Steele combine is unique: Dave Miller tied the first pair of gloves that Freddie Steele wore, and you can bet all the bourbon in Kentucky that he'll tie the last pair as well. In the ten years that they've been together, there has never been a single serious difference, or even one of any consequence whatsoever.

Nor has success spoiled either of this partnership. There isn't a more modest or unassuming champion in the ring today than Steele; and Dave Miller is just as ready to help a friend in distress as he always was.

* * *

YOU'D never think it, to look at him, but Dave Miller once boxed as a pro himself. That was almost a hundred pounds ago, and fully sixteen years ago. Dave weighed about two hundred then; he worked out now and then with his fighters, acting as sparring partner for exercise. He was then in partnership with Joe Waterman, now promoting at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles, and doing a splendid job.

Miller and Waterman numbered among their pugs a lad named "Soapy" Smith—so-called, perhaps, because he didn't use it. They had Smith booked to fight a chap named Ray Feeley at a town called Bucoda, Wash. You can find it, on a big map; but it will have to be a very large map.

On the night of the fight, "Soapy" Smith disappeared; couldn't be found. It was a matter of serious import to the struggling managers. Then Miller got a brain-throb: he would substitute for Smith! Waterman looked at Miller's prominent mid-section with misgivings, and shook his head.

"You'll get killed, Dave," he said. "You haven't trained, and you never had a professional fight in your life!"

Nevertheless, Miller climbed through the ropes that night; he went through six rounds, believe it or not, and had his hand raised at the conclusion! He got twenty per cent of a five-hundred-dollar house, but he was prouder of that money than any he has earned since. After the fight, however, Miller asked the promoter if he could make an announcement, and got permission.

"Ladies and gentlemen: I would like to say that this was my first fight." There was a cheer from the audience, but Dave raised his hand for silence. "I would like to announce, also, ladies and gentlemen, that this is positively my LAST fight!"

A Close-Up of Benny Lynch

(Continued from page 18)

the Irish champion, in an overweight match.

Lynch was suffering from hand injuries at the time and had a rest until May before he entered the ring again. He began by stopping Mickey McGuire, the Newcastle crack, who beat both Jackie Brown and Young Perez of Tunis in four rounds, and three days later he knocked out Pat Warburton in three rounds at London. Syd Parker lasted nine rounds at Glasgow, where, in September, Benny defended his world's, British and European titles against Pat Palmer of London.

Fully 30,000 spectators paid for admission that night and they saw Lynch score a classic win by the knockout route in the eighth round. In November, Benny stopped Phil Milligan in seven rounds at Manchester, and then came the big chance he had long sought—a title fight with Small Montana, the American nominee for his throne.

The fight took place at Wembley before 9,000 spectators on January 19, last, and after a magnificent contest, in which Lynch revealed the skill of a master, the verdict went to Lynch on points. Three weeks later, at Glasgow, Lynch outpointed Fortunato Ortega of Spain over twelve rounds.

He has signed articles to defend his championships against Jimmy Warnock of Belfast at Glasgow on June 2, and if successful then, will take all his titles into the ring against either Peter Kane of Liverpool or Phil Milligan of Oldham in September next again at Glasgow.

Conqueror of the champions of every country, Lynch is a worthy title-holder. A married man, he has one baby son, whose future welfare is his sole concern. At twenty-three years of age, Lynch has the world at his feet and this spectacular little fighter has an ambition to win the world's bantamweight championship from Sixto Escobar of Puerto Rico. He may get his chance this summer when he expects to go to the United States.

Mighty Blows

(Continued from page 14)

of tremendous force, but his staying power and ability to take punishment, and to come back hitting as hard as ever, were truly phenomenal.

Early in the fight with Sayers, he let drive with a terrific right, which Sayers saw coming, and took on his raised right arm—but the force of the punch was irresistible. Crack! it went against the arm, and back went the arm against the Englishman's face with terrible consequences both to arm and features. The limb began to swell and to blacken immediately and never again in the fight was it used as a weapon of offense.

Both men received and bore with fortitude almost unbelievable punishment in this battle. Sayers, although only 5 ft. 8½ ins. high was one of the surest and hardest punchers that ever lived and with flush hits to the face got home so often and with such force on Heenan, that it seemed impossible for the American to continue because his eyes, nose and mouth were wellnigh indistinguishable in the bruised and pulped flesh of his face. Even Sayers appeared to be astonished that he should continue for the Englishman left his corner during one of the rests and peered curiously and even pityingly into Heenan's features as though marvelling at his own handiwork.

* * *

AND when the statement is made that Sayers could hit, it can be taken as correct. Nor was Heenan the first big man that he had ever fought and rendered almost unrecognizable with telling blows. At this time Sayers had already met and defeated William Perry, the Tipton Slasher, a man nearly as tall and as heavy as Heenan, and an older and more practised fighter. This is how a writer of the period described the 9th round of Tom's battle with the Slasher:

"In the 9th round the Tipton Slasher came up very slowly. Sayers delivered three blows in rapid succession, three terrifying facers that fairly dazed the old 'un. The last of the three caught him on the mouth and ripped the lip open like paper! whilst his jaw was suddenly bulged out like that of an ape. He staggered and fell, Sayers falling over him in coming forward to strike again."

So ravaged was the Slasher by these blows that the crowd, hardened though they were to scenes of violence, cried out: "Send him home—don't let him fight any more! don't touch him, Tom, he's licked."

* * *

HEENAN also gave and took awful punishment in his fight with a friend of Tom Sayers'—Tom King—about three years after the championship battle of 1860. King was a worthy opponent for Heenan, a six-footer with a terrific punch and a great knowledge of the game. At one stage of the fight it is recorded by the historian that "King, with the swiftness of lightning put a crushing blow full in the face of Heenan, sending all his weight behind it. It sounded like the splash of a wet fish thrown upon a marble slab, and the blood poured in streams from Heenan's mouth and nose."

But later on in the fight the American pulled himself together and downed Tom King with a frightful smash in the face only one degree less in force than the previous blow. And then King, in his turn, recovered, came up to scratch in time and eventually won.

They were tough, those two boys, but not foolhardy. They knew when they had had enough. King was 28 years of age and Heenan 30, but neither ever fought in the ring again. King had fought Jem Mace twice and Heenan once and that was sufficient for him. Heenan had faced John Morrissey, Tom Sayers and Tom King, and he did not want any more.

* * *

TERRIBLE blows were exchanged in the first fight between the Virginian negro Tom Molineux and the Englishman Tom Cribb in 1810. Fought under Broughton's rules the match was a succession of knock-downs and throw-downs and lasted nearly an hour. Again and again Cribb downed the black with straight arm's length blows, with 199 pounds of scientifically distributed weight behind them, and again and again the black jumped immediately to his feet and charged at Cribb, and punched or threw him down.

One fearful right to the ribs almost finished Cribb, for it stretched him out inert and breathless on the ground while the precious seconds ticked by. Many people hold the belief that the blow really did finish Cribb and that poor Tom was shamelessly robbed of victory, because when time was up the Englishman's seconds ran to Molineux and started a dispute over the force of the blow, which they claimed could never have had the effect that it did unless helped by some object held in the hands of the striker.

Tom opened his hands and showed that they were empty, and the seconds retired, but in the meantime twice the allowed period of rest had elapsed and Cribb had recovered sufficiently to be able to toe the mark. That was in the 28th round. No more pathetic picture can be imagined than that of poor Tom Molineux a few rounds later, when battered, exhausted, and broken hearted he stood in the ring, and dropping his hands said to Richmond, his second "Massa, me can fight no more."

Tom had been a slave in Virginia—a slave to gentlemen, gamblers, fighters, but men of their word, and it had been a crushing blow to him to realize that here among the sporting bloods of England he could be treated so.

It seemed to him that he had won the fight, but had been robbed of victory by a confidence trick. Fight as he liked with all the force and fury of his gallant nature he could not hope to win so "Massa, me can fight no more" he said.

They were not the words of a quitter, nor of a coward. They came from the heart—the broken heart—of poor Tom Molineux.

N.Y.'s Lightweight Classics

(Continued from page 13)

thousand dollars to see Tony Canzoneri defend his lightweight championship against Kid Chocolate in the Garden in 1931 got their share of thrills produced by great speed and skill sustained at a breakneck pace for forty-five minutes. The excitement caused by the Chocolate-Canzoneri exhibition was strictly not of the dock walloper type, but was fully as interesting and pulse-stopping as a slugging bee could have been.

If the crowd at the Polo Grounds the night of June 15, 1927, could have known that the Goldstein-Terris bout was only to last for a minute and a half, many might have stayed away, and lived to regret it forever after. For what this seesaw affair lacked in length it made up in drama.

The rival East Side idols, next door neighbors for many years, took turns dropping each other, but Ruby was the one who was counted out, less than two minutes after the bout had begun. It seemed unbelievable that the pale, finely featured English Hebrew, facing the capable Bruce Flowers, could possess the stamina and strength necessary to cope with so able a foe.

The ten rounds that followed were fought amid scenes of hysterical excitement as Jack Kid Berg, ceaselessly pressing forward, his gloved hands forever punching, stood toe to toe with the New Rochelle Negro for the entire duration of the contest. This is another one that New York fans will never forget and no fighter ever made a more sensational Garden debut.

* * *

CLARENCE GILLESPIE, veteran fight manager, stoutly declares that there was never a lightweight fight anywhere, in his opinion, to equal the Willie Jackson-Charlie White go in the old Garden back in 1922. The hard-hitting New Yorker was never quite the same after the body battering he assimilated from the Chicago left hook artist, and White himself suffered severe punishment all through the fifteen gruelling rounds.

The brawl between Jackson and Jimmy Hanlon was cast in the same rugged mold, with the Denver Iron Man refusing to take a backward step before the withering fire of the East Sider for ten brutal rounds. Ace Hudkins and Stanislaus Loayza turned in the same kind of a performance at the Coney Island Stadium in 1926, in the days when the Nebraska Wildcat was the most rip-tearing individual in the ring.

The spectacle of the peerless Leonard on the floor after he had thrice dropped Ritchie Mitchell will forever remain in the minds of the capacity crowd present in the old Garden that night in 1921. Leonard arose to finally subdue the Milwaukee Irishman in the sixth round, but that first-round knockdown of the invincible Benny makes the match unforgettable.

Best of the lightweight battles around New York in the pre-war era was the famous Willie Ritchie-Leach Cross imbroglio in the old Garden on November 10, 1913. This aggressive pair stood toe to toe for ten bitter no-decision rounds that old-timers still call the toughest ever seen in the big town between 135-pounders.

There have been others, for New York has always had a liking for the lightweights, those mentioned above are simply the ones that are always recalled when an epic struggle of the proportions of that staged by Montanez and Venturi flashes across the fistic horizon.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

A FEW weeks ago, when I learned that you, Hype Igoe, Lou Brix and Hymie Caplin were on your way to San Juan to attend the Escobar-Salica fight, memories of the early days of boxing in Puerto Rico were recalled to my mind. I was a sports writer down in San Juan, on the famous *La Democratia,* the oldest paper on the Island of Enchantment, and as such I had an opportunity to see the rise of the two great little men who have brought fame to our people.

I can see three figures creeping along the Hall of Shadow. A scheming, plotting lot who call themselves the Gods of Chance. Today they have decided to annihilate one (or two) of Destiny's favorite sons. The extreme penalty is the price . . . . OBLIVION.

Dusk has long settled over the Island of Puerto Rico. The Gods of Chance have had their say. It is about nine o'clock when we follow the fight crowd to San Juan's temple of Pugilism—The Vitcory Garden. The best amateurs of the Island have gathered in the capital city to show their wares.

It is about the third or fourth bout. Two little mites have crawled into the ring. One appears to be confident, cocksure of himself; the other one is nervous, uncertain of the outcome. To the attentive eye it seems as though the last one was afraid of the crowd, as though he were ready to chuck it all. Now the announcer begins his usual presentation. "In this corner," he shouts in a clear-cut tone, "Sixto Escobar, amateur flyweight champion of San Juan."

A roar goes up from the crowd. They know that this little man can really fight. "And his opponent tonight," continues the announcer, "a last-minute substitute from Cayey, Pedro Montanez." For a moment the crowd is silent, eyeing the little brown boy from Cayey with a sense of pity. But after all, the Gods of Chance have decreed that many must be sacrificed at the Altar of Ambition if their little champion is going to go anywhere in the ring.

The bell sounds. Escobar flickers away with a tantalizing left to his opponent's face. Montanez keeps walking into those beautiful left jabs. Escobar crosses a right that makes Pedro's eyes blink. As the round ends, Montanez connects a corking left hook to Escobar's chin. The crowd applauds frantically as both boys go to their respective corners.

In the second round, Montanez's bobbing and weaving tactics were making it uncomfortable for Sixto. Once Escobar sent a haymaker that only missed by a fraction of an inch. There is no doubt as to what would have happened if that punch landed.

The third was very much like the second. Escobar concentrating on the face, while Montanez kept hammering the body at close range. At the end of the third and last round it was so very close it was almost impossible to separate the winner.

But if there had been any edge it belonged to Montanez. After the announcer collected the slips . . . one could hear his voice despite the noise of the crowd announcing that Montanez was the winner. The crowd gave the two little gladiators a splendid hand as they left the ring.

There are very few who know how close they came to seeing Montanez or Escobar enter the boxing fraternity. For I am almost positive that if Escobar had landed his kayo punch on Montanez, the kid would have turned to another profession; or on the other hand, if Escobar had taken a terrific beating at the hands of his adversary, he too, probably, would have never stepped into the select circle of pugilism.

The fight is one of the richest treasures in my memory book. For it was the first and last encounter of the two greatest fighting men of our day. After seeing Barney Ross waltz his way through fifteen rounds with Jannazzo; after watching McLarnin step all over Lou Ambers, I am certain that there is no lightweight or welterweight that can beat the one and only Don Diablo.

One look at Quintana's prostrate body lying all over the canvas in Madison Square Garden, and I was convinced that the name of Escobar belongs with those other greats of Fistiana. I mean the gamecocks of the ring . . . Villa, Herman, Dixon and the rest.

Again we listen close to the conversation of three figures of sombre mien. They are angry because they had been fooled. Someone had upset their plans.

And then from somewhere we hear the happy chuckles of a voice familiar to us. It is the mighty ruler . . . Destiny. You see, he, too, was present at the battle of the Titans. He too, was interested in the outcome of that fray.

ABIGAIL NARVAEZ,
Former Sports Editor, *La Democratia,*
Puerto Rico.

* * *

WRITERS will never be able to give due credit to such ring immortals as McGovern, Nelson, Ketchel, Sullivan.

Handsome "Terrible" Terry in his prime would have gone through the modern crop of feathers, lights and welterweights like a howling tornado. He would have flattened them one after the other, like nine pins, and had the rest jumping out of the ring. He could have gone against the best light and welters with his hands tied behind him—and won! on sheer aggressiveness. They would have broken their hearts and hands on the "Iron" man.

And to think what handsome Stanley Ketchel would have done to the middle and heavyweights. Oh me! Oh my! He would have stiffened Steel, Balsamo, Seelig and the rest in about two rounds apiece. He would have set the muchly overrated Louis on his fancy pants in about four heats; and laid Schmeling to rest in the rosin in 8 rounds.

John L. Sullivan! Most of the heavies of today wouldn't have risked their lives by getting into the ring with the mighty John L. He would have rocked Schmeling to sleep in four rounds, and would have blasted Louis out into the 20th row of seats with one terrific right hand smash and Jim Jeffries would have done the same.

MR. JACK LUBIN,
Berkeley, Calif.

* * *

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

YOUR number of the Louis-Schmeling fight was a most interesting one, and since then I have seen the film of the fight, which appeared to be uncut and untouched in any way. Schmeling, in the act of rolling inside a left hook and leading a short inside right cross to the jaw, is almost certainly fully the equal of Sam Langford or Gene Tunney. He would probably have stopped Jack Dempsey had he met him in the form he showed against Bill Brennan.

A left hook is a most dangerous punch to try to use against him. The kind of fighters who would probably beat him would be one of the type of the old time Australian school—a man such as Peter Jackson or Mick Dooley. This school taught its men to be fast on their feet, only to use the right at close quarters as a short, hard jarring punch, and to use a long lance-like left jab at long range. This was occasionally varied by a fast wrist-stab to the body from medium range—very effective in "sapping his wind."

This school had its obvious defects for all round use, but is most effective against a certain type of fighter. The left hook was unknown to this school.

I hope Schmeling gets the first chance at the title which he deserves. He has earned it.

RING READER—West Australia.

* * *

I HAVE always wanted to write you about your marvelous publication, THE RING, the like of which we have none in England, and consequently your "mag" is looked on as quite an authority by all people with the sport of boxing at heart.

C. J. ROBINSON,
West Derby, Lancashire, England.

"BIRDS of a feather flock together." Nothing truer was ever uttered.

It is a good many years since I was sojourning in Sydney, Australia. I had, at that time, only one desire and it was all consuming, viz; to become identified with the "White Horse Inn" during Larry Foley's administration, to watch, and often mix with some of the aspirants to fistic fame who were always in evidence at all hours of the day and night in his gymnasium.

Larry, besides being a top-notcher at the noble art of fisticuffs —in the days when bare-knuckles ruled—was a man of fine personality and extremely popular with all comers.

Jem Mace, an Englishman with nomadic instincts, after visiting the United States, turned his attention to Australia. After having arrived there and looked things over, he decided on Sydney as the most likely camping spot, and the home of Larry Foley. This was about the year 1877.

Jem was a bare knuckle fighter himself, consequently, it did not take him long before becoming acquainted with Larry Foley, an acquaintance that ripened into a great friendship. The result of this friendship culminated in their carrying on together at Larry's gymnasium. Many Australian boxers of those days owed all their success to the early training acquired at Larry's.

And here I must pay tribute to a man who had a lot to do in helping many aspirants of the noble art in reaching the United States. His name is Tom James, or was, if he has passed on.

Tom carried on as chief steward of the S. S. Zealandia, a spreckles boat, running in conjunction with two other vessels, and carrying mail between San Francisco and Australia. I happened, eventually, to be a resident at Honolulu, Hawaii, and it was while I was there that I saw evidence of how some of the Australian fistic talent was blowing into the United States.

A great friendship existed between Tom and me, and I never missed the opportunity of paying him a visit each time his vessel reached Honolulu. It was on one of these occasions (his vessel had just arrived from Australia) when, after greeting Tom, I engaged in the following conversation with him:

"Step down into the cabin, I want to show you something," said Tom. I readily complied, Tom following me down.

We seated ourselves at a settee where we had a full view of the cabin help who were busily engaged in cleaning up, Tom then said, "See that tall, lanky guy over there?"

I looked where he had pointed, and said, "Yes, Tom, what about him?"

He said, "Listen: a few days before leaving Sydney, having nothing to do, I was strolling down one of the main streets, when I was accosted by that guy. He told me that he was a fighter, and asked me to take him over the pond to the United States. He said that he had cleaned up everything thereabouts and was anxious to try his luck in the United States.

"Well I'm a pretty good trial horse myself, and he looked like the goods, I quickly made up my mind to give him a tryout.

"So I steered him over to Larry's gym, and had him put on the mitts with me. After we had them on, I said, 'Now get busy, as I haven't much time.'

"He got busy, all right. There were only two blows struck; he hit me, and I hit the floor. I just dusted myself off and told him to follow me.

"I took him to an old friend of mine who was engaged in the tailoring business, and told him to measure him for a suit of clothes. After which we went to a gent's furnishing store, and from there to a shoe store. I wanted to see how he would stack up with a bunch of glad rags on, also I knew a first impression carries quite a distance in the United States.

"Eventually I asked him how he was fixed for cash. He said, 'I've still got a faint jingle.' I added a little to his 'faint jingle' and told him to show up on sailing day and I would do the rest.

"When sailing day arrived, I was, as always, at the gangway watching passengers embark. As it was getting near departure time, I was beginning to wonder whether he had double-crossed me, but all at once, I espied him coming up the gangway. He was sporting a Prince Albert suit of clothes, a stove pipe hat, a walking stick, and carrying a small handbag.

"As soon as I recognized him I said, pointing to the handbag, 'You seem to have a load?'

"He answered, 'This is the only load I've had for some time—my fighting trunks are in there.'

"I said, 'Go down below and wait for me.'

"When I went below, I told him that just by way of formality, I would have to sign him up on the ship's articles. He agreed willingly and signed on as a waiter.

"His signature read, 'Robert Fitzsimmons.'"

A. W. ROAH, Hope, British Columbia, Canada.

* * *

WE have had a wonderful wrestling season in N. Z. Such wrestlers as Ed. Don George, Paul Boesek, Bob House, Wee Willie Davis, Donnie Dusek, Joe Woods, Harry Kent, Jack Forsgren, and Jumping Joe Savoldi were some of the ones present. Being only a girl, I won't give my opinion of the best ones, as I'm sure men can do that better than I.

I would be very grateful if you could publish the following part of my letter in "Letters from Our Readers" page.

I would like boys who read THE RING to write to me, and exchange remarks about wrestling, of course, and general topics also. O.K. boys. If you do that I'll be very glad, and I won't let you down, so don't fail me, will you.

MERLE HOLLAND,
Bridge St., Bulls, North Island, New Zealand.

* * *

YOU can imagine that THE RING is greatly appreciated in this remote station, and your articles in particular are very popular among the lads.

I however, have written this letter in the nature of a "crib." I notice in the ranking list of THE RING that such a great fighter as Len Harvey is neglected. I read some time ago your reply to such a letter as this when someone wrote about Nel Tarleton. Your remarks included "A fighter is rated mostly on activity in the division in which he fights." Does that not infer that a fighter is ranked on activity, not *ability*. Perhaps you will understand me better when you have read that Len Harvey held the highly rated light-heavy champion, John Henry Lewis, to a very hotly disputed points victory.

F. EDGAR R. FLEMAN,
1st Bn. The Cameronians,
Landi Kotal, N.W.F.P., India.

* * *

JUST a few lines to congratulate you upon the consistently first-rate standard which you have maintained since I became a regular reader some five years ago. THE RING's annual rating which you publish this month is once again, in my opinion very fair to all concerned. However, I should not be human if I did not have some slight criticism to offer, so here goes.

Concerning the middleweight class you state "If Thil should retire, there can be no doubt regarding the ownership of the crown by the American champion" Freddie Steele. In my opinion, when making the above statement you overlook a man who has, in the event of Thil's retirement, as great a claim to the world crown as any middleweight alive. I speak of the British titleholder, Jack McAvoy. The latter in addition to cleaning up every fighter at or near his weight in this country has also stopped Kid Tunero (who holds a decision over Thil) in seven rounds and K.O.ed your then champ, Babe Risko in one round (a thing which Steele has never come near to doing). As further proof of his ability the Britisher has also outpointed one of your best lightheavies in Al McCoy (now a heavy) and given Thil a rough tussle when Thil *was* Thil. Lastly, I would point out that McAvoy is a genuine middleweight *not* a cruiser as your rankings suggest.

I am very sorry to hear of the tragic death of Tony Marino.

I remain,
JOHN LEONARD,
West Camp, Cranwell,
Gleaford, England.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Ralph Weinstein, Monticello, N. Y.

Q.—Can a heavyweight champion lose his title if he is knocked out in an exhibition? Or in a no-decision fight? May a heavyweight champion engage in an overweight match?

A.—Yes, he would lose the title. Yes. No, he cannot engage in an overweight match because there is no higher division.

Walter Bjorki, Jr., N. Y.

Q.—Is it true that Lord Lonsdale knocked down Sullivan?

A.—Not according to the records. I think it is mistaken identity.

Q.—What does the "L" in John L. Sullivan denote?

A.—Lawrence.

Archie Weill, New York City

Q.—To settle an argument will you kindly tell me how a fight can be lost in the ring without the judges' decision?

A.—A fight can be lost on a foul, by being stopped because of injuries, being halted because one fighter is outclassed by the other, it may be halted at the request of one of the fighters who cannot continue and it may be stopped when either one or both of the principals, in the opinion of the referee, is not trying.

Q.—In the event the referee feels that a fighter or both fighters are not giving their best and he decides to stop the fight, mustn't he call it "No contest?"

A.—No. He can call it "No contest" if he so desires but in doing that he would automatically make it known to the fans that his action was caused by the failure of the boxers to give their best. If however, he thought that only one of the boxers was not trying, he could, as in the case of the Leroy Haynes-Eddie Blunt fight award the bout to the one who in his opinion was doing the fighting. Although in my many years association with boxing in New York I have seen several bouts halted under the "No Trying" rule, the Blunt-Haynes fight was the first that has come to my attention where the referee decided to award the bout to one of the contestants.

Q.—Was Referee Cavanaugh within his rights when he gave Blunt the decision?

A.—Yes. It was all a matter that rested with the third man in the ring. His judgment is final.

Q.—If, as was the case, I had bet on Blunt to win and my friend had made no stipulation regarding halting the fight, losing on a foul or any other action by ring officials, is there any reason why I should not collect as my friend refuses to pay off?

A.—Based on your statement you undoubtedly won your bet. If, however, you had stipulated that in the event of a foul that the bet was off then I would say that even though the referee had named a winner, all bets are off because with such a stipulation you automatically would come under the rule on fouls. For example, a disqualification can be made by a referee only for some infraction of the rules and logically speaking any infraction of the rules, no matter how you might consider it, constitutes foul tactics because under the head of fouls, we consider infractions which are not permissable under the rules and since repeated holding or evading a fight are not permitted under the rules of boxing, I would regard such act as coming under the rule of fouls. There might be considerable argument on this point but that would be my opinion in the case you mention. If however, no mention is made on bets being off on account of fouls then you win as a winner was named.

Harry Franklin, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Was there ever a case in New York boxing under commission rules where a fighter has been disqualified for not trying as in the case of the Haynes-Blunt case and the bout awarded to one of the principals?

A.—Not to my knowledge. In all disqualifications that I recall the referee termed the bout "No contest." In the fight between Gorilla Jones and Harry Smith at the Queensboro Club the referee tossed both men out for not trying and called the bout "no contest."

About three summers ago, Jimmy Braddock and Abie Feldman fought in White Plains and the same Referee Cavanaugh halted the fight and called it "No contest." And I might add on my recent trip to Puerto Rico in the semi-final to the Escobar-Salica fight, the referee after warning one of the fighters five times for evading the issue with Morales, stopped the fight and had the announcement made that he had disqualified Morales opponent for not trying and awarded the decision to Morales. That was the first time I had ever seen this done.

A Reader, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—Could you please tell me where I could reach Sixto Escobar and Barney Ross by mail? How old are these two men?

A.—Escobar, New York Hippodrome, 43rd & 6th Ave., New York City. Ross, 180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. Escobar 24 and Ross 28 years of age.

J. G. H., Cork, Ireland

Q.—What were the last measurements of Dempsey and Tunney? What exercises would you recommend for developing between the shoulder blades and solar plexus? What weight would I be approximately when I stop growing. I am 20 years of age weight 12 stone, height 5 feet 9 inches.

A.—We have used the measurements of these men so often that we cannot give them again. You'll find 'em in my life story of Dempsey or Gene Tunney. "Training for Boxers" supplies all necessary information on the physical development of the body. You will probably reach the 6 feet mark and increase your weight by twenty-five pounds within the next two years.

D. Jarvin, Portland, Ore.

Q.—I am 19 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height and weigh 175 pounds. My chest is 40 inches normal and 42 inches expanded. My waist is 33½ inches, forearm 11¾, biceps 14, neck 16. Will I be big enough for the heavyweight division when I am 21? How old is Marcel Thil?

A.—You are nearing the heavyweight class now. There is no reason why you shouldn't reach 190 pounds or possibly more at 21. Thil was born May 29, 1904.

Myron Ludlow, East Aurora, N. Y.

Q.—Do you think Louis is as good as he was before the Schmeling bout? Do you think he will improve any more? What do you think of the chances of Jimmy Clark? How can you improve your stamina?

A.—No. Very good chance for further improvement. Clark is an excellent prospect. Road work and gymnasium exercises.

Inman Asher, Tiffin, Ohio.

Q.—Are judges of a fight allowed to favor a certain fighter with the most rounds and then call the fight a draw? How many knockouts has Max Baer scored since the Joe Louis fight?

A.—They can call a fight a draw but make a notation that the man who won the least number of rounds did the more effective hitting to even up matters. Baer has turned in 14 knockouts over mediocre opposition since the Louis fight.

Leonard Thompson, Memphis, Tenn.

Q.—I am fifteen years of age and five feet 6½ inches in height and weigh 133 pounds. What weight will I most likely be when I am full grown. Do you think I will grow much taller before I mature? Will losing weight to make lighter weight stunt my growth? How tall do you think I shall be?

A.—Middleweight. You will grow two or three more inches. Holding your weight down is bad for the health and I would not advise it.

Paul Hiatt, Ceres, Va.

Q.—I am eighteen years old and weigh 144 pounds. How much do you think I will weigh when 21. My height is five feet eight inches. How is Glen Lee of Nebraska doing and who is his manager? Where is Cowboy Eddie Anderson located now and is he still fighting?

A.—You will probably come close to a light-heavyweight. Glen Lee is fighting in good form on the Coast. His manager is Joey Greenberg. Anderson still fights occasionally and last reports had him around Iowa.

Scoby Dill, Jr. Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Q.—Was Young Joe Louis ever beaten in the pro ranks? How many wins has he had? Does Jock McAvoy fight in the middle or light-heavyweight ranks?

A.—Louis lost his first professional bout to Eddie Pierce recently in Denver. He had about sixty straight victories. McAvoy holds the British middleweight title but he fought as a light-heavy in this country. He can no longer make the middleweight division.

Reader in Canada

Q—Please give me the complete measurements of Lou Brouillard? Does he fight with his right foot and right hand extended? Will swinging three pound Indian clubs help to reduce?

A.—It is impossible to give the measurements on fighters as they take too much room and too much time to gather. Brouillard is a southpaw and fights as that you mentioned. That exercise will not necessarily help to reduce but it will strengthen your muscles and improve your physique.

James F. Thompson, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—How much sleep do the following men get—Braddock, Louis, Schmeling? What exercises should a boxer do in order to strengthen and maintain the toughness of his stomach? Is there any book written about the great George "Kid" Lavigne?

A.—Braddock, seven to nine hours. Louis ten to twelve hours. Schmeling, eight to ten hours. Various calisthenics on the mat enable him to keep his body muscles in proper condition. No book has been written on Lavigne.

P. P. Swetly, Shellwood, Canada

Q.—What are the best gloves used in the main bout. Five, six or eight ounces? I am doing exercises every night but with no stretcher or dumb bells, just arms, legs and body weights. Will I get muscle bound doing this?

A.—Six ounces is the customary weight for ring gloves. You will not get muscle bound following those exercises.

F. Thompson, Romford, Sussex, England

Q.—Taking an average, how long do professional boxers live?

A.—Just as long as the average age of others. Three score ten years is the accepted age.

Bob Segar, Chester, Ill.

Q.—I am southpaw. What would be best for me, to change to a right hander or be a southpaw? I am fourteen years of age.

A.—You must adapt the style best suited for your fighting. If you are a natural southpaw you would be fighting under a great handicap when changing your stance.

John Connelly, Trenton, Texas

Q.—What is the age, weight and height of Ray Impellitiere, Freddy Steele, Teddy Yarosz, Ben Foord, Leroy Haynes, Gunnar Barlund and Jack Trammell? Who is the better of these three—Barney Ross, Jimmy McLarnin, Tony Canzoneri? Is Bill Brennan, who manages Al McCoy, the same who fought Jack Dempsey? Who was or is the better of the following, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer or Braddock? What is Carnera doing at the present time?

A.—Impellitiere, age 27, weight 215, height 6 feet 7 inches. Steele age 25, weight 155, height 5 feet 10 inches. Yarosz age 27, weight 160, height 5 feet 10 inches. Foord age 25, weight 200 pounds, height 6 feet 1 inch. Haynes age 26, weight 190, height 6 feet 1 inch. Barlund age 24, weight 188, height 6 ft. 1½ inches. Trammell age 24, weight 193 pounds, height 6 feet 2 inches.

Ross at the present moment. No, the Brennan who fought Dempsey has been dead for several years. Braddock rates at the top of the others in his present form. Carnera has been resting but there are rumors that he will attempt a comeback. So his U. S. manager, Loresi, says.

Leo Goldberg, Joahnnesburgh, South Africa

Q.—My weight is 101 pounds and height five feet 1 inch. My age is 12 years, 11 months. Do you think that I will be a heavyweight? Do you think that Stevens will beat Freddy Miller?

A.—Your measurements are far too short for you to attain the proportions of a heavyweight. You may be a welterweight and reach about 5 feet 6 to 8 inches in height. Judging by Stevens's performance against Sarron, it is unlikely that he can whip Miller.

Sigmund Horwitz, Bowie, Md.

Q.—Will you please tell me how many times Max Baer was floored in his boxing career and how was he defeated by Braddock, decision or knockout?

A.—Outside of the few knockdowns suffered in the Joe Louis fight and a doubtful knockdown scored a few years ago in California he was never on the floor. Braddock won the decision over Baer in fifteen rounds.

Finlay McFadyen, Glasgow, Scotland

Q.—Would like to get some pointers on duties in a fighter's corner as a second. Is it better to let the boy rest between rounds or give him a rub? Should I give him some or what else between rounds?

A.—The most important thing during the minute's period is rest. Let the boy recline where he can relax his muscles and breathe properly. If he is tired or hurt then you can rub the injured parts but not unless he requests it. The only liquid between rounds is water to rinse the mouth only but not to swallow. If the boy has an upset stomach some aromatic spirits of ammonia will rid him of that.

Eddie J. Lemmon, New Brunswick, N. J.

Q.—"A" bets that Max Schmeling is the only man to kayo Johnny Risko in a boxing bout. "B" bets that Gene Tunney scored a kayo also over Risko and your answer will decide for us.

A.—"A" is correct. Schmeling is the only man to kayo Risko.

Dominic Canzanese, Camden, N. J.

Q.—Some people say that Primo Carnera has started a new comeback? If so, how many bouts has he won? What are the measurements of Al Ettore and Joe Louis? Will Tony Canzoneri retire?

A.—Carnera has issued a statement that he will make a comeback but hasn't had one fight to substantiate his statement. We have used the measurements of Louis and Ettore repeatedly in the last few issues of The Ring. Canzoneri is in training and will soon fight Ambers.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

IF only the activity continues among the outstanding boxers throughout the country, then it will only be a question of time before prosperity will be back at its greatest strength. Two world championship contests took place and the installation of Freddy Steele as the new middleweight king was witnessed during the past month.

The month saw the passing of Gunnar Barlund as a heavyweight possibility for the time being, following his two defeats at the hands of Nathan Mann and Bob Olin; Sixto Escobar retained his bantamweight title against Lou Salica; the passing of Marcel Thil as middleweight champion; Glen Lee, who cannot make the welterweight limit, scoring over Ceferino Garcia; Pedro Montanez whipping Enrico Venturi in a furious fifteen-round bout; Fred Apostoli returning to middleweight activity through his victory over Solly Krieger, and Jackie Wilson's place in the spotlight through his victory over Mike Belloise, provided the high lights of the month.

Beginning with the heavyweight class, we find Andre Lenglet, the French candidate, still in the picture by scoring a two-round knockout over Phil Brubaker in their return engagement. Joe Louis was credited with a four-round knockout over Natie Brown. Nathan Mann and Bob Olin stepped into the picture at the expense of Gunnar Barlund. Eddie Blunt won on a disqualification over Leroy Haynes in seven rounds. Lee Ramage disposed of Joe Bauer in ten rounds. Arturo Godoy drew with Maurice Strickland and kayoed Artie Sykes in three rounds. Sykes disposed of Trader Horn in two. Tiger Jack Fox kayoed Tex Erwin in two heats. Tony Galento kayoed Jack Moran in two and whipped Don Petrin. Don disposed of Jerry Pavelec in the second, while Jerry fell victim to Eddie Hogan in the first round.

Unknown Winston whipped Red Barry, Hank Hankinson scored a one-round knockout over Jim McVey. Roscoe Toles turned in one-round knockouts over Sandy McDonald and Tony Cancela. Frankie Connolly disposed of Butch Rogers in the third. Tom Beaupre whipped Jack Kranz. Tony Shucco bested Max Marek. Willie Reddish scored over Pal Silvers. Eddie Hogan disposed of Jack Tornado in four rounds. Italo Colonello kayoed Mickey McAvoy in the fourth. Obie Walker turned in a ten-round kayo over Jesse Caldwell.

Eddie Wenston whipped Jack Roper. Buddy Knox finished Salvatore Ruggirello in four sessions. Frank Tymosko kayoed Stanley Ketchell in one, while Jimmy Adamick, Detroit's latest knockout sensation, kayoed Fanis Tzanatopolous in two rounds. Eddie Mader drew with Charley Williams.

Among the light-heavies, Al Gainer takes first place with a win over John Anderson. Leo Kelly kayoed Jack Wilson in eleven rounds in Australia. Gus Lesnevich whipped Tony Celli. Fred Lenhart scored over Red Bruce. Carmen Barth whipped Ray Actis. Jack Gibbons defeated Mickey Misko. Swede Berglund won from Johnny Nelson, while Nelson triumphed over Charley Coates. Leroy Brown won from Eddie Mader and drew with Henry Palmeri. Dave Clark scored over Eddie Boyle.

Marty Simmons scored a knockout over Pietro Georgi in ten rounds. Domenic Ceccarelli kayoed Jimmy De Sola in four and whipped Buddy Ryan. Ryan scored over Eddie Houghton. Johnny Romero kayoed Tuffy Dial in four and drew with Emilio Martinez. Melio Bettina scored over Tony Celli.

After Marcel Thil was announced the winner on a foul over Lou Brouillard in Paris, when he was cleanly knocked out, the adverse publicity following the bout forced Thil to retire. This leaves the field clear for Steele as the established champion. Steele strengthened his claims when he won a clean-cut victory over Babe Risko in their fifteen-round bout in New York. Steele also disposed of Paul Pirrone in one round.

Ken Overlin kayoed Johnny Zawacki in two rounds. Fred Apostoli scored over Solly Krieger. Kid Tenet defeated Kid Tunero in Paris. Ron Richards was credited with a three-round kayo over Al Norwood in Australia, but later it was discovered that Richards' sparring partner was the innocent Norwood. Walter Woods turned in victories over Johnny Rossi and Roscoe Manning. Vince Dundee, making a comeback, defeated Joe Duca. Erich Seelig won over Jimmy Belmont.

Harry Balsamo kayoed Harry Moore in two rounds and whipped Jackie Aldare. Atilio Sabatino scored over Young Terry. Rudy Marshall whipped Danny Lyons. Tommy Freeman kayoed Mickey Breen in the fourth period. Ben Brown scored over Ray Lyle. Ralph De John kayoed Stanley Lynch in three rounds and defeated Jimmy Clark. Clark kayoed Joe Lyons in five heats. Al Hostack finished Johnny Sykes in two and Leonard Bennett in eight rounds.

Ceferino Garcia was the leading welterweight in action but he was beaten by Glen Lee, who cannot make the welterweight limit. Fritzie Zivic disposed of Johnny Jadick in six rounds and whipped Bobby Pacho. Cocoa Kid scored a twelve-round kayo over Jack Portney. Gustave Eder whipped Al Baker in Germany. Saverio Turiello defeated Joe Pennino. Milt Aron won from Gaston Le Cadre. Andrea Jessurun whipped Tony [illegible] and Willie Eley, while Willie scored over [illegible] Macedon.

Frankie Blair defeated Paulie Walker, [illegible] Paulie disposed of Bobby Wilson in eight [illegible] Wildcat O'Connor scored over Tony [illegible] Johnny Lucas. Sammy Fuller turned in a [illegible] round kayo over Andy Callahan. Tracey [illegible] whipped Willard Brown. Sonny Jones [illegible] of Alby Day in two rounds. Joe Gelinas [illegible] Six Second Powell. Dale Sparr whipped Al [illegible] fredo. Johnny Clinton scored over Lew Raymo[illegible] Teddy Loder defeated Vince De Angelo, [illegible] Baby Salvy Saban stopped Gaspare Abruzz[illegible] three rounds.

Among the lightweights, we have Lou Ambe[illegible] winning an overweight match from Al [illegible] Pedro Montanez whipped Enrico Venturi [illegible] kayoed Al Dunbar in one and Willie Hines in [illegible] rounds. Venturi drew with Frankie Wallace, [illegible] was beaten by Johnny Morro. Eddie Cool [illegible] over Red Cochrane and Johnny Toomey. Wes[illegible] Ramey and Red Guggino split two decisions [illegible] ing the month, Guggino winning the first [illegible] Ramey the second. Aldo Spoldi drew with [illegible] Beauhold and whipped Irving Eldridge. Lew [illegible] Feldman defeated Howard Scott, while [illegible] whipped Eddie McGeever.

Charley Gomer lost to Tommy Speigal, [illegible] scored over Geno Salvatore. Norment Quarles [illegible] feated Chino Alvarez. Jimmy Walsh whipped [illegible] Corbett but was beaten by Dave Crowley. Charley [illegible] Burns drew with Perfecto Lopez. Midget Wolfe [illegible] scored over Tommy Cross. Maxie Berger whipped [illegible] Phil Baker, drew with Eddie Brink, while Bobby [illegible] scored over Maxie Fisher. Lew Massey defeated [illegible] Gene Gollotto. Larry Greb won over Al Nettie. [illegible] Leo Rodak defeated Kid Irish.

Henry Armstrong takes first place with [illegible] featherweights with his four-round knockouts over [illegible] Varias Milling and California Joe Rivers. Jackie [illegible] Wilson scored a victory over Mike Belloise. Tony [illegible] Chavez whipped Young Rightmire. Dick Corbett [illegible] won over George Marsden. Moon Mullins defeated [illegible] Chico Romo. Johnny Pena whipped Lou Gevinas, [illegible] but was stopped by Danny London in five rounds. [illegible] Al Reid beat Al Nickey Jerome but was beaten [illegible] by Frankie Terranova.

Dick Welsh scored over Nick Camarata. Vince [illegible] Vallee won over Biff-Bang Lemieux. Lew Feldman [illegible] kayoed Chang Collura in one round. Toby Vigil [illegible] kayoed Speedy Dado. Kid Chocolate drew with [illegible] Bernie Friedkin and scored over Jimmy Lancaster. Wally Hally won over George Hansford. [illegible] Nel Tarleton scored over Frank Harsen but was [illegible] beaten by Spider Kelly. Billy Buxton kayoed Abie [illegible] Israel in three rounds. Petey Hayes whipped Manuel [illegible] Diaz. Al Citrino scored over Sonny Valdez, while [illegible] Jackie Carter won from Lloyd Pine.

Sixto Escobar's successful defense of the bantam [illegible] title against Lou Salica in Puerto Rico was the [illegible] high spot of the division's activity. Harry Jeffra [illegible] whipped Lawrence Gunn. Frankie Martin kayoed [illegible] Buddy Hayes in three heats. Indian Quintana [illegible] disposed of Harry Gentile in four, Jimmy English [illegible] in five, and Freddy Lattanzio in seven rounds. [illegible] K. O. Morgan won from Sammy Crocetti. Johnny [illegible] Cusick whipped Ginger Roberts and Jack Kilburn. [illegible] burn. Bobby Leyvas scored over Nickey Jerome. [illegible] Aurel Toma won from Henry Hook. Petit Biguet [illegible] defeated Maurice Huguenin.

Benny Lynch, newly crowned flyweight champion, did not fare so well against Len Hampshire [illegible] in an overweight match. Lynch was floored several [illegible] times and was on the canvas, stretched out, when [illegible] one of his seconds entered the ring, causing his [illegible] disqualification in the fifth round. Lynch scored [illegible] over Fortunato Ortega in another fight. Peter [illegible] Kane kayoed Paul Schafer in one round. Tiny [illegible] Bostock whipped Jim Campbell. Small Montana [illegible] turned in his first European victory over Pat [illegible] Palmer. Jim Warnock defeated Jim Brady and [illegible] Pedrito Ruiz. Pat Palmer beat Young Chocolate [illegible] in six rounds. Ernst Weiss beat Phil Milligan, [illegible] Tut Whalley knocked Dick Lewis out in five and [illegible] drew with Jim McStravick. Walter Morton [illegible] knocked out Jack Aitken in six rounds.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending March 11:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Teddy Yarosz	Jack Carroll
2—Joe Louis	Jock McAvoy	Ken Overlin	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Maxey Rosenbloom	Leo Kelly	Fred Apostoli	Ceferino Garcia
4—Andre Lenglet	Gus Lesnevich	Lou Brouillard	Izzy Jannazzo
5—Al Ettore	Fred Lenhart	Solly Krieger	Fritzie Zivic
6—Nathan Mann	Carmen Barth	Babe Risko	Cocoa Kid
7—Eddie Blunt	Jack Gibbons	Kid Tenet	Gustave Eder
8—Bob Pastor	Allen Matthews	Ron Richards	Saverio Turiello
9—Bob Nestell	Swede Berglund	Gorilla Jones	Bobby Pacho
10—Lee Ramage	Bud Mignault	Walter Woods	Milt Aron

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Henry Armstrong	Harry Jeffra	Peter Kane
2—Eddie Cool	Jackie Wilson	Frankie Martin	Valentin Anglemann
3—Enrico Venturi	Freddy Miller	Indian Quintana	Tiny Bostock
4—Tony Canzoneri	Mike Belloise	Lou Salica	Small Montana
5—Wesley Ramey	Johnny McGrory	K. O. Morgan	Jim Warnock
6—Red Guggino	Tony Chavez	Baltasar Sangchili	Pat Palmer
7—Davey Day	Young Rightmire	Johnny Cusick	Pierre Louis
8—Aldo Spoldi	Dick Corbett	Bobby Leyvas	Ernst Weiss
9—Billy Beauhold	Juan Zurita	Aurel Toma	Johnny Jurich
10—Lew Feldman	Pete De Grasse	Henry Hook	Tut Whalley

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Baby Yack, Toronto, Canada.
Bantamweight—Harry Valan, New York City.
Featherweight—Charley Catterall, South Africa.
Lightweight—Ray Sharkey, Cleveland, Ohio.
Welterweight—Fritzie McBride, Philadelphia, Pa.
Middleweight—Roy Chapman, Unionville, Pa.
Light-heavyweight—Tommy Tucker, New York City.
Heavyweight—Curt Jost, Germany.

Will You Help?

I want to complete my record files. Can you supply me with old record books—No Everlast or Post wanted. The older, the better. NAT FLEISCHER, The Ring, Madison Square Garden, 825 8th Ave., New York City.

pionship. The belt was offered by Nat Fleischer. Maxie Berger, Montreal lightweight youngster, is breaking all existing records at the New York Coliseum. In his match with Phil Baker he attracted 14,000 spectators, who contributed $4,500 and who saw Berger win the verdict after a stirring fight. Two weeks later, 15,000 stormed the gates to see Berger engage in a drawn battle with Eddie Brink, and on this occasion the receipts amounted to $5,000. The Coliseum is one of the marvels of New York's fight clubs. Nothing but forty cents admission prices made this club the talk of the town and weekly they continue to attract 10,000 and upwards with the low price as a magnet. At the present moment, Berger is their outstanding attraction—Bernie Friedkin, fighting in his first stellar attraction, did himself proud in getting a draw with Kid Chocolate at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn after eight rounds. They did capacity business and Bernie had the satisfaction of scoring a clean knockdown in the last round. It seems as if Frank Jacobs, who formerly managed Jackie Kid Berg, has found another money maker.

Erich Seelig scored over Jimmy Belmont in their ten-rounder at the Broadway Arena. Danny London stopped Johnny Pena when the latter was forced to halt because of an injured eye in the fifth round. Johnny Rohrig disposed of Willie Nussbaum in the fifth session—Paulie Walker disposed of Bobby Wilson in the last round of their eight-round match at the St. Nick's. Benny Berman drew with Charley Diaz in the six-round semi-final—Lou Ambers, current lightweight champion, turned in a fine performance in whipping Al Roth at the St. Nick's. Maxie Farber won over Eddie Alzek in the semi—Aurel Toma, European bantamweight champion, is a welcome stranger to these parts. In whipping Henry Hook at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn he proved to be a veritable buzzsaw and the fight fans will like his style, judging him on the Hook performance—Jack Laken is boosting the stock of Jackie Wilson, Pittsburgh featherweight, and if his victory over Mike Belloise may be taken as a criterion, then the featherweight headliners will have something to worry about.

The recent retirement of Marcel Thil, French middleweight, whom THE RING has upheld for the past five years as the legitimate world middleweight champion, will be received with mingled cries of sighs and relief. It paves the way for a real fighter to be heralded as the world champion, FREDDY STEELE, whom hitherto we had regarded as merely the American title-holder. Too much sympathy cannot be wasted on Thil. He had several opportunities to come to this country and show his wares, but preferred the protection of French officials each time that his title was at stake. Steele, on his past performances, will be a fighting champion—Jack Puggy, Philadelphia manager of Willie Reddish, is complaining that the leading heavies are giving his boy the run-around. Reddish has beaten Otis Thomas, Eddie Simms, Obie Walker and a draw with Leroy Haynes to his credit. He is looking for bigger game and would prefer Arturo Godoy, Bob Olin and Bob Pastor.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

JIMMY ADAMICK'S knockout of durable Bill Bommer was the high light of the past month as far as Detroit is concerned. Adamick continued his ever-increasing string of knockouts, while Bommer was a knockout victim for the first time. Bommer was the first experienced fighter Adamick had opposed, and the Midland boy came through with flying colors. They drew a $7,000 house for Nick Londes at the Naval Armory, which was the most money taken in at the Naval Armory for a professional boxing show for some time.

Fanis Tzanatopoulos, the rugged Greek who boxed in Detroit three times, splitting two decisions with Bommer and dropping one to George Sutka, was the next opponent for Adamick. Londes runs this show at the Naval Armory also in the very near future.

Young Jack Gibbons, son of the famous Mike Gibbons, the old "St. Paul Phantom," did very well in his first appearance in a Detroit ring, topping Jack Kearns' initial production at the Arena Gardens, and turning in a neat performance in outboxing Mickey Misko, Jimmy Brady's Michigan light-heavyweight champion. Gibbons showed himself to be a very tricky boy inside those ropes, and old-timers claim that he is a dead throwback to his pa, who was known as the uncrowned middleweight champ, some years ago.

Georgie Nichols, former N. B. A. light-heavyweight title-holder, won the decision over Stan Evans, rejuvenated colored boy, in the eight-round semi-windup. Evans had been turning in some very good fights, having just beaten George Sutka, but didn't seem to fight his usual fight against Nichols, and allowed the Buffalo veteran to win all the way.

Thurston McKinney, former ebony flash of the amateurs, and later a star "pro," returned to the ring after a layoff of over a year, to administer a sound shellacking to Frankie Misko, dropping Frankie for counts on three different occasions. While McKinney was known to be a real ringman, it was still a surprise to see him come through ahead of the ringwise Misko, as Frankie is one of the smartest of local middleweights.

Roscoe Toles, colored Detroit heavyweight, had little trouble in stopping Sandy McDonald, Texas heavyweight, in an Arena Gardens headliner. Toles is quite a fighter. He's a smart boxer and he can punch.

Lee Bacca and Joey Miehielove, local lightweights, who have been stealing all the thunder in preliminary bouts, hooked up on this card, and Bacca was awarded a very close decision. This bout was a honey from the outset and the boys will probably be rematched for a headliner.

Jack Kearns and Nick Londes are certainly bringing the fight game back in Detroit and vicinity. Both are putting on fine fight cards, and are succeeding in getting plenty of publicity.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

WRESTLING has taken the play away from boxing here this year, three important cards starting the mat game on a successful comeback after a bad year in 1936.

Everett Marshall, recognized as heavyweight champion by the Illinois Athletic Commission, was a principal in all three shows. He threw Jim McMillen, the old University of Illinois and Chicago Bears football player, and twice tossed Oki Shikina.

Promoter Kohler received word that Adam Weismuller, his associate in Detroit, died at the Ford Hospital in Detroit, after being ill three months. Weismuller was once a great welterweight wrestler.

Twenty-four hours before Weismuller's death, the boxing fraternity was shocked by the death of Albert J. Smith, popularly known as Al. The former Evanston alderman was announcer at the Tunney-Dempsey battle at Soldiers' Field in 1927. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Mary B. Smith, and three sons, Robert S., James N., and Albert J., Jr.

Meanwhile, Chicago's select group of promoters is endeavoring to awaken new interest in boxing without much success, except Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun, who conduct weekly cards at Marigold Gardens out on the North Side.

Other members of the promotional circle include Billy Cepak, who has taken over the rights to Majestic Arena; Kid Howard, striving to arrange a card at the Coliseum; Maurice Feldman, wrestling impresario, who is doubling as a fight promoter at Rainbo Fronton; Mique Malloy, still trying to obtain a "big card" at White City or International Amphitheater, and James C. Mullen, who retains hope of closing a major attraction.

Shows at the Marigold Gardens have been highly successful—too successful, perhaps. At any rate, two holdup men invaded the ticket offices at the North Side club a few hours before a card in March and relieved Schoenwald and Begun of four hundred dollars of the advance sale. The fighters all were paid off, however, from the balance of the $1,345 net receipts.

Pat Robertson, New York featherweight, won a unanimous eight-round decision over Paul Lee, Indianapolis, Ind., in the main event. The bout was their second, their previous engagement in the same arena having been called a draw. Other results: Johnny Cellura and Young Mickey Walker drew (5); Ray Baker beat Johnny Campbell (4); Emil Campagna stopped Pete Gendra (1), and Billy Gladstone beat Vincent Satkoff.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Max Baer had ambitions to become a professional boxer at the age of eighteen . . . . James J. Braddock, New Jersey light-heavyweight youngster, fought ten rounds to a draw with Joe Monte . . . Max Schmeling knocked out Francis Charles in eight rounds . . . . Barney Ross started boxing in the amateur ranks as a featherweight.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

WITH King Inactivity reigning supreme in Greater Cincinnati fight circles, Johnny Kayo Stevens, Cinci's southpaw lightweight, helped Dayton along during the current thirty or more days by slipping the sleeper on one Georgie Adams of Chicago in the sixth session of what was slated to be a tenner event. Another of Bob Bonner's fighting boys, Buddy Miller, defeated Tuffy Prewitt of Chicago in the six-round semi-windup.

Although the amateurs are operating regularly in Cincinnati, with the leading clubs, the Fenwick, C. Y. O., Cincinnati Gym, L. B. Harrison, and several minor organizations the background of the Simon-pure activities.

Local writers of the biff game were loud in their views of Freddie Miller's campaigning in Pittsburgh, Pa. It seems as though the Smoky City background is Freddie's jinx. Perhaps Miller's losses to Norment Quarles and more lately Jackie Wilson has stamped the Pennsy town as hard luck.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Plenty of news from coast of Florida, in which Bill Powers, crack sports scribbler, is now located with a Kennel Club at Miami Beach . . . . Hi Alberton, the welter wrestler from Palm Beach, bulletins he'll try the abilities of the boys wrestling around Iowa . . . . and from Fort Lauderdale, Promoter Pat Wright, former Cincinnatian, is staging some high class weekly bills . . . . Pat is located in Fort at the Lee Hotel . . . . Bob Bonner has a likely looking heavyweight entered in the local Golden Gloves tourney, one by the name of Nicholas, who looks to be just the obstacle in Don Koon's triumphant sojourn to the big crown . . . . My brother, Charles Amann, a resident of Los Angeles, is still acclaiming the ability of the heavyweight, Bob Nestell . . . . I can truthfully state that, excluding Art Martell, the Coast amateur trainer and promoter, Charlie was on the Nestell band wagon from the start.

Jimmy Buckler, the twenty-two-year-old Louisville veteran, is now making Indianapolis, Ind., his home. And why?

Well, Jimmy has been ruling as the official featherweight champion of Kentucky for several seasons and is now seeking new territories to conquer.

Buckler's great record cannot be denied and his manager, H. B. Ferguson, believes that the Blue Grass Irish-American still rules an odds-on favorite to belt in the featherweight title, now that Petey Sarron is finding trouble in making the 126-pound weight.

Two Ohio top-flighters stepped higher up in their respective divisions, Buddy Knox, the Dayton heavyweight, winning on a knockout over Jack Pallat, up-state star, while at Louisville, Ky., Johnny K.O. Stevens of Cincinnati won a newspaper decision over Wesley Martin of Cleveland. Knox demonstrated his usual punching power over Pallat, but Stevens' victory over the Clevelander showed the Cincinnatian the class of Ohio's lightweight division.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By STANLEY R. PRING

JACK HUTCHISON, eminent in the boxing world, has just returned to Australia after touring the world. After globe trotting and seeing all the renowned glove men of the world, his high opinion of Jack Carroll has not faltered. He considers Carroll a real world class champion. Hutchison returned with numerous autographed photographs of boxing champions of countries including South Africa, England, France, Germany and the U. S. A.

Jack Carroll has been in the news while negotiations are in hand to import opponents for him. There were many disappointments over Lucas-Barney Ross cables. Latest report is that the Italian-American, Jimmy Leto, is journeying to Australia from New York to meet Carroll under the promotion of Lucas at the Sydney Sports Ground. Leto is already said to be in possession of one thousand dollars for expenses. Before the announcement of Leto's visit, Carroll said he would be prepared to go to America if he received a favorable offer, but stipulated, as did Ross, that liberal travelling expenses would have to be deposited in his own country before he set foot on an overseas ship.

Charles Lucas in the meantime is going ahead promoting contests at the Sydney Sports Ground. Herb Bishop, junior welter champion of Australia, gained a technical K.O. in the ninth round over Terry Reilly, a Victorian, who is a stablemate of Jack Carroll's. Alf Blatch, in defending his Australian lightweight crown, knocked out Joe Hall with a perfect left to the jaw in the eleventh round. Hall recently returned from New Zealand with eleven straight wins to his credit. In the third contest on the Sports Ground program, Dick Humphries outpointed Jimmy Purcell in fifteen rounds. Colonel D'Arcy Francis and Messrs. Harold Baker and A. D. Barling handled the respective bouts. Baker is an ace of Australian referees.

Seats ranged from ten shillings ringside to two shillings; takings were £1,029/4/10, and spectators 7,000. The figures would have been better except for threatening weather.

Sydney Stadium, which has been under the control of the N. B. C., has, for a long, long time, been a sore spot with Australian boxing. Jack Munro took unto himself an hotel and retired from the chair of the N. B. C. chief. In the last contest held there, Ron Richards wrested the Australian middleweight championship from Fred Henneberry. Henneberry was ahead on points up till the tenth round. As they broke from a clinch in that round, Henneberry collapsed and was counted out. Henneberry, by the way, is doing well at the races—he's a bookmaker. The Sydney Stadium, in liquidation, needs new management.

Just what changes will take place not even the N. B. C. seems to know. It appears that as soon as someone rich enough comes along, the old ramshackle building will be leased. All prospective managers will have to keep friendly with the present controllers until the deal is made.

Alf Blatch, Australian lightweight champion, says he does not propose to accept an offer to visit America for a series of fights, the first in June. "However, unless a few lightweights are soon brought to Australia," said Blatch's mentor, Frank Kirkland, "I think I will arrange for him to box for South African promoters after Easter." Charlie Lucas informs me that a French lightweight, Charley Gomer, will arrive by the same vessel as Jimmy Leto. Blatch fought a draw with Saverio Turiello twelve months ago in Sydney. Since then, he gained two decisions over Turiello, one on a foul and the other on a T.K.O. Blatch, incidentally, was saved from drowning in the Sydney Harbor the other day when a dinghy which was taking him to shore from the American schooner, "Hurricane," capsized.

Brisbane Stadium, under the management of Jack Hoult, has been keeping the names of local boxers on the posters for their Saturday night programs. There was a sensational stir at that Stadium in December when Ron Richards was matched to fight Al Norwood, who was billed as "the light-heavyweight champion of the Pacific Coast of America" and "Hero of 132 K.O. victories." Richards smashed to victory in three rounds. Later, after a terrible exhibition on the part of the vanquished, it was discovered he was none other than Lance May, Richards' sparring partner. The Stadium management and Richards denied knowledge of the plot.

Australian fans seem to have gone wrestling minded for a while. A long list of stadiums, including Leichhardt (headquarters), Newcastle, West Melbourne and the Unity (Brisbane), are all drawing good houses with the "beeg fellas." At present Lurich cannot wrestle for Leichhardt while he is under contract elsewhere. Wrestlers including "Jumping" Joe Savoldi, Danny Dusek, Lofty Blomfield, Earl McCready, Joe Kopack, Tom Lurich, Glen Wade and George Pencheff, have been enjoying publicity and the favor of the crowd in a big way. Another team of fifteen wrestlers is expected to arrive in Sydney in March, including "Little" Beaver, Vic Christie, Al Mercier, John Katan and Ernie Zeller, a German.

Leichhardt Stadium has been concentrating on wrestling. Saturday nights has been for years—and still is—wrestling night at Leichhardt Stadium. Suitable opportunities for mid-week programs of boxing have apparently been absent since Christmas. Boxing programs will probably be seen there early in March.

George Simpson, an American light-heavyweight, brought an action in the Sydney District Court against the N. B. C. late last year and received a verdict for £371/10/-. The N. B. C., however, went into liquidation and Simpson said he has not yet received his money. He had two contests in Sydney. In the first, Maxie Rosenbloom knocked him out, and in his second he K.O.'ed Son Tealey in the sixth round.

Fitzroy Stadium has been the scene of some great battles in recent weeks. One of the latest successes is Jack Wilson, a Victorian middleweight, with a string of K.O. decisions to his credit. Lee Brander, New South Wales champion, was the latest defeated. Dick Lean, manager of Stadiums, Ltd., is planning to match Wilson with Ron Richards, who is middleweight champion of Australia and is also claiming the heavyweight crown which Palmer vacated.

Hughie Dwyer, retired triple champion (lightweight, welter and middle) of Australia, is successfully managing Newcastle Stadium. He is using local boys and each Saturday night the Stadium is packed for the forty-round program of boxing and vaudeville. The wrestlers go in on Tuesday nights with preliminary boxing bouts.

Hughie Mehegan, a son of the late Hughie Mehegan, once lightweight champion of Australia, is an improving young boxer. He has been boxing at Leichhardt and Newcastle Stadiums.

"Smiler" A. G. Hales died at Herne Bay, England, on December 29. He was a brilliant journalist, a simple, kindly, courageous man, who played many parts in life, among them chief boxing scribe of the Sydney "Referee" close upon fifty years ago.

Cyril Pluto, Western Australian welter champion, is on his way to England. Cyril recently returned from New Zealand after winning all contests. He was married in Sydney before returning to his home town, Perth. On Boxing Day, he drew with "Red" Moloney, a Victorian title-holder. Cyril's brother, Bill, who also returned from New Zealand after a successful campaign there, has been billed to box Jimmy Purcell on the next open-air program at the Sydney Sports Ground. The brothers are well spoken, live decently, and neither smoke nor drink liquor.

Ambrose Palmer, retired light-heavy and heavyweight champion of Australia, has taken a position at a meatworks at Invercargill, New Zealand. He left Australia early in January and has set up home in New Zealand for his family.

Claude Nichol, Western Australian champion, has challenged Leo Kelly. They met in New Zealand recently. Nichol was said to be ahead on points when an injured hand forced him to retire in the seventh round. Nichol is a likely man for an Australian championship.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

JOE EAGLE, featherweight champion of the Orient, and Umio Gen, bantam title-holder of the Nippon, are anxious to show locally as was indicated by a letter from Ken Suzuki to Mark Choo, local promoter, in early spring.

Rival promoters are trying to beat each other as to who should give the fans the first show in 1937. There's Mark Choo, who will stage his fights at the Civic Auditorium, while Promoter Howard Overman and reliable Charlie Miller as matchmaker will have the Olympic field as their show place.

Chief Thunderbird unmasked the Red Scorpion before two thousand fans in 43 minutes and 47 seconds with his famous Indian death lock. The identity of the Scorpion is now known as Jack McCarthy of Spencer, Iowa.

A total of 124,461 persons paid $83,142.10 last year to see sixty shows in pro and amateur, with an increase of about three per cent in attendance and a ten per cent increase in take. Amateurs played an important part in keeping the fans fight conscious.

The amateur season started with a bang with more than 14,000 persons turning out to see the boys tear each other in four shows so far given up to time this report was made, with an average attendance of 3,500 a show. Here are some of the important fight results:

David Young (St. Patrick) won on forfeit from W. Silva (Hawaiian Pine); Eddie Yasul (Waipahu) decisioned T. Sato (JAAA); S. Leboy (Unatt) decisioned Eddie Townsend (JAAA) and Gilbert Murakami (JAAA) decisioned Jose Mercado (St. Patrick).

S. Leboy (Unatt) decisioned Eddie Yasul (Waipahu) as the feather titlist; David Young (St. Patrick) decisioned Fred Yasul (Waipahu) and John Santiago (Waialua) decisioned Victor Gega (Unatt) in the main event.

Adolph Samuels received a gold belt before a small crowd of only fifteen hundred fans after giving Augie Curtis a severe shellacking in their bantamweight championship fight in which Samuels took away the title worn formerly by Curtis in an eight-rounder at the Olympic Field, which was promoted by Bobby Moore, donor of the belt. Incidentally, Samuels also holds the territorial featherweight championship. (It's still a mystery to me how he gained that title when he didn't fight in any title bout with the then champ, Joe Velasco.) Samuels had the upper hand all the way through, fighting like a true champion and taking six rounds of the eight. In the fifth, Curtis was felled with a hard left smash to the chin for a count of one.

In the semi-windup, Tiger Flowers of Omaha won an eight-round decision from Huerta Evans, with the Negro boy proving his superior. A bad decision cost Tetsu Yamaoka of Japan the fight over Battling Baker. He failed to overcome the early lead piled up by the mainlander. The verdict was very unpopular with the fans. Joe Carreira beat Al Silvano. Kid Waialua won from Benny Visayan. Toy Tamanaha beat Baby Mamaclay.

WHY RACK YOUR BRAIN?

Why worry what to give your boy, your sweetheart or your daddy for a gift?

We have just what he'll most cherish—several new sports books which will furnish him with hours of enjoyable reading.
You make your choice—we will do the rest.
Here are the latest sports books, highly recommended by Nat Fleischer, Editor and Publisher of The Ring:

1—"From Milo to Londos"
The story of Wrestling through the ages—from 2000 B.C. to 1936. Highly illustrated with more than 100 photographs. By NAT FLEISCHER.—Price $3.25.

2—The Revised edition of "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana"
Brought up-to-date. Autographed to the recipient by the author, NAT FLEISCHER. Price $1.25

3—"Relief to Royalty"
The story of the career of Jimmy Braddock. By "LUD."—Price $1.25.

4—"Everything Happened to Him"
The story of Tex Rickard's life as told by MRS. RICKARD. A true and humane story of the greatest sports promoter of all time. Price $2.50.

5—"The Bruiser"
The greatest story on a fighting man's career ever written by this famed author. Realistic. His fighting talk holds you spellbound.—By JIM TULLY.—Price $2.00.

7—"Knockout"
Another great boxing contribution by CHARLES FRANCIS COE. A fast moving novel telling the inner story of the fight game.—Price $2.00.

8 — "The Story of The Olympic Games," from 776 B.C. to 1936 A.D.
By JOHN KIERAN.—Price $3.50.

Order by number from The Ring Book Shop, 825 8th Avenue, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City, N. Y. U.S.A.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Please send me Books No.
For which find Money Order check or cash.
(If foreign, don't send a Postal Order—Ask for a MONEY-ORDER as a Postal Order cannot be cashed in the U.S.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

SYDNEY HULLS has a winner in Harringay Arena, which is built on ideal lines for boxing shows. A crowd of 14,000 attended the show in which Walter Neusel again demonstrated that he was the master of Jack Petersen, for the third time.

Neusel's aggressiveness and a fourteen-pound weight advantage was too much for the game Welshman, who put up a great show for ten rounds. Danny Davies, his trainer, threw in the towel to save a very game man from being knocked out.

Sonny Jones of Canada created a big surprise when he K.O.'ed Norman Snow in the fourth of an eight-round contest with a left hook, followed by a right to the chin as he was falling.

Dave Crowley and George Reynolds of Cardiff put up a great bout for eight rounds before the former was returned the winner on points.

Joe Foord, brother of Ben, made his first appearance in London when he met Tommy Windsor. Foord won by a technical K.O. in the fourth round.

Leo Phillips and Chuck Parker clashed again at the N. S. C., Earl's Court, over the twelve-round route. Phillips received the decision by a clear margin.

Ex-Seaman Harry Rowles gave a plucky display in his ten-round bout with Jack Robinson. The Sailor's eyes and face were in a bad way and it came as no surprise when the latter retired at the end of the eighth.

Harry Craster won the Northern Arena lightweight title when he forced the holder, Jimmy Stewart, to retire at the end of the first round of a fifteen-round contest at Newcastle.

Dai Jones, Welsh middleweight champion, gained a narrow points victory over Bob Simpkins in a hard fought twelve-round bout at Swansea.

George Marsden stopped Spike Robinson of Ireland in the sixth of a ten-round bout, the referee intervening.

Cal Rooney, a Canadian cruiserweight, defeated Bob Firmin of Lowestoft at Great Yarmouth after a good bout.

Hundreds of fight fans were unable to get into the Devonshire Club, Hackney, owing to the house being sold out on the occasion of the testimonial given to Archie Sexton, who was forced to retire from the ring.

Frank Hough outpointed Tom Curran over eight rounds; Jimmy Vaughan easily outpointed Billy Smythe of Ireland in eight; Boy Boon K.O.'ed Billy Griffiths in the first, and Harry Kid Silver outpointed Joe Kelly over four rounds.

Norman Snow defeated Vic Morris of Birmingham in the second of a twelve-round bout when the latter was sent down for the full count from a left to the body.

Tiny Bostock, one of England's most promising flyweights, gained an easy points victory over Jimmy Campbell of Glasgow in a twelve-rounder at Hanley.

Jackie Moody of Wales beat Paddy Roche of Ireland in the ninth of a ten-rounder when the referee stopped the bout, which took place at Hereford.

Donald Duncan, the Leicester promoter of Granby Halls, put on a good show that drew a crowd of 6,500 fight fans.

His star bout was ten rounds between Jimmy Walsh, British lightweight champion, and Dick Corbett. The champion proved too strong for the clever Corbett, and was a good winner at the end.

Jack Hyams defeated Hein Weisner of Austria in a ten-round bout that was full of thrills. The middleweight bout between the local Bill Hardy and Ken Robinson of Canada was a great bout, with Hardy proving to be the better of the two.

A local heavyweight bout of ten rounds between Stan Kirby and Jack Strongbow was hard fought before the former was declared the winner.

The four-round curtain raiser brought together Joe Foord, brother of the British and Empire champion, Ben Foord, and Pete Herricks, who, in their previous contest, had K.O.'ed Foord, but this time it was Herricks who was forced to kiss the canvas, and was a good, game loser at the end.

George Odwell soon put paid to the aspirations of Jules Steyaert of Belgium at the Paddington Baths, when he forced the latter to retire in the second of a ten-rounder.

Belle Vue, Manchester, with a capacity of seven thousand, was taxed to its utmost, with thousands being refused admission, when Small Montana, America's flyweight champion, was matched with Bernard "Tiny" Bostock of Leek in a twelve-round bout at 114 pounds.

A sensation was caused in the first round when a neat feint made Montana miss, and a clip to the jaw put him on the canvas.

After that it took him several rounds to find his way with Britain's new flyweight sensation, and when both stood in the center of the ring swapping punches, the large crowd were on their toes, and cheered them on.

Towards the end, Bostock, after he had taken some punishment, won the last three rounds, and definitely deserved the decision of Jack Dare, the referee.

Tommy Farr, Welsh heavyweight champion, scored a decisive win over Joe Zeeman, when he K.O.'ed the latter in the eighth of a twelve-round bout at Colston Hall, Bristol.

Benny Caplan of London and Jim Collins of Glasgow put up a clever bout before the former received the decision on points.

Tut Whalley defeated Tommy Rose in the seventh of a twelve-round bout at Birmingham, when the referee stopped the bout owing to Rose sustaining a badly cut mouth.

Dave Kellar, son of the old flyweight of a quarter of a century ago, Sam Kellar, fought the best bout of his career when he stopped Harry Orton in the second of a ten-round bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. Orton was put down five times for eight before the referee ended the bout.

Alby Day succeeded in his first bout as a welterweight, defeating Billy Graham in a hard-hitting ten-round contest at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Jim Warnock, Ireland's flyweight ace, gained an easy victory over Pedrito Ruiz of Spain in a twelve-round bout at Belfast.

Ernie Roderick, who is without a doubt rightful challenger to the British welterweight title, showed plenty of class by the manner in which he K.O.'ed George Bunter in three rounds.

Nel Tarleton started his comeback campaign with a twelve-round points victory over Frank Harsen of France at Liverpool Stadium.

On the same card, Tarleton's protege, Ernie Roderick, cleverly outpointed Stafford Barton of Jamaica over ten rounds.

Ivor Drew obtained a brilliant points victory at the end of ten rounds against Cuthbert Taylor at Briton Ferry.

A crowd of 10,500 packed the Empress Stadium, Earl's Court, when the N. S. C. staged Jack Doyle, much travelled Irishman, against Harry Staal, heavyweight champion of Holland, in a scheduled twelve-round bout.

The fight was packed with action. In the first round, Staal got home with a right to Doyle's jaw, and he went down for eight. He rose and punished Staal with heavy right hooks to the jaw. After the first round, it was a procession with Doyle always in the lead, and after battering the Dutchman around, the latter's second skied the towel as a token of defeat.

It certainly seems as if Jack Doyle has come back into the favor of the fans. He is a powerful drawing card.

In the other bout, Champion Jimmy Walsh had himself to blame for allowing Dave Crowley to sneak the fight and decision from him in an overweight match.

Walsh, although not showing his best form, was the master at boxing, but the hurricane finish in the last round gave Crowley the edge and he received the decision.

Frank Bonsor made a good impression in his London debut when he outpointed Katsumi Morioka, the Canadian Jap, over ten rounds.

George Reynolds, Welsh lightweight champion, outfought Con Flynn of Islington in their scheduled twelve-rounder at Cardiff. Reynolds pummelled Flynn around the ring and it came as no surprise when the referee stopped the contest in the eighth round.

Peter Kane soon put paid to any aspirations Paul Schaefer, flyweight champion of Germany, had of world's title honors when he K.O.'ed the German in two minutes seventeen seconds of the first round at the Liverpool Stadium.

Alby Day and Leo Phillips put up a sparkling fight over twelve rounds at the West Ham Baths and the referee's decision of a draw was well received.

Pinkie Jenkins, a young and stocky heavyweight from Fishguard, fought one of his best fights when he beat Max Hodgetts of Leicester, whose seconds threw in the towel in the fourth round at Swansea.

The charity tourney run at the Ring, London, for the Mayor of Southwark's fund for local children in distress was a huge success and the program arranged by Ted Broadribb satisfied the large crowd.

The contests resulted as follows: Dave McCleave outpointed Bert Bevan, ten rounds; Benny Caplan outpointed Johnny Walters, six rounds; George Daly defeated Chris Benson, six rounds; and Frank Hough stopped Bob Scully in three rounds.

Jackie Hurst showed improvement by winning over the experienced Tommy Steele. At the end of the ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, he well merited the decision.

Pat Palmer, the Battersea flyweight, gave the fans a treat in his contest with Young Chocolate, bantam champion of Jamaica, in their scheduled ten-rounder. The sixth proved the last for Chocolate, as the referee stopped the bout after Chocolate had taken several counts.

Freddie Smith gained a good win over Tommy Loughlin in a twelve-round contest at Carlisle after a grand slam.

Battling Hayes treated the crowd to a pretty exhibition of boxing when he defeated Horace Oxley over ten rounds at Pontefract.

A large crowd gathered at the Junction Stadium, Manchester, to witness the bout between Ernst Weiss, ex-European flyweight champion, and Phil Milligan, flyweight champion of the Northern Area. A clever bout it turned out to be, with Weis a shade in front and he was returned the winner.

Joe Rubery won his contest at Gravesend against Bob Rollands under most adverse conditions. In the third of the twelve-rounder, he received a blow in the right eye that soon closed that optic, but the game Rubery fought on pluckily and proved too clever for the aggressive Rollands towards the end.

Battaille won the bantamweight championship of France when he won over Poppy Decico at the end of twelve rounds at Paris. Decico was the stronger, but the challenger puzzled the champion with his southpaw stance and scored well in the middle rounds to win a narrow verdict.

Bill Hardy thrilled the three thousand fans who gathered at Blackpool when he fought back against the aggressive Jack Lord of Bolton to win on points at the end of twelve rounds.

Jack "Kid" Berg and Harry Mason met at the Ring, London, in a scheduled ten-round bout, but after scrambling through three rounds, with Berg the master, Mason retired.

The show was saved by the supporting bout of twelve rounds between Paddy Roche and Freddy Mitchell, who went at it hammer and tongs, from the first to last gong, and after a great scrap Roche received the decision.

"Buster" Osborne outpointed Cyril Johnson over ten rounds at the Devonshire Club after a good bout.

Dick Corbett gave his usual clever performance when outpointing George Marsden over ten rounds at East Ham.

Jack Hyams won the right to meet Jock McAvoy for the British middleweight title when he easily outpointed Dai Jones of Wales in the final eliminating contest over fifteen rounds at the N. S. C., Earl's Court.

On the same card, Alf Robinson of Manchester hit Max Hodgetts with everything but the bucket, but could not put him down and had to be satisfied with a points verdict at the end of eight rounds.

Spider Kelly of Derry caused a sensation in Belfast by defeating Nel Tarleton, ex-featherweight champ of Great Britain, before a packed house at Jim Rice's Ulster Hall promotion.

Harry Mizler outpointed the popular Robert Disch of Holland in a twelve-round contest before a packed house at Colston Hall, Bristol.

Charlie Baxter gained a narrow points victory over Peter Price in a ten-round contest at Wolverhampton Drill Hall.

Hal Cartwright was considered unlucky when he was forced to retire in his contest with Bert Taylor. He received a very badly cut eye in the sixth round at Birmingham, but was leading when the bout was halted.

Eddie Phillips, British cruiserweight champion, easily defeated Bert Ikin at York in eight rounds when the latter was forced to retire with a very badly cut eye after taking considerable punishment.

Jim Warnock, Belfast's 112-pound stick of dynamite, showed plenty of class when beating the Scottish bantamweight, Jim Brady, on points at the end of twelve rounds at Belfast.

Get your RING by post by sending Postal Order (one shilling and four pence) to John S. Sharpe, 3 Edward St., London, E. 1, and THE RING Book Shop price list in English money will be sent free of charge.

All those readers who want replies to their letters should send a stamped addressed envelope.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

GENE COUGHLIN, sports editor of the Los Angeles *Evening News*, comments as follows in his column, "Second Guess," following Glen Lee's ten-round win over Ceferino Garcia at the Los Angeles Olympic. Take it away, Brother Coughlin:

"Chiefly because he has no imagination whatsoever, this youngster Glen Lee is destined to be a great fighter. He doesn't have to expand his nervous energy worrying about what the other guy is going to do, or how much it will hurt him when he does it.

"He doesn't have to leave his corner at the first bell of every fight thinking to himself: 'This fellow throws a straight right and I don't know how to get away from it. So, the first time it lands right in my mush, how am I going to feel? Will it bust my nose? Will it close one or both of my eyes? Will it knock me on my back porch and ruin my chances of winning?'

"He doesn't have to fret about any of those things because his is the mind of the automaton, not that of the thinker. And for that reason he is going to New York pretty soon to take on Barney Ross, the welterweight champion, and he'll probably whip Ross, too.

"He hasn't anything. He never did have anything, to hear the experts discuss Glen Lee. He can't punch—who'd he ever knock out? He can't box—look what Chief Paris did to him a while back. He can't take a punch—look back on that Young Peter Jackson fight when Lee got kayoed.

"But he's still going to New York to meet the champion. He's still the rookie who beat the veteran, the terror of the welters, one Ceferino Garcia, at the Olympic Tuesday night.

"Does that sound like I'm carrying the torch for the Nebraska Neanderthaler? Well, I am after a fashion, and for a variety of reasons, the first being the fact that the guy can fight.

"For another thing, he has been laboring under a severe handicap ever since he came to Los Angeles. He was introduced to local audiences under the auspices of the gambling fraternity, and numerous experts went around holding their noses at this and saying, 'Fooey.'

"As a result, the kid was panned in the papers and booed by the fans for no fault of his own.

"Whether he is still under the auspices of the gambling fraternity is something I don't know, and something I don't choose to worry about when discussing the ability of Lee, or anyone else, as an athlete, unless the boys start phenagling.

"It has been common knowledge that gamblers and operators of notorious 'numbers' rackets owned and operated Joe Louis and gave him his first shove into the larruping limelight. But the papers didn't pan Louis for the connection. They beat the tom-toms and hailed him as the greatest fighter of the age, etc., etc. Louis pushed over set-ups to the applause of press (most of it) and public.

"But the boys out here didn't pull any punches when Glen Lee began winning from guys who outranked him by years and by records. They admitted, grudgingly enough, that he had won the decision but they stubbornly refused to admit he could fight.

"He didn't even convince them the other night when he beat Garcia, the No. 1 challenger for Barney Ross's crown. There was mention the next day that Referee George Blake's decision went to the wrong man, as far as the 'crowd' was concerned; that Garcia hit the harder punches.

"There was no mention, however, of the fact that there wouldn't have been a fight after the fifth round if it hadn't been for Lee; that Garcia never led once in the last half of the bout; that he was content to stand and wait, hoping that the other guy would never come to him."

"Ace" Hudkins is returning to the fight game. But as a manager now instead of a fighter. The old Wildcat is importing a heavyweight and a welterweight from Omaha, Neb., and they'll be boxing at Hollywood and Olympic during May.

Making his first start under the management of Tommy O'Loughlin, Perfecto Lopez, sensational Los Angeles Mexican lightweight, fought a ten-round draw with Charley Burns at Butte, Mont. It was slambang all the way. The Latin floored Burns for a nine-count in the first heat.

Gene Tunney warned his friends while visiting in Los Angeles recently to avoid going overboard on Joe Louis to beat Jim Braddock when they clash for the heavyweight title in Chicago, June 22. Tunney pointed out that Braddock is as game as they come, that the heavyweight king is more ring wise than Louis and that the longer the fight goes, the better are Jim's chances of victory. Biggest handicap Braddock faces, in Gene's opinion, is the long layoff.

(This column conductor picks Louis to win—by a KNOCKOUT within six heats!)

There is much excitement in London because Jack Doyle, the Irish thrush, who was a Hollywood citizen for a long spell, is knocking his foes dead in the prize ring. British boxing writers say Doyle is perhaps the worst fighter they ever saw, which is some admission for the Limeys. Doyle got around six grand for his last fight over there, according to a clipping we received.

Henry Armstrong will lick Petey Sarron—if they ever meet. And "Hustling Henry" will beat Lou Ambers, we believe—no matter what the weight.

Linn Platner is going to stage a light-heavyweight tourney down in San Diego, starting the latter part of April. The following have entered: Gus Lesnevich, "Swede" Berglund, Carmen Barth, Ray Actis, Johnny (Bandit) Romero, Al Hostack, Emilio Martinez and Johnny Nelson. The winner will get a shot with John Henry Lewis at the Coast League ball park during June.

Charles (Chiller) Coates will not be able to box in the tournament. The Licorice Lancer's aching hand is in a cast and he won't be able to fight for a couple of months. He busted it in his bout with Johnny Nelson at San Diego.

HIT OR MISS—Al Lang, who trains the American middleweight champion, Freddie Steele, has worked with many big league fighters who have come to the Coast from the East . . . . Steele couldn't get a better trainer—and more loyal pal—than the genial Mr. Lang . . . . Although he dropped a close duke, little Nickey Jerome of Brooklyn gave Pancho Leyvas a tough scrap at Hollywood Legion Stadium . . . . it was a bloody battle and Jerome can go back in anytime . . . . Jimmy Fitten, Mexico City's premier promoter, wants Jerome for two fights at his club during May . . . . Frankie Doyle, Maxie Rosenbloom's trainer, trained Jerome for his movie city battle and did a good job . . . . Vic Nardoni, Los Angeles Italian middleweight, recently turned pro, won fifty-eight fights in a row as an amateur, annexing four titles, including Pacific Coast Golden Gloves . . . . Speedy Dado is staging a comeback, but it seems a bit too late . . . . before retiring, Leyvas stopped the one-time brilliant Filipino at Hollywood.

Jimmy Dixon, manager of Nickey Jerome, was christened Nicholas Marrotti . . . . Frankie Doyle admits his name is actually Francisco Dicono . . . . Spigetti—and yards of it! . . . . Dean Shelby Snyder, thirteen-year-old son of Hollywood's gifted press agent, Dean Snyder, picked Fairy Hill to win the Santa Anita derby—and it came through! . . . . Lou Tendler and Jackie Friedman, who handle Al Ettore, inform this column that they are coming to L. A. this summer with the blond Italian . . . . the night Lefty Lou fought Ace Hudkins at the Olympic, people tore others' clothes off trying to get in the arena . . . . at least five thousand people were unable to get in . . . . Tendler will never forget that thrill . . . . In Philly, Tendler's tavern is the mecca of sports.

In the dressing room following Glen Lee's victory over Ceferino Garcia at the Olympic, Manager Joey Greenberg said: "This is the happiest moment of my life! I wouldn't be happier even if I was marrying a famous movie star." . . . . Eddie Meade may take Henry Armstrong to Europe during May, where the ebony Battling Nelson could make plenty of dough, for there are a number of good featherweights over there, namely: Jimmy Walsh, Nel Tarleton and Johnny McGrory . . . . in the meantime, Joe Waterman may bring out Jackie Wilson, Jack Laken's Pittsburgh star, to box Henry in Los Angeles . . . . Billy Orner, owner of the Main Street gymnasium in downtown Los Angeles, used to be a boxer in Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . . Suey Welsh, the dapper boxing skipper, thinks Jimmy Braddock's ability is greatly underestimated by the fighting folks . . . . Mr. Welsh also thinks John Henry Lewis is a sure shot to beat Max Schmeling . . . . Howard (Hangman) Cantonwine, the wrestler, operates a cafe in Los Angeles . . . . he does a big business.

Joe Waterman had a hundred dollars on Rosemont's nose in the $100,000 Santa Anita derby . . . . lucky Joe! . . . . The Shea brothers, Jimmy, Jerry and Willie, expect to resume boxing promotion in Toledo very soon, according to word Eddie Meade received from Ohio . . . . Johnny Rogers writes that Benny Lynch made 112 pounds for his fight with Small Montana in England, but Lynch weighed 124 pounds fourteen days before the fight . . . . boxing scales are tested and sealed twelve hours before the fight in England and no phony stuff can be perpetrated . . . . weighing is done in a newspaper office and you have to have a ticket to witness the business . . . . Rogers says he will leave for California with Montana some time during May . . . . "Everyone here has been grand to us," pens Montana's handler.

Roxie Eisen, the Patent Leather Kid, is handling "California Joe" Rivers on the West Coast . . . . Suey Welsh was a busy man during March . . . . he had Al Manfredo boxing Dale Sparr in Oakland and "Chuck" Woods in Detroit . . . . Hank Hankinson against Jim McVey at Oakland . . . . Gus Lesnevich clashing with Young Corbett in Frisco . . . . Tommy Hart boxing Remo Fernandez in San Diego . . . . Emilio Martinez boxed twice during March against Johnny Romero in San Diego and Tiger West in Phoenix . . . . Hankinson will box in Texas and Oklahoma rings next month . . . . Shang Welsh, Suey's big brother, will make the trip with the Swedish ring giant . . . . Hank will meet Junior Munsell in Tulsa, "Babe" Hunt in Oklahoma City and Tom Beaupre in Dallas, Tex. . . . . Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton, Alberta, light-heavyweight, is flying the colors of the Tommy O'Loughlin stable on the Coast . . . . They'll have to put rubber walls on Hollywood Legion Stadium to get all the fans in when Carmen Barth and Ray Actis go at it again for the third time during late April . . . . It's a cinch to sell out . . . . Barth made a big hit when he climbed off the floor to hand Actis a sound pasting at the flicker city club recently . . . . Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get plenty of action with Al Lang, boxing manager, care of Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU

By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

RAUL CARABANTES, scrapping Chilean welterweight, who has to his credit a victory over Schiavone, as well as a draw with Carlos Martinez, the "invincible" Argentine, is now here on his second visit. He has only had twenty-five bouts as a professional. In a ten-round scrap recently, he was successful with a points decision over the Cuban, Joaquin Torregrosa. His next bout was against Roberto Carrillo, a promising Peruvian fighter, who has shown himself to be very classy since his return from Central America. Carabantes won the decision. This fight drew a huge house.

Boxing has now a very strong foothold in Lima. During the winter months, things were pretty slow, but with the reopening of the "Manco Capac" Stadium by Rugerro de Santis, the leading promoter here, everything looks bright for the summer. Fighters from all parts are coming in, and among those who have invaded Lima during the past few months are: René Sánchez and Joaquin Torregrosa, Cuban welterweights; Domingo Osorio, Oswaldo Sánchez, Abelardo Hevia, Arturo Padilla, Juan Sandoval and Marcial Lenz from Chile; Luis Marfurt, Armando Foglia from Italy; Alberto Babroff, Angel Sebastian from Argentine, and Alf Ross, the veteran French fighting machine.

Arrangements are also being made by De Santis to get some U. S. boxers over here.

On the Carrillo-Carabantes card, Modesto Villanueva, who is the best lightweight over here, gave Julio Loyola a severe trouncing in a hot eight-rounder, and Moises Garcia lost the decision to Carlos Barrera after eight heats.

René Sánchez, Cuban ringster, who scored a decisive points victory over Domingo Osorio, Chile, in a ten-round fray at the Manco Capac Stadium, is now in Valparaiso, Chile. Sánchez is booked for several bouts in Santiago de Chile. He is a pleasing performer.

The Peruvian Sporting Company has concluded negotiations with Simon Guerra, Chilean welterweight champion; Raul Landini, Argentine star, and Jorge Azar, Spanish ringster now in Buenos Aires, to come over to Lima for a series of matches with the local and foreign element. Among the fights that are sure to be good drawing cards are the return matches between Raul Carabantes and Simon Guerra, and Oswaldo Sánchez versus Roberto Carrillo.

The Ring decorated the walls of Jack Dempsey's, Mickey Walker's and Tony Canzoneri's Restaurants. Let us furnish photos for your grills.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

IN May, 1936, Phil Brubaker, a young heavyweight from Dinuba, California, was being hailed by San Francisco sports writers as the best prospect in years. Unheralded, this 22-year-old ex-collegian came into the limelight for the first time in his career when he turned in a sparkling kayo win over Al Marino, rugged Italian trial horse, and followed this with victories over Jimmy Norcross, Homer Brandies, George Simpson, Millionaire Murphy, Joe Bauer, and Leroy Brown. Scribes and promoters saw in him the answer to their prayers. He proved a sensation in his first main event by knocking out tough Fred Lenhart in one round and in subsequent matches won decisive decisions over Kingfish Levinsky and Abe Feldman.

About this time, a 215-pound Frenchman, Andre Lenglet, came on the horizon by trouncing big Buddy Baer in an Oakland bout. Enterprising Tony Palazolo matched the Parisian with Brubaker, and in this fight, for the first time in his local career, Phil tasted the knockdown sting, was outfought in the major portion of the ten-round bout and received a very lucky draw. Following the Lenglet bout, Phil trekked off to Boston and dropped a verdict to Jack Sharkey, the result of lackadaisical training. Returning to San Francisco, he slipped a bit further in the estimation of fans by losing a decision to ponderous Ray Impellitiere.

These setbacks were forgotten, however, when Brubaker battered his way to a knockout win over the popular Lee Savoldi in three rounds, and Palazolo arranged a rematch with Lenglet.

After flooring his rival in the second round, Brubaker, letting the opportunity slip through his fingers, was knocked out in the next frame by a vicious left hook to the jaw. Boxing experts agreed, however, that had Phil followed up his second-round advantage, he might have put Lenglet down for the full count. But they pay off on results and so Phil Brubaker seemed gradually fading from the picture which he had dominated in such brilliant fashion.

Anxious to redeem himself, the Dinubian went so far as to go over the head of Manager Billy Hunnefeld in arranging a third bout with Lenglet on Washington's Birthday. A capacity crowd, attracted by the prospect of witnessing a bitter grudge battle, swarmed into Dreamland Arena, only to see Phil Brubaker sink to the floor in the second round, listening intently while the referee tolled off the ten count. Lenglet was credited with having scored a knockout but many were firmly of the opinion that had Phil cared to, he could have continued. "Quitter" is a tough word to apply to anyone, so we'll give Phil Brubaker the benefit of the doubt—perhaps those punches did carry the knockout drop, though he certainly wasn't out by any stretch of the imagination.

Which all sums up to one thing—Phil Brubaker is through as a topnotcher—perhaps through with the ring for good. Perhaps it was simply that he lacked the vital spark, that certain, indescribable something that makes *fighters*. To use a rather trite expression, Brubaker, a rather smart young man, still has "all his marbles" and maybe it's just as well he can stop before it's too late.

Lenglet is a heavyweight to be reckoned with. He can box, is fairly fast for his size, hits with plenty of authority and can take a solid wallop without sitting down for a good cry.

A word of congratulation to Eddie Borden on his Everlast Boxing Record Book. I've bought every edition for the past five years but of them all, the 1937 book is "tops."

"Sunny Jim" McVey, Pittsburgh colored light-heavyweight, added the name of Buck Everett, Chicago heavy, to his knockout list when he flattened him in two rounds at Oakland's Municipal Auditorium. McVey, a deadly hitter, knocked Buck a long way from normal with a terrific left hook to the jaw after flooring him just as the bell ended the first round. The finishing punch put the Chi heavy completely out and a doctor was needed to bring him around. This marked McVey's sixth knockout victory in as many Bay Region starts, his other victims being Jack Thompson, three rounds; Bearcat Baker, one round; Frankie Hammer, one round (twice), and Butch Rogers, four rounds. This darky packs plenty of dynamite and is a dangerous foe for any of 'em.

Frankie Hammer, red-headed Oaklander, twice knocked cold by McVey, took a step toward redeeming himself by whipping Jack Savage of Sacramento in a supporting six-rounder. In another bout over the same distance, Jimmy Thomas, colored lightweight, had an easy time defeating Al Ragone of New York City.

Billy Conn, a middleweight from Pittsburgh, is flashing fine form in his workouts at the Royal Gymnasium and seems headed for a top spot locally, perhaps with Young Corbett III, ex-welterweight king, in the opposite corner. Corbett, incidentally, plans a New York invasion if he whips Gus Lesnevich in his next start, which, to my mind, is a he-man job! Manhattan seems to be a mecca for the middleweights now, what with the shot in the arm given it by Messrs. Yarosz, Apostoli, Steele, Krieger and Overlin.

To that Brooklyn Gentleman: I haven't read, heard or seen anything of Dave Shade for a long time, and it is my belief that he is elsewhere. The last I heard Shade was in Australia and that was at least a year ago. Perhaps a query addressed to the Question Box might gain you the information you seek.

Al "Big Boy" Bray, 204-pound San Diego colored lad, upset the dope by punching out an eight-round decision over Lee Savoldi of St. Paul, Minn., in a Civic Auditorium get-together. Bray came fast in the late rounds to offset the early lead gained by the curly-haired left hook artist. Though only nineteen years of age, this dark boy shows promise. He is a good boxer and a pretty hard socker. Appearing in the semi-windup to the second Brubaker-Lenglet mill, he punched out an impressive win over Jim Thompson, gigantic Oakland Negro, in six frames.

The two eight-round supporting bouts were abbreviated affairs, Marty Simmons, roly-poly Saginaw, Mich., light-heavy, stopping Pietro Georgi of Oakland in three rounds and Al Citrino, local featherweight, flattening Barney Duran of Stockton in the initial round.

Jackie Jurich, the rising young bantamweight star, added another to his victory list by taking the measure of Joey Puig, highly-touted New Yorker, in a ten-round go at San Jose. Jurich survived a knockdown to cop a decision over the Gothamite, who came to the Coast with a record of fourteen straight professional triumphs. Jurich is coming along nicely and may be up among the leaders before the year is spent.

Al Citrino, featherweight from North Beach, is going over big in Hollywood, having stopped Dommy Ganzon and whipped Sonny Valdez in the film capitol ring. He is matched with Wally Hally for a top spot there during March.

Despite our natural feeling of disdain for things concerning Los Angeles, we must admit that they have the sweetest young heavy on the Coast in the person of Bob Nestell, who has been bowling over his opponents with monotonous regularity. Gave Levinsky such a hiding before knocking him out that the Mayor of Maxwell Street announced his decision to quit the ring and take up the grunt and groaners' life. Nestell looks plenty good, and with Gus Wilson at the controls, you can rest assured the boy will be in good hands.

Dale Sparr, former sailor, now battling under Ray Carlin's wing, decisioned Mario Duchini, flashy Sacramento middleweight, in the top four-rounder of a benefit card staged at the Oakland Auditorium. The high spot of the program was furnished by Jimmy Fannini, Modesto middleweight, who punched out a T.K.O. win over Jackie London, sensational Oakland high school boy.

HERE 'N' THERE—And now Old Faithful spouts once more. Meaning, of course, none other than garrulous Maxie Adelbert Baer, who was frankly referred to as a "big bum" by the honorable Bill Brown when he applied for a New York license. For once we admired Maxie—for stalking out in high dudgeon, only to have the boys offer him said license the next day. It was too late—Maxie's goin' to Merrie England, where we wish him well. With all his faults, Baer is a tonic to the game with his abundance of that thing called "color"—his swaggering self and his potent punch . . . . Maybe we are a bit out of line, but the nickel is on Joe Louis to knock out Jimmy Braddock when and if they meet. Mebbe I'm dumb, but I just can't visualize the rather rusty champion outscoring Joe for fifteen frames. Sooner or later those legs will give out, and when they do, it'll be curtains . . . . I'm not beating the drum for Joe Louis; I'm just trying to be logical . . . . Doug Carver, slugging amateur light-heavy, has turned to the pro ranks . . . . Harry B. Smith's S. F. *Chronicle* Santa Anita Special had a trainload of the sporting fraternity down to view the running of the $100,000 Santa Anita Derby . . . . Loren Hunt, a middleweight from Brubaker's home town, Dinuba, is undefeated in two starts here . . . . During the month, Phil's father passed away . . . . A match between Andre Lenglet and Jim McVey would draw plenty if arranged, which is doubtful in view of the fact that Andre would have a thirty-pound pull in the weights . . . . Max Baer was very busy replenishing his wardrobe after fire destroyed the Baer-Hoffman domicile—poor Maxie is down to a measly forty suits now—the tramp! The two I've got suit me—ouch! Until next month, s'long!!

$1 Bargain

Eddie Borden's late BANG Weekly Seventeen issues in bound volume form for the price of $1.00.

Write to EDDIE BORDEN
Forrest Hotel New York City

READ THIS
Then Act

Here's what the greatest teacher of boxers in America, Spike Webb, the man who has developed more Olympic and Intercollegiate Champion boxers than any other instructor or trainer, has to say about

The Newly Revised Eighth Edition of
"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

The Newly Revised Third Edition of
"How to Box,"

And the Newly Revised Edition of
"HOW TO SECOND AND HOW TO MANAGE A BOXER"

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

When two or more of these books are ordered, add 10 cents extra for postage.

Here's a good recommendation:

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
Annapolis, Maryland
DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

January 16, 1933

Mr Nat Fleischer,
Editor The Ring,
New York City.

Dear Mr Fleischer,

I have just received 18 copies of your excellent books,

How to Box
Training for Boxers
How to second a Boxer

I feel certain these books are a valuable contribution to boxing as a sport. You are to be congratulated on their preparation. The foreword by that old dean of boxers Mr James J. Corbett, is like the mark of Sterling on silver. I believe every young man interested in boxing should have a copy,

Very sincerely yours,
Spike Webb
Spike Webb

Every fighter, amateur or professional, and every trainer, manager and teacher should possess a copy of these three books. More than that—he should digest the contents until he has become thoroughly familiar with every chapter.

Spike Webb knows what's good for the boys.

He had charge of every Olympic boxing team in the last four Olympic Games and his boys at Annapolis have won more championships than any other institution.

What's good enough as a text book for Annapolis, should be good enough for you.

Get on the band wagon now.

Send for these three books.

Fill out the coupon below, check off what you want and mail to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City

Enclosed find $1.00 ($2.00), ($3.00), for which kindly send me, by return post, copies of

"Training for Boxing," with a foreword by Jack Dempsey.

"How to Box," with a foreword by James J. Corbett.

"How to Second and Manage a Boxer," with a foreword by William A. Brady.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Something New

Something every sports lover should have

Subscribe now to

FRANK MENKE'S

All-Sports Magazine

Facts—Fancies—Figures—Fiction
Running the Gamut of Sportdom

The Cavalcade of Sports

Price 15 cents per copy on all news stands
Send for subscription to

FRANK MENKE
235 East 45th St., New York City

The All-America Sports Magazine

A new 128-page book

A Sports Fiction Magazine

written by
AMERICA'S FOREMOST SPORTS WRITERS
for
AMERICA'S SPORTS READERS

The book of the day! Surpasses any magazine on sports now on the market. In a class all by itself. Read it and you will agree with us.

Price 15 cents

The Magazine of Thrills in Sports Fiction

Another Nat Fleischer publication—
That Means Class

A Story with a PUNCH

The Most Stirring Biography of a Fighter Ever Written

Revised Edition

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana

with additional chapters, bringing the life story of the most popular fighter since John L. Sullivan's time, up-to-date.

Heaps of pictures—Enjoyable reading. Even if you have a copy of the original edition of this famous book which had a record sale of 16,000 copies, you'll want the latest, newly revised edition of **Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana,** for your library.

Send Money Order for $1.25 to **Nat Fleischer, THE RING BOOK SHOP,** 825-8th Avenue, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City.

Enclosed find Money Order (Foreign subscribers should make certain that a MONEY Order, not a Postal Order which cannot be cashed in America, is sent) for $1.25 for a copy of Nat Fleischer's Latest, Revised Edition of **Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana.**

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—In the best show during the past five years that drew exactly thirty-five hundred and fifteen dollars net, Walter (Wildcat) O'Connor of Carbondale outpointed Tony Rock of Mayfield in ten hard-fought rounds. The winner was awarded a gold belt, emblematic of the welterweight championship of the Coal Fields. The belt was donated by Nat Fleischer of THE RING Magazine. James T. Hanlon, director of public safety of Scranton, awarded the victor the gold belt at the end of the battle.

The undercard provided the hungry fight fans with plenty of slam-bang action. In the semi, Mickey Barron of Dickson City won a split decision over Al Lewis of Scranton in six rounds. Patsy Gall of Freeland kayoed Danny Dempsey of Scranton in the second round of a scheduled six. Jimmy Young, Dunmore's rising middleweight, kayoed Joe Pavlo of Scranton in the third. Pat Hennehan of Scranton decisioned Tommy Scavo of Old Forge in the opener.

In the only show of the month at Town Hall, Ralph DeJohn of Syracuse kayoed Stanley Lynch of Brooklyn in two rounds; Pete Susky of Scranton outpointed Billy Rose of Syracuse; Jack Munley, Old Forge, kayoed Johnny Tillman of Hazleton in the first of a scheduled six; "Big" Jack Downey of Scranton kayoed Joe Grimm of Wilkes-Barre in one round; Johnny Greycar, Hazleton, stopped Nick Allapack of Wilkes-Barre in the sixth; Rex Fallabell, Hazleton, outpointed Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse, in six rounds; Danny Dell drew with Joe Dell, both Dunmore boys. The show drew exactly one thousand and fifty dollars net.

In another show at the Scranton Armory, under the Scranton Sporting Club banner, Walter (Wildcat) O'Connor, Carbondale, outpointed Johnny Lucas of Camden in ten rounds. In the semi-final, scheduled for eight rounds, Chester Palutis of Scranton kayoed Bobby Howlett of Philadelphia in the first round; "Big" Jack Downey, Scranton, was the victim of a technical knockout in the fourth round, when, after a gruelling battle with Sgt. Johnny Snyder of Wilkes-Barre, in which the Scranton boy was way out front, Referee Al Murphy stopped hostilities to save Downey from bodily harm; Al Nevers of Minooka lost to Joe Orlosky of Carbondale; Brunno Perruzzi of Jessup lost a four-round decision to Stanley Griffiths of Mayfield; Pat Hennehan of Scranton and Peanuts DelRegno of Pittston were stopped in the third of a sixer. The bout was declared no-contest.

At Carbondale (amateurs)—Approximately two thousand fans jammed their way into the Casino Hall to witness the finals of the local amateur tournament. Champions were crowned from flyweights to heavyweights. Results of bouts were as follows: Paul McCormick, Carbondale, beat Joe Stasch, a fellow townman, in the flyweight bout. In the bantam scrap, Paul Strusso, Forrest City, decisioned Al Voglino, Carbondale. Featherweight bout, John Morrission, Mayfield, kayoed Nick Fellis of Carbondale in the second round. Lightweight bout, Sam Mancuso, Carbondale, kayoed Walter Papko of Dickson City (second round). Welterweight bout, Phil Verduce, Archbald, stopped Steve Peruzzi of Jessup (first round). Middleweight bout, Jimmy Davey of Jermyn outpointed Leo Wink of Dickson City. Light-heavyweight, Tony Mancuso of Carbondale won from Pete Portonova of Jessup. Heavyweight bout, Zig Lutcavage of Forrest City won from Walter Dembrosky of Archbald.

JUST RAMBLING—Jack Hennessey, promoter for the Scranton Sporting Club, is responsible for the comeback of boxing in the Coal Regions . . . . Steve Kahley of Hazleton was kayoed by Rosevelt Rowe of Philadelphia at Atlantic City . . . . Jack Munley of Old Forge kayoed Jackie Carter at the Cambria in the Quakertown . . . . Munley has the makings of a good fighter . . . . Mickey Gannon, Philly fight mentor, was in town for a few days . . . . Mickey, a member of the old school, is well liked by the Scranton fight crowd . . . . The Hazleton A. C. opens up after a three-month layoff, and will run boxing shows every two weeks . . . . The writer is making the matches and any fight managers of good boys can get in touch with me at 518 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton, Pa. . . . . Jimmy Young is on the trail of Jackie Munley, and a meeting of these two would be a good match for any Coal Region promoter . . . . They both are young and very pleasing fighters . . . . The first wind-up for the Hazleton A. C. will be Rex Fallabell of Hazleton vs. "Irish" Joe Nealon of Scranton . . . . This pair engaged in a slugfest that ended in a draw in their first and only meeting . . . . Fight managers would do no harm by getting in touch with Jack Hennessey, as his club is the largest in Pennsylvania . . . . THE RING is on sale at most newsstands throughout the Coal Fields . . . . When in Scranton, you can buy THE RING at Spec's Book Shop, Linden and Wyoming Streets.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

BABE RISKO had another crack at the crown he once wore, when he faced Freddie Steele, middleweight champion, in a fifteen-round title bout at Madison Square Garden. It was his third meeting with the Tacoma Terror, and like the two previous encounters, Risko lost by decision after a close, hard fight. Babe insists he would have beaten Steele in his latest try had his manager, Gabe Genovese, been in his corner. But Gabe was a sick man, too sick to work with Babe, and had to draft Henry Andrews and Ralph Gold to handle his boy.

Andrews and Gold are smart handlers and know the game. They coached Babe along carefully, letting him fight in spurts, figuring to send him out in the last five rounds and take the honors. But Risko seems to be a temperamental cuss and has to be forced throughout. He does not blame his seconds for losing to the champ, but thinks with Genovese in his corner, a man he is used to, and understands his moods, he would have won.

Ralph De John staged another grand and glorious battle at Buffalo with Jimmy Clark, and again beat the Jamestown Negro and former amateur champion in a sizzling six-round shindig that kept the seven thousand fans in a continuous uproar. De John bids fair to become a contender for Steele's crown, and who knows but within the next year Syracuse will have another challenger facing Freddie, or whoever holds the diadem, for the championship.

Joe Netro deserves a world of credit for the manner in which he has brought along De John. A Syracuse outdoor summer "natural" would be De John versus Babe Risko over the ten-round route.

Joey Brown, cocky little Syracuse featherweight, trounced rugged Midget Doyle in Charlie Murray's Buffalo ring. Joey continues to turn in sensational performances each time out. He is ably and carefully handled by Curley Vandebercouer, well-known Syracuse newspaper man, who loves the ring game and handles Brown for the fun he gets out of it.

Eddie Dempsey journeyed to Toronto expecting to make a big hit against the latest Canadian flash, Sammy Luftspring, but fell victim to the Canuck's dynamite in the sixth. Al Traino, Rochester's Toy Bulldog, was knocked out in one round by Frankie Genovese on the same card.

Jack (Thunderbolt) Patterson is the latest to attempt to put wrestling on a paying basis here. Patterson is a grappler of no mean ability himself and launched his initial offering last month.

The De John-Clark bouts at Buffalo drew big pay-off houses . . . . The first fight grossed $6,900, while the second paid off on $7,500 . . . . Gabe Genovese is reported to have dropped $16,000 on the Steele-Risko title match . . . . Genovese took sixty per cent of the gate and guaranteed the champion $25,000 . . . . When the bout drew only $14,000, Dave Miller proved a real sport and accepted $18,000, ten grand of which had been posted before the scrap . . . . Then Gabe handed Risko twelve and a half per cent of the eight g's for his end . . . . He returned to his bed at the Lincoln Hotel, where he remained a week recovering from the dread flu . . . . Two shows had to be cancelled here because of various reasons . . . . A card topped by Ralph De John and Eddie Slevin fell by the wayside when Slevin was taken ill two days before the fight . . . . Another, showing Lou Ambers, lightweight boss, against Joe Vignali, collapsed when Vignali announced after training here two days he could not make the weight agreed upon.

Johnny Stanton, Grand Rapids amateur middleweight, is now making his home in Syracuse . . . . Bert Courage, scourge of the amateur 175-pounders, is still on a knockout rampage . . . . Recent victims were Jake Hagerman at Rochester and Young Hoag at Fulton . . . . Bert still packs 'em in . . . . Jackie Brady has several likely looking prospects he is grooming for pro careers at his New Deal Gym . . . . Corporal Eddie Edge, Army heavyweight, is in town looking for ring work . . . . Sam Birney and Marc Buckland took in the Steele-Risko and De John-Clark bouts and are boxing conscious and raving about both local fighters . . . . The Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., will have staged two big shows by the time this reaches Nat's presses . . . . Henry Hook, the Hoosier Hurricane, handled by Bill Stevens, is a grand little action fighter . . . . My dream matches published in the last column caused quite a stir hereabouts . . . . The local dailies ran several flattering yarns on them and asked why I did not make them . . . . This pillar certainly would like to, and will admit I'm working on two of them right now . . . . Jimmy Jackson, the sartorial slicker and boxing fan extraordinary, is a keen student of the game and a good picker of winners.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By WILLIAM PIKER

JACKIE WILSON, colored East End featherweight, jabbed, hooked and punched his way to cop the nod over Freddie Miller, erstwhile world champion, in ten rounds at Motor Square Garden. Wilson came back two weeks later to fight Mike Belloise, New York title-holder, in the same ring and again emerged the victor in a close ten-round contest that packed action.

Bud Mignault of New England came through in worthy fashion by knocking out Oscar Rankins, Los Angeles colored light-heavyweight, in the first round. Rankins hit the deck on four occasions before the referee stopped the fight.

Al Gainer, Connecticut's colored flash, was an easy winner over John Anderson, New York Swede, in ten rounds at Duquesne Garden.

Fritzie Zivic, Lawrenceville's knockout king, bumped off Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia in the sixth. Jadick dropped into the resin twice during the bout before Fritz applied the lethal punch.

Jimmy Braddock appeared at Duquesne Garden in the role of celebrity referee, the occasion being a gala amateur fight show for the benefit of flood sufferers. Likewise, John Henry Lewis. Joe Gould, Braddock's manager, auctioned off several pairs of special boxing gloves autographed by Sonja Henie, fight champions and screen stars.

In prelims of the month, Fred Lenhart was awarded the verdict over Red Bruce in six rounds. Johnny Hutchinson scored over Sammy Angott. Lee Shepard stopped Rosy Grier in eight. Jackie Carter won from Lloyd Pine. Eddie Zivic stopped Wesley Martin in nine. Honeyboy Jones won over Louis Kid Cook. Joe Alois whipped Mickey Lyle. Freddie Wilson defeated Max Elling, and Jack Adragna gained the award over Steve Walters.

Fritzie Zivic is going strong. In addition to his recent kayo of Johnny Jadick, the Lawrenceville welter has knocked out headliners such as Billy Celebron, Chuck Woods, Tony Falco, Laddie Tonielli and Harry Dublinsky, among others.

Among participants on the Braddock-Duquesne Garden benefit were amateurs from Philadelphia, Buffalo and Detroit. Jack Conway, Frank Zubic, Ernie Tartaglia, Dave Egan, John Henry King, Benny Arizzi and Tom Mason were a few of the performers.

John Henry Lewis avenged a previous score in Philadelphia against Al Ettore by whipping the slugging Quaker City heavyweight in their return match. The first bout between the pair was changed to a draw by the fight commission after Ettore had been proclaimed the winner. Many of the ringsiders present were inclined to believe Lewis was entitled to the victory.

Of a certain ruling that is a gross injustice in more ways than one, the correspondent wishes to bring to the attention of the moguls who control the humane interests in boxing. We refer to the fighter who breaks an arm or hand in a bout and must subject to a (technical) knockout defeat. This despite the fact that he was far from being hopelessly beaten otherwise. An instance of bouts terminating in this nature was exemplified in a recent contest between Red Bruce and Alabama Kid. The bout was fought on even terms until the fifth round when—through no apparent reason of his own making—the Kid broke an arm, necessitating a halt in the proceedings and the subsequent awarding of the fight to his opponent on a TECHNICAL KAYO. On paper, the result listed as such tends to indicate the unfortunate fighter was battered to a pulp. This is the natural assumption of bouts ending via the technical knockout route. To protect the boxer, a ruling other than T.K.O. should be planned.

SPARRING AROUND—Fight biz here is definitely on the upgrade . . . . Promoter Jake Mintz drew five grand in his initial effort at Motor Square Garden . . . . Elwood Rigby is operating Duquesne Garden . . . . Billy Conn is the latest local middleweight hope . . . . In past months, Fritzie Zivic, Smoky City welterweight, has kayoed such boys as Chuck Woods, Billy Celebron, Laddie Tonielli, Harry Dublinsky . . . . Contact the writer through General Delivery, Donora, Pennsylvania.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

FOLLOWING are the results of some of the best bouts that took place during the month: Joe DiCarlo defeated Dean Hoffman; Jackie Taylor beat Marvin Cicero; Joey Stefano and Joe Birdie won decisions over Nick Hook and Jack Washik, respectively; Jimmy White won by T.K.O. over Sammy Goritz, and Hank Smith outpointed Jimmy Dot; Red Henniger outpointed Eddie Thomas; Frankie Kara decisioned Wesley Jones, while Attileo Bellucci scored a T.K.O. over Billy Furrone; Al Balsam decisioned Ray Smith, but Ray came back to win over Tony DeJohn.

Al Traino, 142 pounds, Big Bill Fogarty and Johnny Walker (both big local heavyweights) are fighting regularly in the United States and Canada.

Joe DiCarlo, Rochester welterweight, is in great demand on many of the amateur cards throughout the state. Joe has a great reputation for being able to take it and has never been floored in five years of mitt tossing.

ON THE AIR—Billy Stevens' great little "Bang" magazine is truly a credit to the game it serves, and sells like hotcakes . . . . Local magazine stands have never sold out their RING mags as readily as they have in the last three months . . . . This again proves that this town is fight conscious and will eat up all that is dished out . . . . Eddie Borden's new Everlast Record Book is also a quick seller, but, of course, is bought by those more closely connected with the game . . . . Elliot Cushing gives fighters and managers some good write-ups in his D. & C. newspaper column.

Billy Shaw, Syracuse Club matchmaker, is planning on buying the Syracuse Club and if plans are O.K., Billy will run weekly shows . . . . He is a smart promoter with a lot of experience and will bring back boxing to Syracuse . . . . Joe Netro's middleweight, Ralph De John, is looking better every time out . . . . Tony Polizzi wants no part of Joe DiCarlo . . . . Dominic Angleo, drop me a line. I've got news for you . . . . Duke Denning has his Maxie Strub fighting often and ready for the best of them . . . . Sammy Goritz and Joey Stefano are two busy fighters these days.

Jake Hagerman, the mauling milkman; wants another shot at Bert Courage . . . . Eddie Thomas says he can beat any of the welterweights in the state . . . . "Wild Bill" Martin wants Eddie Thomas to box Attileo Bellucci and he is certain Eddie can cop the duke . . . . Al Balsam is the best amateur 160-pounder in the city . . . . Abe Raff, the mighty mite of yesteryear, was given a good write-up in the papers recently . . . . Phil Reichert and Abe do a good job of officiating at the weekly bouts . . . . Morton Buck is also doing a nice job for WHEC in broadcasting the amateur bouts every Monday night . . . . Hughie Smith is ready for action after a four weeks' layoff with broken ribs . . . . The Smith boys, Bobby, Hank, Herbert and Hughie, are in great demand . . . . Joe Brady has a great stable of fighters in Scranton, Pa., and keeps them busy . . . . Rochester's next show will be March 19.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

PROMOTERS here pulled in their horns for the month and handed over the pugilistic keys to the city. The *Globe-Democrat's* Golden Glovers were the recipients. Early in the month Jack Callahan staged a show at the Coliseum, featuring Kid Irish and Everett Young Simington. Irish got the decision and a go at Leo Rodak as a bonus. Though he fought a losing fight, Simington presented such a strong case that he's been signed to box Armanda Sicilia in support of the Irish-Rodak scramble.

St. Louisans did well on the road last month. Henry Armstrong cast his die as a lightweight and in so doing, unhorsed the Hapless Hoosier, Moon Mullins, in two heats. No less than eight thousand souls were in at the kill as this concentrated dust storm formally set his sights for Lou Ambers and the upper reaches of the lightweight division. Almost at the very instant that Marse Henry was burying the body at Los Angeles, Joey Parks was getting off a floor in Houston to make room for his opponent, Clyde Chastain, who remained there. Parks was down in the first; Chastain was out in the second. The fight played to the largest crowd Houston has housed since Rosenbloom and Stribling fought there in '33.

The Golden Gloves finals drew 7,765 paying guests and thereby entered the lists of financial successes. Artistically, however, it went into the red. For with but one or two exceptions the survivors represented a rather low grade of ham—even for hamateurs. I might add that the judging was apace with the ring performances.

The exception that proved the rule was Nathan Logan, colored light-heavyweight, who was the only member of the St. Louis contingent to achieve the semi-finals. There were two other Negroes on the team and they were the only others, besides Logan, to reach the quarter-finals. A fourth Aframerican, James Dobbins, might have shown something had he made the trip. James is about six feet five inches and weighs 218. He won the local tourney but busted up a maulie in the final and had to stay home.

Archie Moore, managed by Geo. Wilsman, and a stablemate of Allen Mathews, is St. Louis' man o' the month. Archie showed a lot of stuff in kayoing Joe Huff. The boy is but nineteen and might go far. He is a middleweight, as is Mathews.

From MILO to LONDOS

From MILO to LONDOS

by NAT FLEISCHER

Limited Edition

The story of wrestling through the Ages, from 2000 B.C. to 1936.

Contains a complete history of the heavyweight championship from William Muldoon to Dean Detton.

A complete history of early wrestling traced through every country.

Beautifully bound — Autographed by the author Nat Fleischer, Editor and Publisher of THE RING.

100 illustrations—old masters—present day stars.

Only 995 copies of this limited edition printed.

Order now so that you won't be disappointed.

Send check or money order to

Nat Fleischer, THE RING
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
825 8TH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Please send me ..... copies of your Limited Edition of "From Milo to Londos to Detton," for which find check or money order for $3.25.

Name .....

Street .....

State or country .....

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

FRANKIE BATTAGLIA, Winnipeg's middleweight star, fought a draw with Gorilla Jones, former middleweight champion, at Milwaukee. Jones had Battaglia on the canvas for a count of nine in the fourth round, but the Canadian-Italian, from then on, earned the draw.

Toronto promoters are going to give Sammy Luftspring a chance to meet the best at his weight—Gordon Wallace preferred. Sonny Jones is another welter that will bear watching.

Billy Marquart, Winnipeg, Man., star featherweight, wrote up his ninth straight victory at the expense of Al. Manriquez of Sioux City, Ia., in Chicago. Jack Hurley, Billy's manager, is now in New York, trying to get the Winnipegger some work.

Sonny Jones, Vancouver, B. C., welterweight, and the best, although not the champion, welter in the Dominion, K.O.'ed Norman Snow, the Englishman.

The Western—at least the British Columbia—heavyweight champion, Sonny Buxton, is due to fight Bob Nestell in California. If he puts up a good fight, his claim to Canadian recognition will go a long way. He meets a real foe in Nestell.

Ted Keating, Winnipeg's foremost threat to the vacant Canadian heavyweight crown, won his fourth straight victory in Toronto rings by a K.O. in the fourth round of his bout with Jack Thomas of Detroit, Mich. Keating cannot be denied his chance at the title. There seems to be Sonny Buxton, Jack Tebo, Ted Keating and Oliver Shank in this shuffle, and the sooner some wide-awake promoter brings these boys together to produce a recognized champion, the better. Likewise Eddie Wenstob and Tiger Terry Warrington should be matched to produce a light-heavyweight leader.

Winnipeg's United Colleges supplied five winners in the inter-college boxing night of swat, and they are taking to boxing like a duck to water. Amateur boxing is coming along just now in Canada's gateway to the West city, Winnipeg.

Maurice Camytree, Winnipeg's former Canadian amateur welter champion, in his first pro fight, won easily over Vic Zyicki, former Golden Glove champion.

Edmonton, Alta., is coming ahead with pro boxing.

Oliver Shank, Edmonton, Alta., heavyweight, and a protege of Lawson Brampton, K.O.'ed Gene Nulhneyer in one round in New York. Oliver is one of the challengers for the vacant heavyweight crown in Canada.

Eddie Cochran, former Saskatchewan lightweight champion, has just returned from a trip that took him into eighteen countries, where he fought the best. In three hundred fights, among others, he met Young Jack Thompson, former welterweight champion of the world; Benny Wolff, Baby Joe Gans, Harry Mason of England, Frankie Flemming and Seaman Smart of Winnipeg.

Vic Jory, former light-heavyweight boxing and wrestling champion of British Columbia, is now a movie actor in California.

Harry Gilmore, another Canadian-born fighter, is still hale and hearty in California. He fought, amongst others, Jack McAuliffe, world's champion, when dad was just a kid.

When Billy Townsend fought Jimmy Kelso in Australia, a fellow miner walked from Abermain to see the fight. He and Billy had mined coal together in Naniamo, Vancouver Island, before Billy became the "Blond Tiger."

Herman Landfield, former Kid Herman, who was killed in an auto accident in California, was born a Canuck, in Montreal, P. Q., September 23, 1883. He met Packy McFarland, Benny Yanger, Abe Attell, and Clarence Forbes. Howard Mayberry, who was also killed last year in the U. S. A. by car, was a former bantam champion of Canada.

Canada has left her mark in the Boxing Hall of Fame. Remember these fighters: George Dixon, Li'l Chocolate, Sam Langford, Jack Delaney, Jack Renault, Georgie LeBlanche, Tommy Burns, Arthur Pelky, Frankie Flemming, Leo Kid Roy, Vic Foley, Larry Gains, Steve Rocco, Harry Dillon, Harry Gilmore, Kid Herman, Frenchy Belanger, Jack Reddick, Frankie Wolfram, Frankie Battaglia, Jimmy McLarnin, Lou Brouillard? Some of them are of recent fame, but Canada can be rightly proud of her fighting men, both in the ring and during 1914-18, when she produced more air-aces (leaders) than other Allied forces. We can be justly proud of this land and its race of men. We are a country of only ten million population, but it breeds a race of fighting men that is second to none. The boys that are now in the van are Frankie Martin, Billy Marquart, Frankie Battaglia, Jimmy McLarnin, Sonny Jones, Paul Schaefer, Maurice Camytree, Eddie Carroll, Tommy Bland, Tiger Warrington, Eddie Wenstob, Gordon Wallace, and out of this gang will come men that we hope will follow where Dixon and Langford and Burns left off.

Complete History of Wrestling
"From Milo to Londos"
Covers 2,000 years of this sport.
Many photographs of world famous wrestlers—pictures of every champion of last fifty years and many championship matches.
Interesting data on the development of wrestling in all countries.
Every heavyweight championship bout from 1880 to 1937 described. Limited Edition—Only 995 copies printed.
Send Money Order for $3.25 to Nat Fleischer.
THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden New York City, U.S.A.

Yours truly has been urging a western Canadian boxing commission through these columns for many months, and at last it has materialized, for the betterment of Canadian boxing. The secretary is Frank Heller, 11612 97th Street, Edmonton, Alta., and the W. C. B. F. will be affiliated with the N. B. A. and B. B. B. C., and is out to straighten boxing matters in Canada.

We again must ask that all correspondents wishing an answer to queries, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope to 229 Young Street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada. We have such a stack of letters each month, we cannot be expected to answer them without return postage. Thank you.

Robert Krieger, 1814 Hyacinth St., St. Paul, Minn.—The boy I recommended is clean-living, a good puncher, strong and capable, about twenty-three years old. He will, under capable management, make good.

Bill Wells, Calgary, Alta.—Not having seen Buxton, cannot pass any comments, but by reports, he is the best heavyweight in Canada.

Jimmy Jones, Glasgow, Scotland—Thanks for your letter. Sonny is doing well and hope you land that title O.K.

Louis Lavoie of Edmonton and Sailor Goodland of Sundre, Alta., fought a ten-round draw in the main bout of a boxing card in Edmonton. Both weighed 156 pounds. Wilbert Young, 146, of Ribstone, Alta., knocked out Art Rudy, 142, of Hanna, Alta., in the fourth. Art Lynn, 150, of Dawson Creed, B. C., won a four-round decision over Ed Bruce, 144, of Vancouver. Lawrence Ferguson, 150, of Edmonton, won a four-round decision over "Kid" Dalke, 153, of Saskatoon.

Frankie Martin of Montreal, Canadian bantamweight champion, knocked out Buddy Hayes, young Miamian, in the third heat. In another bout, Martin won a ten-round decision over Spider Armstrong of Toronto in the feature of a boxing card at the Maple Leaf Garden in Toronto.

NORTHERN CANADA NEWS
By JACK KELLY

BOXING continues to boom in Edmonton under the stimulus of regular promotions by Fred Osbourne and the newly organized Western Canada Boxing Federation, with which every boxing commission from Winnipeg to Vancouver is now affiliated. This federation, the result of organization work done by the Edmonton commission, is now the largest body of its kind in Canada.

The first step of the federation has been to tackle the championship situation. There have been scores of claimants to every Canadian title, but there have never been properly conducted eliminations to make these titles mean anything. The federation accordingly refused to recognize any title in western Canada until all logical contenders have been eliminated. These contenders are nominated by the various commissions belonging to the federation and the elimination series fought under its supervision. It is hoped that eastern Canada will soon complete a similar organization that will join with the West to form a national body of control.

Eliminations for the western middleweight championship are now being held in Edmonton under Osbourne's promotion. Alberta's chief contenders are Eddie McSporran of Edmonton, Harry "Sailor" Goodland of Olds, Alberta, and Louis Lavoie of Edmonton, former Dominion middleweight and welterweight amateur champion and a member of the Olympic boxing team Canada sent to Los Angeles in 1932.

Draw decisions have stalemated the elimination fights up to the time of writing. Lavoie turned pro and met the classy McSporran in the first of these elimination fights. They fought ten sensational rounds to a draw. Lavoie then met Sailor Goodland in the same elimination series and the judges again handed down a draw decision. The fans greeted it with prolonged booing. All press cards gave Lavoie a clean win.

As a result of these draws, all fighters concerned will have to meet again in the near future.

McSporran established his right to being listed as a title contender by defeating Emil Lust and Young Tunney of Medicine Hat in ten-round bouts here. Fighting in the semi-final slot on the McSporran-Young Tunney card, George Shasko, promising young heavy, added another kayo to his rapidly growing record when he knocked out Dick Johnson of Ponoka in the third round.

Fighting in the semi-final position on the Lavoie-McSporran title card, Sailor Goodland knocked Gordon Grayston out of the championship series with a fifth-round kayo. Wilbert Young, hard-hitting welter from Ribstone, Alberta, added another knockout to his score sheet by stopping Young Rudy of Hanna here in the fourth round. Young Rudy took the count with a badly broken thumb. Before meeting Young, he had scored nineteen knockouts in twenty fights. In a special attraction on this same card, Dick Johnson, the Ponoka light-heavyweight, scored his first knockout at the expense of Dick Lamb in the second frame of a six-rounder.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

SPRING breezes, hastening the end of the hockey season and gladdening the hearts of boxing enthusiasts, who are looking forward to a lively warm weather ring season, are with us again. Montreal, center of big attractions in the summer, but virtually dead fistically speaking during the hockey season, will likely see a resumption of ring action in the near future, taking the play away from other cities in the Dominion, as in previous spring and summer seasons. Toronto has been going very well this winter, as well as Vancouver, while Edmonton has made its best effort in years to popularize the game.

Toronto has been doing particularly well with former amateur aces and local talent on their shows, though their matchmakers and managers seem to have a tendency for rushing their prospects a little too fast. Irving Pease, Olympic middleweight, was coming along with wins over lukewarm opposition then was stopped by a virtual unknown, Max Kadin. Then they brought Pease against Tommy Bland, and the veteran gave away ten pounds and an artistic lacing to shove Pease's aspirations even more out of the picture.

Sammy Luftspring looks to be about the best prospect produced from the Queen City shows. In his last bout, he outscored the veteran Johnny Jadick and will have his crack at the Canadian welter title, held by Gordon Wallace, before this comes off the press.

Edmonton is featuring the middleweights and it would be fitting to see not only the western Canada title, but the Canadian middleweight championship, settled there. Promoter Fred Osborne, widely known as a first class boxing coach, has been plugging the middleweights and is running an elimination tourney for the western Canada middleweight crown he forfeited upon retirement last year. Eddie MacSporran, Sailor Goodland and Louis Lavoie have been the leading performers to date.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

GEORGE DIXON, lightweight contender, defeated that able veteran, Kid Axle, the boy who, although past his prime, still gives the best of them a good fight.

Kid McCoy, a good newcomer, scored over his hardy rival, Kid Gans.

Baby Al Brown, the worthy flyweight contender, outpunched his bigger adversary, Jamaica Kid, in a classy style. Black Bill won over Red Devil.

Syd Brown, the boy who more than once defeated the middleweight champion, has now outgrown that division. Brown is now preparing for his first go as a light-heavyweight.

The Jamaica quartet—Barton, Flynn, Williams and Chocolate—are doing well in England. Barton has won five and lost only one bout.

George Dixon, the bustling lightweight contender, earned the decision over Pal Silver in the fifth round when the latter was disqualified for holding. However, the showing during the early rounds promised a very interesting fight, fans were very disappointed when the bout terminated in such a manner.

Kid McKoy certainly means business. He is keeping on top of them and this time at the expense of a very good boy, J. P. McGowan. Boy Peterson lost to Jamaica Kid. Red Devil defeated Red Cap Wilson. Baby Louis won from Young Jiggs.

Any good light-heavyweight looking for work should take a trip here, as we have three very good boys in that division.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

WE wish to announce that we have joined the sports staff of the Sioux City *Tribune* and we are doing a column called "Inside the Hemp," hence we are on the lookout for news of interest pertaining to both boxing and wrestling. Mail will reach us either c/o Sports Department, *The Tribune*, or at our home address, 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Ia.

Iowa for a number of years has produced some of the country's toughest fighters. Right now in the public eye we have the following lads who are keeping the wise ones interested: Everette Rightmire of Sioux City, featherweight; Davey Day of Des Moines, lightweight; Milt Aron of Dubuque, welterweight. Other youngsters who will bear watching in the future include Ralph O'Dell, Ottumwa, heavyweight; Bobby Venner, Des Moines, welterweight; Albert Manriquez, Sioux City, featherweight. There are several others who will no doubt be in the front ranks before another year rolls around.

Ottumwa, Ia.—Nearly two thousand fans turned out to see Ralph O'Dell of this city score a two-round kayo over Tuffy Warner of St. Paul, Minn. Jess Ackerman of Des Moines scored a T.K.O. over Santos Reyes in six; Harry Hobbs scored a T.K.O. over Max Steele in two; Roy Kirkendahl knocked out Jack Harter; Francis Doran beat Bert Mangus; Johnny De Cruze won over Gene Willer in the opener.

Mason City, Ia.—Joe Hearity, Mason City light-heavyweight, won a six-round victory over Sping Nelson of Austin, Minn. Results of other bouts on the card were as follows: Mike Michaelson, Austin, Minn., knocked out Kenny Sawyer, Cresco, Ia., in the second; Red Gephart, 130, Mason City, knocked out Lyle Gregory, 132, Mason City, in the third round; Leon Derock, 147, outpointed Rough House Katz, Mason City, in four rounds; Curly Harris, 155, Mason City, outpointed Joe Ezaiski, 155, Britt, Ia., in a five-rounder; Mike Martin, 142, Mason City, won on a technical knockout over Jimmy Jones, 145, Austin, Minn., in the fourth.

Huron, So. Dak.—Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis, Minn., lightweight, was odered suspended for his failure to appear here on a recent boxing card. Sharkey was slated to meet Johnny Netterman in the main event. Vic Friese of Huron substituted for Sharkey and was stopped in the fourth round.

Mason City, Ia.—Mike Klomp, Lime Springs, Ia., won an eight-round decision over Mike Michaelson of Austin, Minn. Other results: Kid Tewins, 150, Mason City, won on a technical knockout in the second round over Sonny McElroy, 150, Mason City; Mike Martin, 150, Mason City, won on a technical knockout in the second round over Mickey Michelson, 138, Austin; Roughhouse Katz, 155, Mason City, won on a technical knockout in the second over Andrew Jackson, 158, Mason City; Leon Derock, 142, Mason City, shaded Kenny Thompson, 138, Austin; Bill Jones, 152, Lime Springs, knocked out Ed Nieher, 155, Austin, Minn.

WITH THE AMATEUR BOXERS—During the past month, amateur boxing has been holding the spotlight out in this section . . . . Several meets besides a number of Golden Gloves tournaments have been held . . . . Leo Cain, Sioux City light-heavyweight, dropped a three-round decision to Frank Sandholm of Rock Island, Ill., at Davenport . . . . Three Sioux City boxers reached the finals of the C. Y. O. tournament in Omaha—Bob Morley, lightweight; Lawrence Mansfield, bantamweight, and Lyman Hettrick, welterweight . . . . Carl Vinciquerra, light-heavyweight on the United States Olympic boxing team, who lives in Omaha, has signed a contract to fight under the management of Jack Hurley, former manager of Billy Petrolle and Charley Retzlaff . . . . Vinciquerra, 1936 Golden Gloves light-heavyweight champion, and a former Creighton University football star, will train in Chicago . . . . The Sioux City *Journal's* Golden Gloves boxing team, under the direction of Dan Desmond, sports editor, placed one boy in the semi-finals of the Chicago *Tribune's* Golden Gloves tournament . . . . The boy, Clayton Johnson, a Negro, fighting at 126 pounds, appears to be going places . . . . The team this year was coached by Ty Dillon, well-known Sioux City boxing promoter . . . . Keokuk, Ia., is holding amateur cards under the direction of the V. of F. W. . . . . Bob Morley, Sioux City lightweight, won the lightweight title of the Omaha Golden Gloves tournament . . . . He scored a T. K. O. over Joe Cannella . . . . The Sioux City team on the trip to Chicago was snowbound seventeen hours . . . . The boxers who made up this year's team were: Bernard Springer, Machy, Neb., flyweight; Levi De Cora, Winnebago, Neb., bantamweight; Clayton Johnson, Sioux City, featherweight; Walter Brey, Pender, Neb., lightweight; Jimmy Dyson, Pipestone, Minn., welterweight; Francis Warrington, Estherville, Ia., middleweight; Johnny Gates, Flandreau, So. Dak., light-heavyweight; J. Warren Carrigan, Spencer, Ia., heavyweight.

Readers, please have your notes in my hands by the second of each month. Have preached this so many times. It will help out a great deal if you will get your news into my hands as soon as possible. Several notes are left out each month owing to the fact that they come in too late.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—At Minneapolis, Bobby Venner, Des Moines welter, scored a kayo over Johnny Dobbins of Minneapolis in three rounds . . . . On the same card, Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines, dropped a close sixer to Wen Lambert of Proctor, Minn., lightweight . . . . At Duluth, Minn., Henry Schaft of Minneapolis and Wen Lambert of Proctor drew in ten rounds . . . . At Chicago, Milt Aron, Dubuque, Ia., welter, beat Gaston Le Cadre of France in ten rounds . . . . Ray Baker of Grand Forks, N. D., beat Maxie Rubin of Montreal . . . . Al Manriquez, Sioux City featherweight, dropped an eight-round decision to Billy Marquart of Winnipeg at Chicago . . . . St. Paul, Minn., is back on the map . . . . The last card there featured Jack Gibbons, who has been on the sidelines for several weeks. The Gibbons boy scored a win over Bert Paxton of Detroit . . . . Creston, Ia., is still sailing forth with boxing cards . . . . Dick Demaray of Bismarck, No. Dak., scored over Max Kalbrener in ten rounds at Fargo, No. Dak. . . . . Jack McCarter of Cedar Rapids, Ia., knocked out Hal Mollison of Chicago in four heats at the Windy City . . . . Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight, who is headquartering on the Coast, has been on the sidelines with an injured nose . . . . Sailor Burke, well-known Sioux City boxing promoter, trainer, and manager, has again taken up his home in Sioux City . . . . Burke plans to open up a gym . . . . Peter Doss, Negro heavyweight; Ray Mann, middleweight; Andy Miller, light-heavyweight; Billy Clancy, featherweight, and several other boys are working out daily.

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

AL HOSTACK, sensational Georgetown middleweight, under the care of Eddie Marino, continued his rise by scoring an impressive kayo over Leonard Bennett, veteran Seattle middleweight, in the eighth round.

Billy Lee, formerly from Portland, now of Vancouver, won a ten-round decision from Truman Kennedy, Bellingham lightweight. Kennedy is keeping himself busy these days. He fought a ten-round draw with Billy Townsend at Victoria. After the Lee fight, Kennedy journeyed to Portland, where he fought a ten-round draw with George Crouch.

Johnny Blochlinger, former Edmonton policeman, made a trip to the Coast to fight Gordon Wallace for the Canadian welterweight championship. The match, scheduled over the twelve-round route, was held in Victoria. Wallace was awarded the fight in the eighth round after Blochlinger's claim of foul was disallowed.

In western Canada, the Western Canada Boxing Federation has been formed to control boxing from Manitoba to British Columbia, inclusive. Frank Heller of Edmonton has been named secretary-treasurer, while members of the various commissions will act as a board of governors. The W. C. B. F., as it will be known, adopted the rules and regulations of the Vancouver Commission and will seek affiliation with the N. B. A. in the United States and the B. B. B. C. in England.

Many fighters are back in training after layoffs for various reasons. King Ketchel has recovered from influenza; Jackie Pettipiece from a broken jaw; Chuck Nickason from a bad hand; Danny Pahl from a broken rib; Eddie Ryan from arthritis in the foot; Eddie Hossack from influenza, and Eddie Brady from a bad eye received in the Diamond Belt tournament.

Dick Gerrard, who learned his boxing from Ted Moore, is back in training, with his present goal being the Canadian welterweight championship.

PRELIMINARY RAMBLINGS—Jimmy Chapman was kayoed by Ray Oriente . . . . Bobby Carrington won a decision from Jimmy Smith . . . . Julius Troll kayoed Baby Face Anderson . . . . Jimmy Cappadouca, Greek welter, fought a draw with Jim Hansen of Victoria . . . . Gordie Smith was awarded an unpopular draw with Jackie Pascoe . . . . Johnny Nunes drew with Eddie Summers . . . . Eddie Norris was awarded a T.K.O. over Al McCoy.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Eddie Wise, Montreal lightweight, is in the hospital after an appendicitis operation . . . . Bud Davies is planning another trip to Oregon with Danny and Packey Pahl . . . . It is expected that Gordon Wallace will make his next title defense against Sammy Luftspring at Toronto . . . . Alan Foston is training for another comeback . . . . Ted Moore's stable has at least eight good fighters from these parts . . . . Johnny Blochlinger left a policeman's job to try fighting . . . . This writer can be reached at 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C.

Nat Fleischer's Universal BOXING COURSE

A Home Course in Scientific Boxing

« Nine Lessons »

that's all ! ! !

Two Weeks for Each Lesson

You get one book every two weeks or can get all books at one time. Tell me which you prefer.

For $6.00

you get two sets of booklets, either every two weeks until the nine have been sent, or all at one time, according to your choice, and you also get two pairs of boxing trunks and two shirts, one for yourself and one for the pal who is going to train with you.

If you don't want two sets of books, (ONLY ONE), then the price for the complete set of nine books and the two trunks and two shirts is only $5.00.

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the nine booklets the same as you are to get.

Study Together *and* Train Together

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

If you don't want the trunks and shirts, then send only $3.98 and get one set of booklets without the trunks and shirts.

The Universal Boxing Course contains also special exercises, such as boxers use to keep in trim and to prepare for the strenuous sport.

In the Universal Boxing Course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY
The greatest fighter of modern times.

TONY CANZONERI
Holder of three championships.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN
The Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing.

Fill out and mail with a Money Order ($5.00 for one set of books and 2 trunks and 2 shirts; or $6.00 for two sets of books) and 2 sets of trunks and shirts; or $3.98 for one set of books, no trunks or shirts.

Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course
Madison Square Garden, New York City, N. Y.

Name .....
(Print)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Size of Trunks ..... Pal's Size of Trunks .....

Size of Shirt ..... Pal's Size of Shirt .....

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

BOSTON fistic fans, about five thousand of them, saw another classy heavyweight mill—Tony Shucco, Boston, vs. Max Marek, Chicago—a Goodwin A. C. offering at Mechanics Hall. The boys travelled ten rounds, usually at top speed, with Marek forcing the fighting for the greater part of the way. He directed his attack to Shucco's body and, for three rounds, got away with it. Then Shucco, the better boxer, got his range and met Marek's rushes with well-placed lefts to head and right-hand uppercuts to wind. There was very little clinching and no running. At the end, both performers showed signs of wear and tear. The award, a split decision, went to Shucco.

Under the feature event, Al Nettlow, 135, Marek's Chicago stablemate, encountered Tommy Rawson, 135, of Arlington, the latter a former New England lightweight champion, in the eight-round semi-final. This was another great bout, with Nettlow doing some vey fine, snappy work with his left, and also a right-hand follow-up. Rawson, the heavier hitter, had his man rocking several times but, as for the points, the Windy City boy finished well out in front and gained the decision.

Abe Denner, Boston, holder of various amateur feather titles, made his "pro" debut in an earlier bout. He was paired against Pat O'Brien, Dorchester, and won all the way in four rounds. After several more warm-ups, Denner may be pitted against Joey Archibald, Pawtucket, R. I., claimant of the New England featherweight title.

Sammy Fuller of Chelsea, one-time New England lightweight champion, and out of the active ring for nearly two years, came back to stop in the first round Andy Callahan, Lawrence, his foe for many seasons. It was a sensational upset and quite contrary to the predictions of all but two of the sports writers. We happened to be one of the two who guessed right. The bout dated back to the knocking out of Dante Yanetti, Fuller's protege, by Callahan in the ring of the Egleston Square A. C., four weeks before. To avenge his charge, Fuller went into training and, satisfied that he could make the grade, challenged Callahan and was accepted. The win scored by Fuller—a right-hand smash to cheekbone over Callahan's extended right, fully sustained our oft-repeated contention that a southpaw is soft-picking if his opponent knows how to fight him. The show, staged by the Goodwin A. C., attracted 6,559 cash customers and a net of $8,764.

In a minor contest on the same card, George Martin, Boston amateur welter star, joined the money-chasers and defeated Joe Monte, Somerville, in four rugged heats.

As against these two very excellent tourneys, we had something different served up at Boston Garden—one of that organization's attempts to do a comeback in the promotional boxing field. A double-windup of two ten-rounders was the offering. In the first of these, Buddy Ryan, 172, Newark, "subbing" for Terry Mitchell, lost the decision to Domenic Ceccarelli, 177, introduced as the light-heavy champion of Italy. Both tried hard enough, but their efforts were not particularly thrilling. In the windup, Frankie Connolly, heavyweight protege of the Sharkey-Buckley stable, with height, weight, reach and about everything else in his favor, so belabored Alfred "Butch" Rogers of Wallingford, Conn., that the referee halted the affair in the third round, the win going to Connolly.

Johnny Buckley, with Lou Brouillard, his middleweight man Friday, arrived back from Paris and his third experience with Marcel Thil. That Thil should have been counted out, and then given the award over Brouillard, was no surprise. Few thought Brouillard had any chance of winning when he left for France. Buckley, in behalf of Brouillard, is claiming Thil's half of the middleweight title, and may possibly get it across. In any event, his contention is regarded as well-taken. Out of it all may come a bout between Freddy Steele and Brouillard to be staged either in New York or this city.

Boston had the tough experience of having its first ring fatality in years when an amateur tourney, staged by the James C. Shea Post, A. L., was in progress. The victim, Walter C. Johnson, twenty, a colored lightweight, native of Boston, was knocked out of the ring in the first round of the 135-pound class semi-final. He was assisted back inside the ropes, collapsed and, after receiving medical aid from a state commission physician, was removed to the Boston City Hospital, where he died two hours later. Death was announced as due to a blood clot in the brain. Johnson's ring opponent was arraigned in court two days later on a charge of manslaughter. No probable cause was found and he was released. The accident was but the second of its nature to occur in connection with amateur boxing in Boston. In the "pro" ring, such happenings have been an equal rarity. A boxing benefit for the family of the deceased was staged at the Egleston and attracted a full house of cash customers.

Another tragedy, though indirectly concerned with the ring, occurred the night of March 1, when John J. Williams, better known as Jackie, or Jack, was found dead at his home in Huron Avenue, Cambridge. Death was caused by a shot from a magazine pistol. Because of the floundering around of police officials, at first it was thought he had been murdered. Later it was decided that Williams had shot himself. Williams, a fine chap with a large circle of friends, was a featherweight boxer of considerable ability in his youth. On quitting the active ring, he embarked in various promotional enterprises, some of which were successful and others that were not. Of recent years he had conducted the Magazine A. A., a Cambridge night club. He was fifty-two years old.

Don Labbe, heavyweight member of the twelve fighting Labbe brothers of Lewiston, Me., was presented with a draw in his bout with Eddie Carroll of Lowell after ten rounds of hot fighting at the Egleston, February 22. Carroll "copped" at least six rounds. Though a holiday matinee, which ordinarily does not go over very well in Boston, it drew fourteen hundred fans. Jack Labbe, 156, of the same clan stopped Terry Rogers, Chicopee, in two heats, while a third brother, Kayo Labbe, 138, defeated Domenic Calantonio, 137, Walpole, in six rounds. Paul Junior, claimant of the Maine welter title, is another member of this somewhat remarkable tribe.

The end of the New England Golden Gloves trail, which started with more than eight hundred participants early in the year, and finally narrowed down to thirty-two, was reached on February 15, the Boston Garden the spot. The show attracted about seventeen thousand customers—a record for an indoor boxing event in Boston. Sixteen bouts were staged—eight open amateur, and eight sub-novice. The winners in the open classes follow: 112, Hervey Liberty, Manchester, N. H.; 118, Salvatore Bartolo, East Boston; 126, Clarence Frost, Amherst, N. H.; 135, James McCarron, Somerville; 147, Joe Marcuo, North Adams; 160, Lewis C. Suggs, Newport, R. I.; 175, Walter Cunningham, Dorchester; heavy, Frank Chudlinski, Hyde Park. Sub-novice winners: 112, Manuel Roderick, Warwick C.C.C.; 118, Charles Baginski, Springfield; 126, Albert Dutra, Warwick C.C.C.; 135, Al Priest, Cambridge; 147, Charles Leighton, Portland, Me.; 160, Edward McAllister, U. S. S. Quincy; 175, Frank Mercurio, Hingham; heavy, Varley Broe, Springfield.

The Egleston Square A. C. had another boxing session—four eights and two fours—and played to a small house. In the feature, Jack Caparell, Roxbury, but recently out of the amateurs, defeated Buster Carroll, Lowell, both welters, in eight rugged fighting rounds. In another busy bout on the same card, Johnny Dube, Haverhill, defeated Domenic Calantonio,, Walpole, lightweights, in eight heats. Dube outguessed and outboxed his man—put up a very creditable performance. In a third scheduled eight, Charley Gordon, 149, of Vermont, but now booking out of Boston, stopped Joe Lemieux, 148, New Bedford, in the fifth chapter. Gussie McLellan, Nova Scotia, a very good featherweight performer, making his reappearance in a Boston ring, bumped heads with Earl Duquette, Cambridge, his opponent, and received such a severe cut over the left eye that the bout was stopped at the end of the first canto, the award going to Duquette.

And, are the wrestlers still with us? We'll say so, and they are not still. Two and three shows every week with gates that are good, bad and indifferent—but the promoters keep "shooting." The outstanding event since the last issue of THE RING was staged at Boston Garden when Danno O'Mahony settled Cy Williams, Florida rough-houser, two straight falls before about six thousand cash customers. Williams lost the first fall on a foul—eye-gouging—in 17:02, and Danno finished him off for the second in 19:54, a giant swing followed by a body press.

The big leaguers were at it again, George Clark, the Dundee, Scotland, traffic "cop" and matman, in there with Chief Little Wolf, the Navajo Indian pride and joy of Joe "Toots" Mondt's stable. They attracted about six thousand fans. Clark won, taking two out of the three falls scored. The Indian gained the first fall in 11:44, while the Scot took the two next in 16:12 and 9:58. In a bad man melee co-feature, George K. O. Koverly defeated Cy Williams. Cy "copped" the first in 6:33, and lost the second in 6:07. While they were battling for the third and deciding fall, Bull Curry, Williams' second, swatted Koverly over the head with a chair, causing his man to be disqualified. The fall and match went to "Kayo" in 4:58.

IN SHORT METRE—Bobby Allen, Nova Scotia welter of good repute, is due back in Boston for action at an early date. He is attached to the Al Clemente-Johnny O'Brien combination, former managers of Tony Shucco. They are building up a fine stable . . . . Young Jack Gibbons of St. Paul is in Boston and is booked for four bouts at the Egleston Square A. C. His first opponent will be Buck Tracey of Everett . . . . Terry "Tiger" Warrington, the colored light-heavy, is now in Pittsburgh, handled by Leo Bradley. Plenty of action is promised him . . . . George Clark, the heavyweight wrestler from Dundee, Scotland, knows a lot of wrestling but hates the rough stuff . . . . Mike Gibbons, one famous middleweight, is here in Boston with his son Jack . . . . The annual tryouts for the New England amateur boxing championships are being boxed under the sponsorship of the Irish-American A. A., now the foremost amateur organization in this section. The finals will be staged at Boston Garden . . . . The State Athletic Commission is swinging its axe on the necks of performers who use phony names, also those who book themselves for a bout and fail to appear . . . . Tommy McFarland, old-time ringster, now a boniface, is planning to show George Pavlick, Mid-West heavy, in Boston rings . . . . The national amateur boxing championships, after an absence of several years, will be decided here April 12-13-14 at Boston Garden . . . . Matty Norton, a youngster, and Al Delmont, veteran, are making very good here as corner men. Both know what it is all about.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

PROMOTER JULES COHEN and Matchmaker Vince Plunkett of the Buffalo Sporting Club ran into more than their share of ill luck when they staged a show made up of out-of-town boxers. Only one bout went the limit when Tony Ciaccio, Brooklyn, outpointed Howell King of Detroit. In the other matches, Roscoe Toles, Detroit, knocked out Tony Cancella, Chicago, one round; Milton Shivers, Detroit, stopped Roxie Forgione, Philadelphia, second round; Dominick Ceccarelli, Italy, flattened Jimmy De Sola, Spain, fourth round; Lou Presto, Buffalo, knocked out Frank Laspino, Rochester, second round.

Luke Carr refereed. The judges were Jimmy Goodrich and George (Pop) Needham; Ike Klipfel was the timer, and Manny Weitz did the announcing.

Lack of local talent makes a matchmaker's job most difficult. Vince Plunkett did all he possibly could to arrange a decent program, but had to rely on out-of-town fighters to fill out the card.

Lou Presto might be able to get somewhere as a card if he is taken along properly. The South Buffalo Pole is a promising light-heavy, who did well in the amateur ranks.

What a number of ex-boxers are doing: Frisco Grande, the Filipino; Virgil Kinkade; Johnny McCoy and Al Greenwood work on WPA projects; Tommy Paul and Joe Doctor are employed at the Ford plant here; Rocky Kansas works for the city; Knockout Brennan operates a tavern.

Another new gymnasium is scheduled to open for business here soon. It will be located in the downtown sector, I am told. With Mineo's and Singer's already in business, the newcomer will find the competition keen.

Ben Irvine, the "Gray Eagle," and Hymie Goldstein, old-time lightweight star, are hustling around trying to get appointed referees. Both are good men and would fill the bill. Knockout Brennan, great middleweight of fifteen years ago, is another who would like an appointment.

Tommy (Gray Fox) Timlin certainly recommended a fighter when he got Adamick, the Detroit puncher, started here. Adamick has the kick of a mule in his right.

Jimmie Brady, who is piloting Adamick, was a clever lightweight about ten years ago. Jimmie holds a responsible position with the Ford Motor Company in Detroit.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Jack Herman is back as promoter of wrestling shows for the Buffalo Sporting Club . . . . Herman was instrumental in bringing about the wrestling boom here a few years back . . . . He was touting Ed (Don) George as a great artist long before Ed won the world's title from Ed (Strangler) Lewis out on the Coast . . . . Herman, if anyone can possibly turn the trick, will bring back some of the mat fans . . . . But to my way of thinking, wrestling will have to wait a long while before it again enjoys a cycle of prosperity . . . . Before these lines appear in print Ralph De John and Jimmy Clark will have collided in a return match . . . . De John handily outboxed the Jamestown Negro in their former meeting . . . . Clark claims to be in great shape and expects to win . . . . Jimmy knocked out Irving Pease of Toronto after Pease had beaten him several times.

Mineo's gym at Jefferson and East Eagle Streets is one of the dandiest little training emporiums I have seen in many a day . . . . The Mineo boys are popular and should do a good business, with boxing coming back around here . . . . There is a crying need of new fistic talent . . . . Not a good fighter among the entire Buffalo brigade . . . . A good young heavyweight or middleweight would clean up plenty . . . . The fans are hungry for action and can't get it . . . . Fred Johnson is again developing some high grade Simon-pures through his Orioles tournaments.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

THE high light of the last month in New Jersey boxing circles was the third match between those bitter rivals, Don Petrin of Newark and the Orange Water Buffalo, Tony Galento. The fight took place at the Newark Armory before a great crowd who were attracted mainly because the two men had previously fought two ten-rounders, with both contests ending in draw decisions. There was the added lure of a promised match between the winner and Joe Louis at the Newark Armory for a date in April. Promoter Jack Friedlander of the Dreamland Sporting Club has been trying to bring Louis into Newark for almost six months, using a $20,000 guarantee as a bait, but Louis would rather earn less money against "safer" opponents.

Dick Wood will promote bouts this summer at the Phillipsburg Arena, called the "boxing center of the Lehigh Valley" . . . . Frank De Marco has a popular gym in Jersey City, where many boxers go through their paces for scheduled bouts at Braddock Arena . . . . Maurice Cruls has an excellent country training camp at Sparta, less than fifty miles from Newark and New York . . . . Cruls intends to bring several champions to his camp during the next few months . . . . The first fighter to take advantage of Cruls' facilities was Don Petrin, who was there before his last two bouts with Tony Galento.

Vince Dundee made a successful comeback when he won the decision over Joe Duca of Philadelphia at Newark . . . . Tippy Larkin of Garfield, named as best featherweight prospect of the month by Eddie Borden, lost his second bout in thirty-six fights in the semi-final to Mickey Duca of Philly in a sensational match . . . . Red Cochrane lost a close one to Eddie Cool in the Quaker City, but Larry Corbett claims his fighter won and cites the Associated Press report giving Red the edge.

Among the most popular rendezvous for fighters in the East is Kelly's Gym, 268 Market Street in Newark. The place is owned by Joe Schweller, popular tavern owner. Among the better known fighters who train at Kelly's are: Don Petrin, Roy Lazar, Tony Galento, Red Cochrane, Tippy Larkin, Roscoe Manning, Ray Miller, Basher Dean, Mickey Salem, Ralph Griffin, Bucky Jones and Joe O'Gatti.

Nominated for the best heavyweight prospect of the month: Basher Dean, the Newark Negro, who is managed by Jim Kelly and Rob Howell and trained by Red Lambert, Dean recently stopped Shorty Ahearn and Joe Sofi of Philadelphia, both in brilliant manner . . . . Dan Daniel's gym is a busy spot all the time because Danny commands a great deal of respect in the fistic fraternity.

Joe O'Gatti, young heavyweight from Toms River, is an orphan and under the guardianship of Judge William O'Leary. The latter has turned Joe over to Sam Rose. We'd like to see him go places because he's an energetic youngster who has had to overcome many obstacles to get along in the world . . . . Irving Breslin and Nick Virano of Asbury Park are contemplating building an arena in that city on the site of Max Baer's old training camp. Jimmy Reilly is scheduled to be matchmaker.

Incidentally, Max Baer trained at Madame Bey's in Summit when he arrived from California . . . . Madame Bey's is considered the greatest fight training camp in the world. More champions have prepared there than at any other one . . . . Al Ramo, who seconds Don Petrin, Gunnar Barlund and Schoolboy Friedkin, will soon leave for Europe with Barlund . . . . Angelo Pucci is one of the more popular managers in the state, having a good stable of pugilists.

Tom Ross has taken over the management of several amateurs, including Johnny Williamson, 145-pounder; Eddie Cameron, 190-pounder, and Phil Juliano, 130 pounds. Ross is an excellent teacher, and if the boys have any ability at all Tom will bring it out.

Ralph Vona and Mickey Piskin are putting Asbury Park on the fistic map. Vona holds a victory over the former amateur state lightweight champion . . . . Steve Martin of Camden is also making his headquarters at the shore resort . . . . Fighters in central Jersey are doing their training at Gorman's Gym on Main Street in Asbury . . . . Joe Grace, former amateur star, now has a stable of embryos.

Nat Arno, Kid Dixie and Moe Fisher, former Newark lightweights, are in training again—but not for comebacks. All three are trying to get rid of excess avoirdupois . . . . John Donnelly, state boxing inspector for the Newark district, is a popular figure around local fight clubs and deserves considerable credit for refusing to allow incapacitated boxers in the ring . . . . John can tell you all about Irish history from the day of St. Patrick to the present.

Phil Goorwitz, who hasn't missed a Newark fight in ten years, is now an advertising salesman for the Newark *Star-Eagle* . . . . When Willie Ratner of the Newark *Evening News* returned from Florida, four other Newark newspapermen decided they would take in some of the Florida sunshine, including Joe Donovan, sports editor of the Newark *Ledger;* Murray Robinson, sports editor of the *Star-Eagle,* and his colleague, Michael F. Gaven, and Hy Goldberg of the Newark *Evening News* . . . . Fred J. Bendel of the latter paper is in Havana with the New York Giants.

Ruby Goldstein has now won two fights in his latest comeback. In addition to stopping William Henry Cheatum in the first round, he outpointed Freddie Fitzsimmons of Garfield in an eight-rounder at Newark . . . . Al Cohen runs boxing shows at Camden twice a month . . . . In one of his recent cards, Eddie Cool outpointed the battle-scarred Johnny Toomey . . . . Larry Johnston, light-heavyweight, who was among the leading contenders several years ago and made plenty of money, is now working on a WPA project in Orange, still anxious to make a comeback after his legs are healed.

WHERE THEY ARE TODAY—John Saxon is keeper of the Newark city jail . . . . Mickey Breitkopf, who fought under the name of Mickey Fox, is running for city commissioner in Newark, as is John Shattls, former fight manager . . . . The writer announced he would not run . . . . Dave Rosenberg, former middleweight champion of the world, is engaged in the New York paper and twine business . . . . Solly Castellane and Mickey Donley are insurance men . . . . Al Bryant is managing several boys in North Jersey.

Maxie Fisher scored a good victory over George Levy of Trenton but lost to Irish Eddie Brink of Scranton at the New York Coliseum after beating Brink the first four rounds. Maxie has developed a good punch since his return from the West Coast, but he has yet to develop sufficient endurance to go ten rounds with enough energy.

Fisher recently appeared on the writer's radio program, which is heard every Sunday evening at 9:45 o'clock on Station WHBI, Newark (1250 kilocycles). Others who have been interviewed on this sports broadcast include Vince Dundee, Don Petrin and Tony Galento, in addition to stars of other sports.

Frank Zamaris, who stands only five feet six inches tall but weighs 185 pounds, stopped Sonny Staudt of Paterson at New Brunswick . . . . Our good friend, Abie Bain, is now located at the Hotel Palma, Los Angeles, Cal. . . . . Bobby Larkin of Garfield was chased from a Philadelphia ring in the sixth round of his bout with Tony Strazzeri of the Quaker City because the referee said Bobby wasn't trying . . . . Hughie Gartland, an old-timer in the boxing game, took his Buddy Ryan of Roselle Park to Boston, where he lost a close decision to Dominick Ceccarelli, an Italian importation, in a ten-round semi-final bout . . . . Atlantic City is running weekly bouts, with Philadelphia fighters featured . . . . Don Petrin is all set to open his night club restaurant, The Rendezvous, at 17 Hedden Place, Newark.

The writer saw Max Marek, Chicago heavyweight, box Joe Knight and Buck Everett at Miami Beach last year. Marek is a popular boy even though he hasn't been winning regularly. Max told us his life's ambition was to again beat Joe Louis, just as he did in the amateur ranks.

Nunzio Bisogno will go far as a lightweight . . . . He has been winning consistently in New York rings . . . . He is handled by Dick O'Connor, one of the most able seconds and trainers in the country . . . . Jay Macedon of South Orange manages to get plenty of action in New York, even though he's on the losing side the majority of the time . . . . The reason: He's a good club fighter . . . . The writer can be reached by mail at 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

Paul Damski, German exile manager, who has Gunnar Barlund, Walter Neusel and Eric Seelig, chatted with us several times at Kelly's in Newark. Damski stopped in after seeing Barlund train at Summit. He will take his fighters to Europe, April 19, and invited Don Petrin to go along. Damski says Don could make good purses in England and France. Paul, incidentally, is American representative of Jeff Dickson of Paris, and a swell chap . . . . Allie Stoltz of Newark, who won the recent New York Golden Gloves flyweight title as a representative of the Paterson *Call* A. A., is being sought by many New York managers, including Jimmy Bronson, Hymie Caplin, Al Lippe and Joe Jacobs, in addition to many others . . . . As an amateur, Stoltz has been handled by Frankie Genaro, former flyweight champion of the world, who would like to see the Jewish boy win the same title some day . . . . We remember seeing Stoltz as a young kid looking in admiration at some of the local fighters five years ago and hoping that he would get the chance to enter the same ring some day . . . . Now he's well on the road to success in the game.

DOWN THE STRETCH—Thanks for reading our column, and hoping we'll have the pleasure of meeting you again next month through the means of the best boxing publication in the world.

Here is another treat!

With a complete sell-out of

"MODERN WRESTLING, its Holds and Methods"

A newly revised edition has been printed and now is for sale

Following the requests of many of our wrestling students, we have added several chapters and photographs to our unexcelled wrestling book.

For the same price that you paid for the first edition of our book, you can now buy the

REVISED EDITION

with special chapters on

Frank Gotch's Famous Holds Explained

and Fully Illustrated,

and George Bothner's Hints on Training.

Seventy illustrations like the above, showing all important Holds, in addition to 80 photographs.

The Most Complete, up-to-the-minute, most thorough book on wrestling ever published.

A training, Muscle Building, Wrestling and History book, all Combined into one.

"Modern Wrestling"

By Jack Curley

Internationally Famous Promoter,

and

Nat Fleischer

Editor and Publisher of THE RING

The addition of the chapters on Gotch's Famous Holds and Bothner's Invaluable Hints on Training for Wrestling, makes this book the most prized textbook on wrestling ever published.

Nothing like it ever brought out nor attempted before.

A book that tells you all there is to explain on training methods, your gymnasium workouts, how to build up your muscles for wrestling, what to eat and what not to eat when in training in addition to explaining in minute detail the following:

The Various Holds Most Commonly Used.
How to Counter and How to Block.
How to gain a hold on your opponent.
Describes the most famous holds used by the Most Famous wrestlers of all time, and in addition, with the aid of seventy full-page photographs of present-day and old-time stars, shows pictorially how the holds are obtained.

A book that every wrestler should have.

A book that every high school, prep school and college boy should study.

Even if you purchased the First Edition, you can't miss by investing an extra dollar for the New Revised Second Edition of

"MODERN WRESTLING" Its Methods and Its Holds,

You Get Everything that was in the old edition which is now out of print, and new material on Gotch's Famous Holds and Bothner's Training Hints.

You can't beat that for one dollar. Other concerns ask from $2.00 to $5.00 for books on wrestling that cannot compare to "Modern Wrestling." Get on the band wagon now.

Get your copy today by sending $1.00 in money order to

Nat Fleischer
THE RING BOOK SHOP
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE,
8th Ave. and 49th St., New York City, N. Y.

FILL OUT THIS ORDER

Enclosed find $1.00 for a copy of "The Revised Modern Wrestling, Its Holds and Methods," with the chapters on Gotch's Famous Holds Explained and Bothner's Training Hints.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

POSITIVELY NO C.O.D. ORDERS MAILED

MEET THE CELEBRITIES

at

JACK DEMPSEY'S CORNER

"The Sports Headquarters of the World"

WHERE JACK GREETS YOU IN PERSON

●

Popular Prices

Complete Luncheons from 65c

DINNER Entrees from 85c

●

DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF JAN BRUNESCO AND HIS ORCHESTRA Nightly After 10:30 P.M.

●

Ladies' & Gentlemen's Bar and Cocktail Room

●

50th St. cor. 8th Ave.

OPPOSITE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

THE most prosperous season in history for boxing is now under way here. Clubs are running and drawing well in Houston, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Galveston, Corpus Christi, Harlingen, Port Arthur and San Antonio. These clubs are all in the hands of live, energetic and honest promoters whom we believe will keep the game climbing upward.

With the coming of the outdoor season, there will in all probability be several "fly-by-night" and very "promising" promoters try their hand at cutting into the game. In order that those in other sections will not be deceived by their "con," the writer is listing herewith the names of the promoters in each city:

HOUSTON—Hugh Benbow.
DALLAS—Dick Griffin.
FT. WORTH—Dickie Dixson.
GALVESTON—Ralph Smith and Dr. M. M. Minovil.
SAN ANTONIO—Sam Slotsky and Francis Cunningham.
PORT ARTHUR—Ralph Smith.
CORPUS CHRISTI—Fred Lutz.
HARLINGEN—Fred Lutz.

These men are the only ones with licenses in the state to conduct boxing here. The writer takes pleasure in recommending each and every one of the above mentioned as dependable. You can rest assured that any business done with them will be satisfactory to you. Your correspondent happens to have a very good lineup on anyone connected with boxing in Texas, and will gladly send any information desired.

Only once in a blue moon does a fighter make such a sensational hit in a city that his very name means a packed house whenever he shows, regardless of the opponent. This happens to be true of Joey Parks, colorful and capable light-heavy from St. Louis, who has been bowling over all opposition in Houston. February saw him add to his kayo list by flattening Clyde Chastian in two rounds, and George Vallas in four. It's not only what he does, but the way he does it, that makes Parks the card he is. In the ring, his color fairly oozes, and out of the squared circle, he is a handsome, likeable chap, who really catches on with the fans.

Promoter Hugh Benbow is on the lookout for high class boys, capable of giving Parks a test. It is the writer's opinion that it will take no less than John Henry Lewis to take the measure of "Jolting" Joey.

Tom Beaupre returned from New York, following his loss to Gunnar Barlund, and showed his Dallas supporters that he was not discouraged. Tom punched out a one-sided victory over Jack Kranz, who was one of the few to stick the distance with Joe Louis. Beaupre had Kranz on the floor several times, but just barely missed the K.O. Dick Griffin promoted the show and drew a nice house.

Griffin underwent an eye operation while in New York with his protege, and it looks like he will regain his eyesight. It is hoped by his many friends that the operation will be entirely successful.

Battling Burroughs, the roughest, toughest club fighter to hit this section in many years, came through with flying colors in trouncing Bob La Monti, Chicago Italian. Burroughs dropped La Monti in the ninth round, but couldn't keep him down. It was a great scrap with both boys giving and taking plenty.

Dickie Dixson, who recently opened a club in Ft. Worth, looks like the man to put "Cowtown" back on the fistic map. For many years Ft. Worth was the mecca for fighters of the Southwest, but little effort has been made since the depression to bring the game back. Dixson staged the first of his scheduled weekly shows February 17, featuring seven four-round bouts. The Elder twins, Joe and James, both former amateur stars, are his main assets as drawing cards. James featured the inaugural show with a win over Chico Hernandez. Other results of the show: Mike Pereira K.O.'ed Clifton Evans, Jo Jo Passante beat Jimmy Lacoume, Pete Malone knocked out Joe Vandiver, Jack Kirkland won over Mickey Breen, Billy Parks drew with T. E. Shrader, Art Gibbs drew with Douglas Winningham.

Galveston stepped out with a Negro heavyweight scrap between "Big Boy" Benson and Al Walker that drew close to $2,000. Benson scored a K.O. in two rounds over the aged Walker.

There are four youngsters in the state at present who will bear watching. They are: Tiger Pelone, Galveston welter, who scored a nice win over Dick Porter and a kayo over Bob Kirkland; Jo Jo Passante, Houston feather, who continued his winning streak at the expense of Jimmy Lacoume, Lacoume being in the resin five times, but managing to last the distance; Mike Pereira, club fighting lightweight, who flattened Clifton Evans, and who never makes a bad show; also Maxie Long, Dallas light-heavy, who added Mickey Breen to his win column.

Good club fighters wishing to show in Texas, would do well to contact Jack Thurmond, 511 N. Jenkins, Houston. Thurmond operates a booking office that furnishes most of the fighters for the clubs of the state.

Other results over the state:

Pat McDuff, slugging heavyweight, stopped Pete Malone, but was held to a draw by Marshall Grosso. Wishy Jones appears to be in the midst of some sort of slump, dropping decisions to Leo Rodak and Joe Lucero. Lucero also received a close duke over Mike Pereira. Willard Brown drew with Brescia Garcia and lost to Tracy Cox.

Mike Pereira beat Dick Porter. Sonny Smyer, a lightweight with the kick of a mule, knocked out Paul Vasquez and beat Pete Bertolino. Tiger Vileta K.O.'ed Bobby Reed. Reed also dropped decisions to Billy Pereira and Jimmy Fox. Fox lost to Russell Morris. Morris was beaten by Chico Hernandez. Lou Beard K.O.'ed Vince McCoy. Cowboy Marlin Owens flattened Chet Gideon. Ramon Serrano beat Dallas Goodwin.

Remember the writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Pueblo, Colo.—Scoring one of the biggest upsets in Colorado ring history, Joe Jaramillo, Denver Mexican welterweight, outscored Young Joe Louis of Walsenburg in a slashing ten-round go. A smashing left hook to the jaw put the Baby Bomber on the deck for a nine-count in the ninth round. Louis' last-round rally came too late to offset Jaramillo's big early lead. Until now, regarded as a "run of the mine" fighter, Jaramillo is in line for some outstanding bouts. In losing the decision, Louis also dropped both of his state championships, the welter and middle titles. Jaramillo weighed in at 151 pounds, while Louis scaled 157.

Les Huffman is anxious to bring his middleweight, Alabama Kid, out to the Rockies. So anyone wishing to contact a formidable foe for Jaramillo or Louis can get in touch with Huffman at Columbus, Ohio.

At Cheyenne, Wyo.—Frankie Edgren, Denver heavyweight, scored a knockout over his fellow townsman, Remme Hecker, in the second round of their scheduled ten-round bout. Edgren scored three knockdowns before he sent over the finisher.

At Denver, Colo.—Eddie Pierce, South African middleweight, may not be the best 158-pounder in the business, but he is the champion of Colorado nevertheless. Winning a close ten-round decision over Joe Jaramillo, state middleweight champ, Pierce demonstrated that his victory over Young Joe Louis a few weeks back was no accident.

Celestino Roybal, veteran Del Norte featherweight, was awarded a technical knockout over Ray Stroh, Loveland southpaw, in the seventh round of their eight-round go. Stroh suffered a broken thumb and his seconds tossed in the towel.

Les Showers has just completed another whizbang amateur tournament at Clovis, N. M. From all accounts, this was one of the greatest amateur mitt fests in New Mexico's history. Over five hundred fans were turned away the last night of the three-day meet.

Outstanding performers uncovered were Leroy Davis, Clovis heavyweight, and Milt Coffey, Lubbock, Texas, welterweight.

At Hobbs, N. M.—Eddie Cerda, Brooklyn welterweight, scored a technical kayo over Billy Cross of Colorado Springs, Colo. Cerda at no stage of the contest was hard pressed by his wild swinging opponent. Battling Doran stopped Ernie Cordova in the second heat of the semi-windup.

At Las Vegas, N. M.—Eddie Cerda was awarded a highly controversial victory over Sammy Christian of Los Angeles in the seventh round. In that session, Cerda went down and was counted out by Referee Canskinsky. At this juncture, Joe M. Roybal put in a claim on Cerda's behalf that he had been fouled. After a din of confusion, it was announced that Cerda was the winner.

The writer is conducting a column on old-time fights and fighters of Colorado in the Pueblo *Star-Journal*.

Remember, I have a list of all active promoters out here in the mountain region that you can have for a dime. Will also be glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt industry in this neck of the woods. But please enclose postage if you expect a reply. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

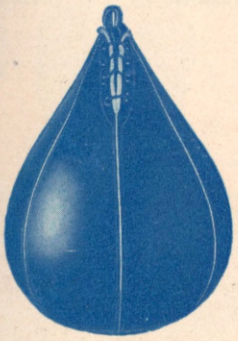
P. P., Springer, N. M.—I don't know where Benny Cordova is residing at the present. He fought out of Albuquerque twenty years ago.

The writer is extremely anxious to get in touch with Billy Kleck, welterweight champion of the A.E.F. Anyone who can give me any information concerning him will find it deeply appreciated.

SPECIAL VALUES

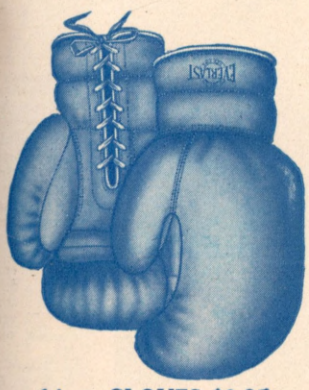
in EVERLAST EQUIPMENT

NOTE THE STRIKINGLY LOW PRICES



STRIKING BAGS $4.95

SOLID COLOR TIGHTS 59c



14-oz. GLOVES $9.95

BOXING SHOES $3.25

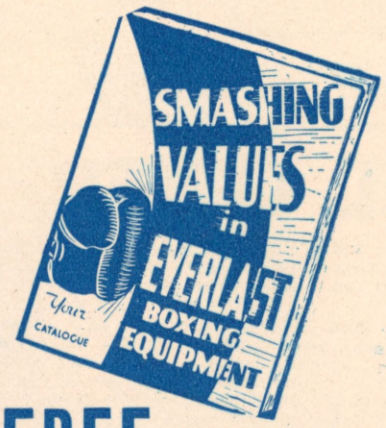
JSR	Skipping Rope	Regularly	$ .75	SPECIAL PRICE	$ .39
SR	Skipping Rope	"	2.00	"	"	1.39
R20	Boxing Shoes	"	7.00	"	"	4.25
R160	Boxing Shoes	"	5.00	"	"	3.25
RKWP	Knuckle & Wrist Protector	"	10.00	"	"	6.95
RHB	Handbandages	"	1.00	"	"	.59
R4	Striking Bag Gloves	"	2.00	"	"	1.25
R3	Striking Bag Gloves	"	3.00	"	"	1.95
RB 60	Striking Bag	"	6.00	"	"	3.45
RB 10	Striking Bag	"	8.00	"	"	4.95
5710	Speed Bag	"	11.00	"	"	6.95
1596	Striking Bag Bladder	"	1.00	"	"	.59
R 1	Earguard	"	4.00	"	"	1.95
RH2	Earguard	"	5.00	"	"	2.95
R 30	Training Jerseys	"	5.00	"	"	2.95
RBU	Sweat Shirts	"	1.50	"	"	.79
E 39-	14 oz. training gloves	"	16.00	"	"	9.95
JD1	12 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	14.00	"	"	7.95
JD2	10 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	10.00	"	"	5.95
RBGT2	Gene Tunney Boxing gloves	"	8.00	"	"	4.45
R 2MC	Aluminum cup supporter	"	3.00	"	"	1.45
REB	Supporter elastic	"	.50	"	"	.29
RS	Athletic Training Shirt	"	1.00	"	"	.37
RST	Boxing Trunks—all colors	"	1.50	"	"	.59
	Official Boxing Trunks— Blk & Red—Purple & Blue	"	2.50	"	"	.95
	Special colors to order	"		"	"	1.25

NO DISCOUNT ALLOWED FROM THESE SPECIAL PRICES

ALL C.O.D. orders must be accompanied by a deposit of 35% of the amount of order.
Add 10% to cash orders for postage.
On Foreign orders send full amount by postal or express money order.

Get Your Copy of the 1937 Record Book TODAY!

On Newsstands 35c, by Mail 40c

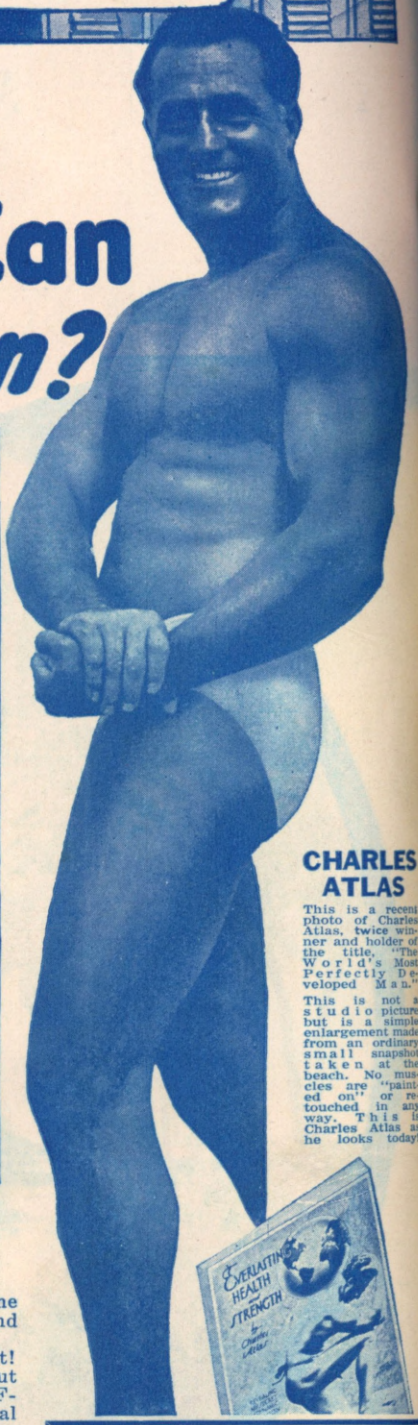


FREE CATALOG!

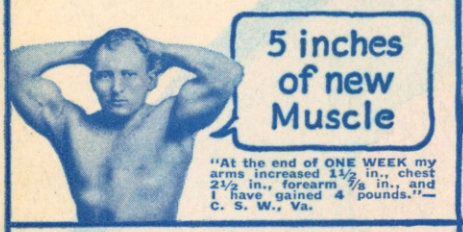
Send your name and address for a copy of this free list of bargains in boxing equipment. Or ask us to include one with your order.

29 W 14th Street **EVERLAST** New York City

Will You Give Me 7 Days to PROVE I Can Make YOU a *New Man?*



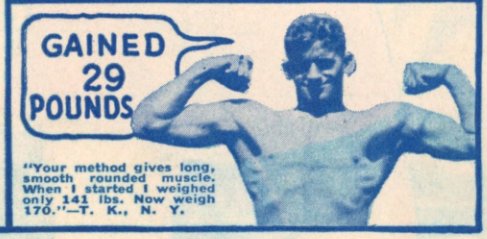
LET ME START SHOWING YOU RESULTS LIKE THESE



"At the end of ONE WEEK my arms increased 1½ in., chest 2½ in., forearm ⅞ in., and I have gained 4 pounds."—C. S. W., Va.

"Started a week ago. What a difference already! Have put 3½ in., on chest (normal) and 2½ in. expanded." F. S., N. Y.

"Am sending snapshot, showing wonderful progress. Certainly recommend you for quick results!"—W. G., N. J.



"Your method gives long, smooth rounded muscle. When I started I weighed only 141 lbs. Now weigh 170."—T. K., N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS

This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas, twice winner and holder of the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

This is not a studio picture but is a simple enlargement made from an ordinary small snapshot taken at the beach. No muscles are "painted on" or retouched in any way. This is Charles Atlas as he looks today!

7-Day TRIAL OFFER

I could really fill this whole magazine with pictures and enthusiastic letters from thousands of fellows in all parts of the world. But what you want to know is—"What can Charles Atlas do for ME?"

That's easy to find out—**at my risk!** Right in the first 7 days I'll start to PROVE that I can turn YOU into a man of might and muscle. And it will be the kind of PROOF that you (and anyone else) can SEE, FEEL, and MEASURE with a tape!

But don't take my word for it! My FREE BOOK tells all about my amazing 7-DAY TRIAL OFFER—an offer no other physical instructor in the world has ever DARED to make! I don't fool around about it. If YOU want smashing strength, big muscles, glowing health—and the kind of build that makes people look at you in amazement and admiration—I'll show you results QUICK!

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80T,
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

I want proof that DYNAMIC-TENSION will make a new man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, **"Everlasting Health and Strength."**

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

STERLING SILVER CUP BEING GIVEN AWAY

This valuable cup, of solid sterling silver, stands about 14 inches high on a black mahogany base.

I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement on his development within the next three months.

FREE BOOK

I myself was once a 97-pound weakling—skinny, sickly, half-alive. Then I discovered "Dynamic-Tension." What happened the whole world knows. I twice won—against all comers—the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"!

I have no use for apparatus of any kind. "Dynamic-Tension" ALONE **(and right in your own home)** will start new inches of massive power pushing out your chest—build up your shoulders to champion huskiness—put regular mountains of useful muscles on your biceps—free you of constipation, pimples—give you a strong back—make those stomach muscles of yours hard ridges!

Make me PROVE it! Gamble a postage stamp—and send the coupon for my **FREE BOOK AT ONCE!** Address me personally: **Charles Atlas, Dept. 80T, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.**